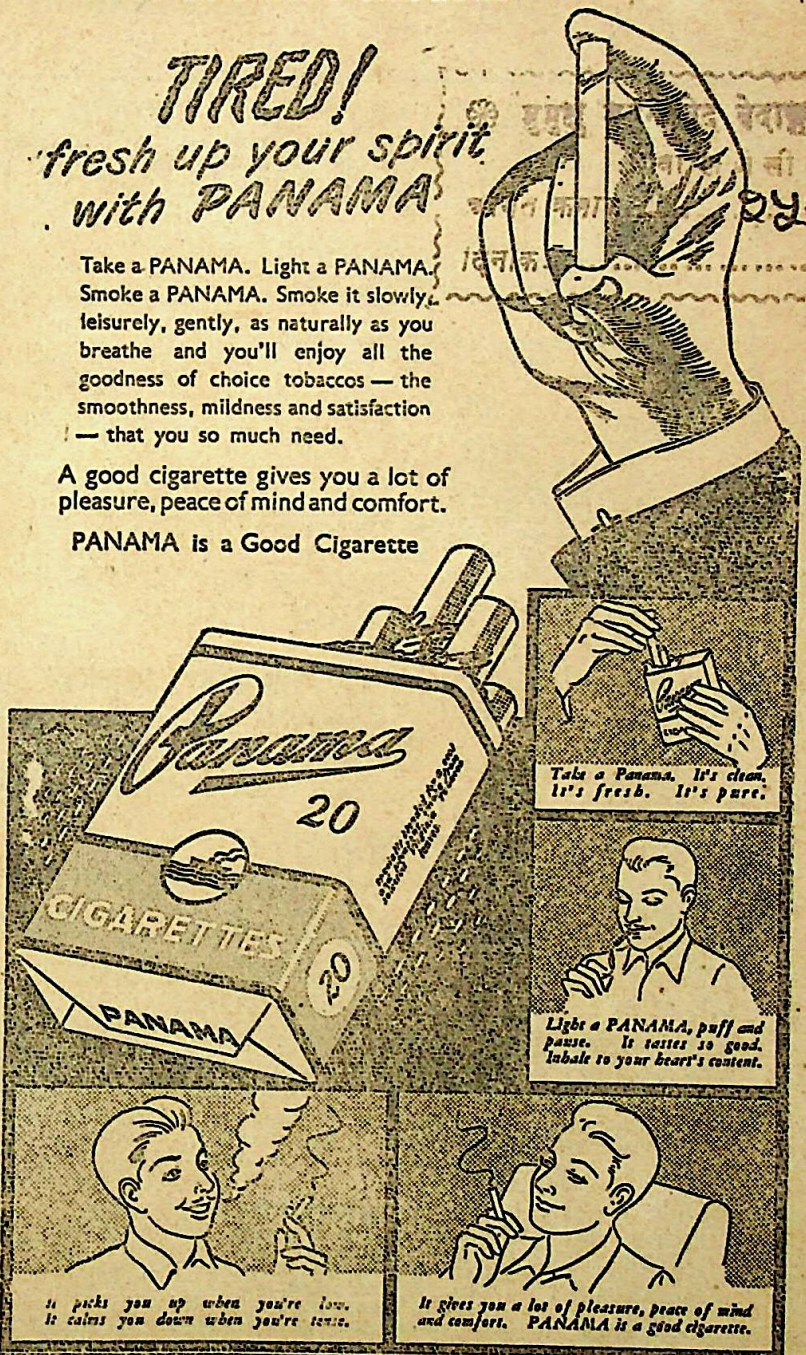
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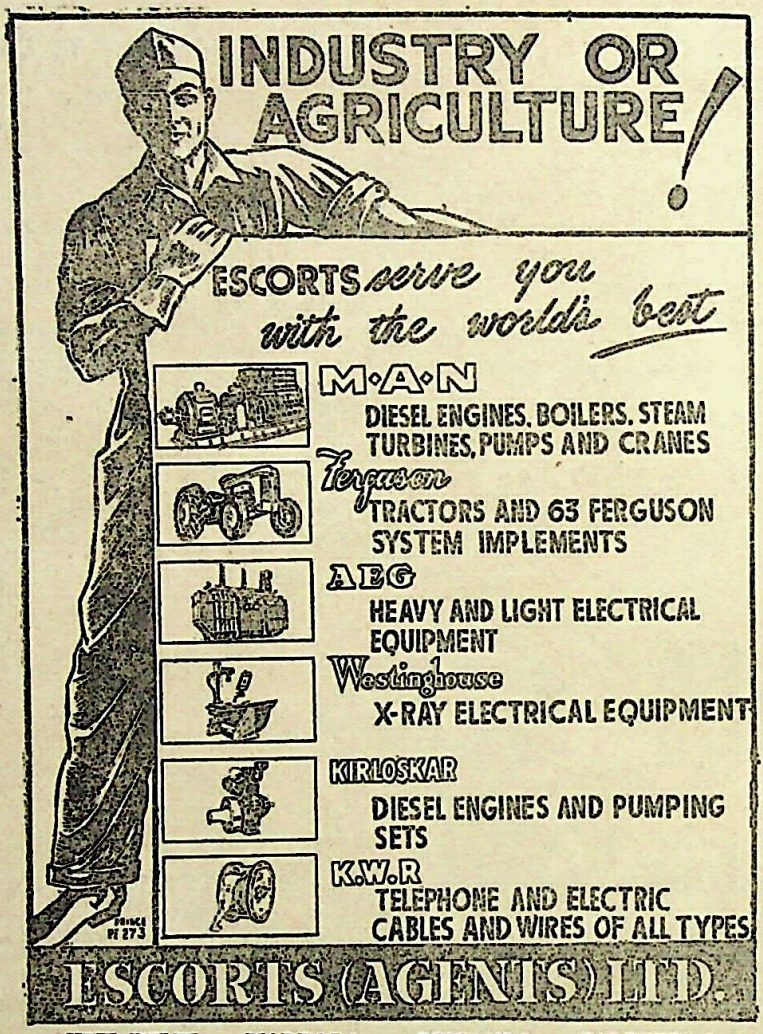
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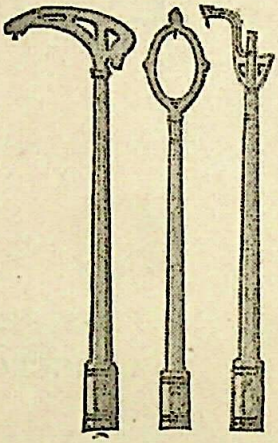
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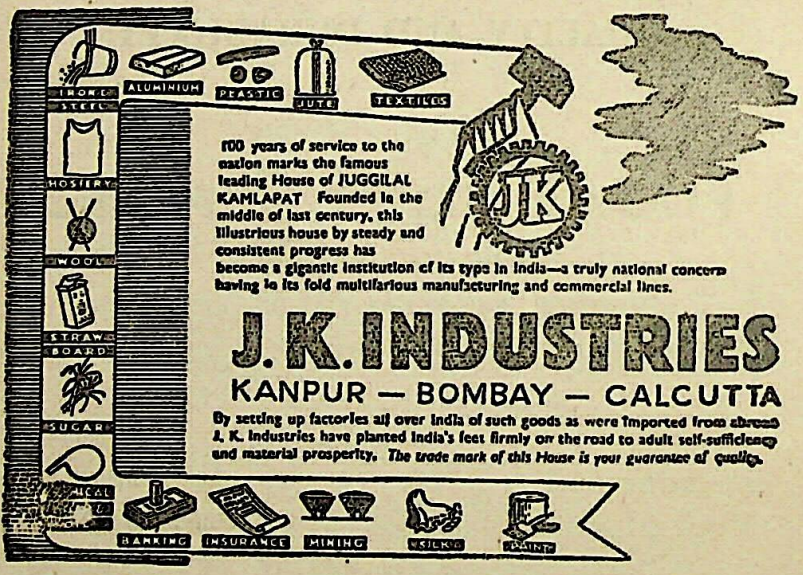
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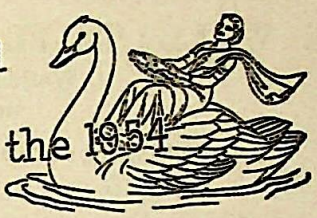
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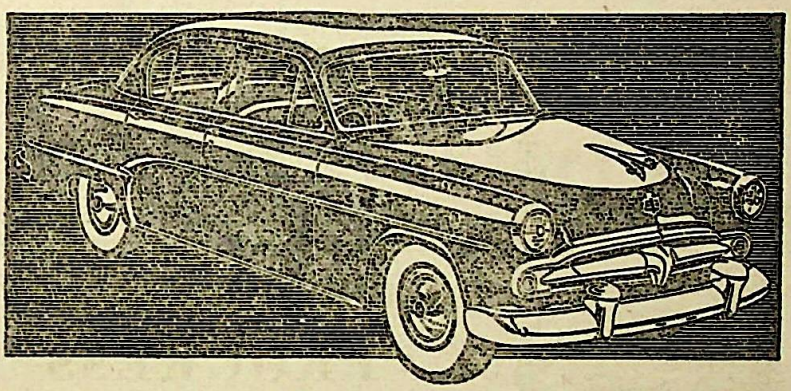
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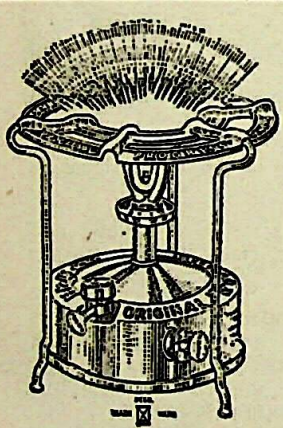
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 14] FEBRUARY 13, 1955

CALL OF PEACE

God created Man blessed with intellect,
Purposed to ennoble life,
But O! ye his children have failed him.
Each day our killing propensities strengthen
Bent on humanity's extermination.
Each day the excruciating conflict of ideologies
Threaten to engulf man in a world cataclysm.

O! Let us not work our destruction,
Through the very hand of our Success,
Let us harken to wise men and shed
Fear, Envy, Cupidity, Pride.
Yon in India the trumpet of Peace is heard,
Nehru's torch of peace beams in effulgence.
Let us men strengthen his hands,
Lest we should perish by our own hands.

—S. Narayan.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 68

★ *Muharram* ★ *Lumbini Forest* ★ *Gorakhnath*

★ *Deva Sharif*

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
February 13, 1955.

My Young Friend,

IT is September 8, the day of the Muharram.

Muharram is no longer as great an event on our side as it is in Lucknow. As you probably know, on this day, centuries ago, Imam Husain, the noble grandson of the Prophet of Islam, was slain at Kerbala. For nine days he fought his persecutors with dauntless courage, but on the tenth he fell along with seventy-two of his followers.

Year after year the Kerbala tragedy is kept fresh in the minds of Muslims all over the world. But Lucknow, as you know, was ruled over by the Nawab Vazirs of Oudh, who were *Shias,* which means that they claimed the great martyr as their Imam.

During the Muharram, the three *Imambaras,* the prayer houses, constructed by one or other of the Nawab Vazirs in Lucknow, are splendidly lit up for several nights to commemorate the martyr. *Tajias* or effigies of his tomb, replicas of his horse Dhuldhul and of his standards called *alams* are displayed with scrupulous zeal.

But that is not all. The Tajia with Dhuldhul and the *alams* are also carried in the streets, accompanied by crowds of mourners who recite the story of the Imam's martyrdom. The mourners, who are probably professional, beat their breasts. Some walk on fire; others lash themselves with chains, or stab themselves with knives. Women, overpowered by memories which have long been sanctified by religious tradition, cry hysterically.

In this way and although the event took place in a far-off land many centuries ago, the poignant

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memory of the Imam's martyrdom evokes collective emotion generation after generation. Who shall say that a beautiful event can ever be forgotten, if it is on a grand enough scale?

I have a vivid recollection of the Muharram as it was celebrated in my native town of Broach, sixty or so years ago.

On the eve of the Muharram, certain Muslims of the town painted themselves yellow, drew black stripes on their bodies, donned peculiar head-dresses, and, armed with iron claws, played at being tigers. These "tigers" then went about the town sparring, shouting and pretending to fight one another, to the delight of the youthful inhabitants. I remember that during these days most of us little children also painted ourselves yellow and black and played at tigers in our houses. It was great fun.

On the day of Muharram the whole town collected at the shops, or in windows, to see the Tajia procession pass by. The great attraction of the day was the men who lashed themselves with chains, shouting "Husain Ya Husain", and as the water-carriers drenched them at intervals, their thin blood drops were lengthened out into flowing reddened streams, giving us shivers.

★

I have seen the spot on which stood the famous Lumbini Forest, where Lord Buddha was born. Accompanied by my friend, Shri R. R. Diwakar, Governor of Bihar, I visited both it and Kapilavastu, the capital of Shuddhodana where reigned the father of Gautama, who later became the Enlightened.

I love to visit such places. India to me is the living Mother, and every time I visit her shrines, I feel a sense of physical identity and my love for her comes in fresh waves of intensity.

On the 16th, from Nutanva, the last railway station in Uttar Pradesh, we motored down to the forest which has now grown over the buried debris of Kapilavastu. The only relics of the city we could find were the remains of a huge tank with its broken embankments, nearly covered over with trees and shrubs. There was a small temple of recent date, dedicated to some goddess, to whom the villagers had been offering mud water-pots shaped like elephants. I wonder whether such peculiarly-shaped offerings had something to do with some long-forgotten Buddhistic tradition.

Then we returned to the spot where the Lumbini forest had once stood. You know how it derives its significance. When on the eve of her delivery, Mahamaya Devi left for her father's house at Devadah. On the way she rested in this forest of *shal* trees. As her pains started, she caught hold of the branch of a *shal* tree, and Gautama, who was to be the Buddha, was born. It was *Vaishakhi Purnima.*

Until only a few years ago, no one had been sure where the Lum-

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bini forest had stood two thousand five hundred years ago, but the site was identified by the chance discovery of the fragments of the broken pillar which had been erected by Asoka on the spot. The restored pillar now stands in its original position. On it is inscribed: "King Piyadasi—Beloved of the Gods—having been anointed for twenty years came in person and worshipped here."

The place was neglected even when Hieun-Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, visited it in the seventh century, for he reported having found the pillar split by lightning.

In the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era, Buddhism gradually disappeared from India and was replaced by Tantrism. A few years ago, however, it underwent a spurt of revival.

In 1944, on account of political, rather than religious reasons, the Bauddha *bhikshus* were prohibited from either preaching or ordaining anyone into the Sangh. This led to an agitation in the Buddhistic religious centres in Ceylon, Burma and Cambodia and the Dharmodaya Sabha was founded at Sarnath in order to deal with the matter.

In 1950, when popular government was established in Nepal, the prohibitory orders were cancelled. With the co-operation of the Nepal Government, the Dharmodaya Sabha installed the sacred relics of Sariputra and Mahamoggallana, the disciples of Lord Buddha, at Kathmandu.

★

I then returned to Gorakhpur. As you know, it is named after Gorakhnath, the great medieval saint who re-organised the Nathyogi Sampradaya. On our side the sadhus of this sect are called *Kanphata bavas,* for they pierce their ears for an ear-ring.

The head of this shrine in Gorakhpur is Mahant Digvijainath, a tall, well-built, educated person, with a modern outlook, who also runs a college. This is the one of the very few colleges in U.P. that has a sense of mission and its students are conspicuous by their disciplined behaviour.

In my young days the Gorakhpanthi sadhus visited Gujarat in large numbers. Gorakhtonk, a peak of Mount Girnar, is, as you know, one of their great shrines. The travelling minstrels of the sect also came to Broach, singing the ballads of Bhartrihari and Gopichand, both of whom, according to the tradition of the sect, became immortal in human body by giving up the world—one because his wife betrayed him, and the other because his mother found him too handsome to be allowed to die.

Sixty years ago, both of them were reported to be alive and walking about on the banks of the Narmada at a place of pilgrimage called Shulpanji. When I was a boy, this information was vouched for by a very old relative of mine, who, as a young man, had gone on a pilgrimage to Shulpanji and actually talked to them! This was direct

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evidence. Not even the Evidence Act will enable you to reject it!

But the most popular story in our day was that of the great Nathyogi Matsyendra Nath. I wonder whether you know something about him. Though a great ascetic, he fell in love with a lovely queen of Kamrup, where women were the lords—or shall I say ladies?—of creation, and men no better than Yahoos. After years of effort, his pupil Gorakhnath traced his master to where he was living in royal pomp, reminded him of his vows and brought him back to the ascetic fold. *"Chet Machhendra Gorakh aya"* has become a saying all over Northern India.

Gorakhnath was not the founder, nor even the first of the saints of this cult. The God Shiva himself is accepted as having been the founder of the sect. Nathyogi *sampradaya* appears to me to be a survival of the oldest ascetic order in India and possibly of the pre-Aryan age. Most of the other ascetic orders may have branched off from that parent stock. The scriptures of the *sampradaya* are *Shivagamas,* most of which are lost. The sect follows Shiva and Shakti worship. Its traditions, which are distinctly pre-Shankarite, emphasise *yoga* and specialise in developing miraculous powers; its highest aim is the attainment of 'Shiva-hood' in life. In pursuit of this gospel the Nathyogis give prominence to *hathyoga,* which is concerned essentially with attaining the physical indestructibility of the body, an aim which they shared with Pashupata and other ancient Shaiva cults.

Few historical data are available about Gorakhnath. Undoubtedly a powerful man, and one gifted with miraculous powers, he made his cult very powerful in Northern India. The shrines and following of the sect extended from Kabul to Assam. One of their main temples is in Nepal. I do not know what has happened to the one now situated in Pakistan.



In the Gorakhnath Temple at Gorakhpur, I saw quite a few weird Nathyogis sitting between sacred fires. I had a great mind to go and talk to them, for I have little doubt that there are certain yogis in the sect who have developed supernatural powers. At any rate, it was one of the wandering *Kanphata bavas* who first shook my scepticism by the performance of a miracle.

Some time between 1918 and 1921, I was reading my brief in my chambers one evening after Court hours, when a Nathyogi with an ear-ring presented himself at the door and demanded ten rupees. Very much annoyed, I shouted for my chaprassi and told the *bava* to go away. "This is not the place for begging," I shouted. "Get out!"

The old man stood imperturbably in the doorway. "My son", he said, "Ramji is kind to you." I shouted again, but he only smiled.

"Give me ten rupees. Look at your hand. Ramji has blessings for you. Give me ten rupees."

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Instinctively I looked down at my hand. On my right palm was imprinted in black Devanagari script, "Sri Ram". It would have taken no more than a feather to knock me down. The man was eight feet away from where I was sitting and he had not come within touching distance.

I took out my purse which contained, I remember, about twenty-five rupees. I handed them all to my chaprassi to give to the sadhu, who accepted the money, blessed me and left.

I rubbed my eyes. There was no question of its having been hypnotism, for I had to use soap before I could remove that sooty imprint.

This was one of the early occasions upon which I saw materialisation by yogic powers. I dare say the man knew no other feat than this. It may have been taught him by some guru, so that he should be able to impress his followers. In any case it was a phenomenon which confirmed my faith in the possibilities of yogic powers. These are not unnatural. It is only that they operate by laws which we have not yet learnt to consider as natural. Some day I will tell you of the various miraculous things of this kind which I have come across in the course of my life.

★

On the 20th of October, 1954, we went to Deva Sharif, a shrine near Barabanki, which is twenty miles or so from Lucknow. It is the tomb of Haji Hafiz Syed Waris Ali Saheb, a *sufi* saint.

Born in 1819, of a devout Sufi family, Haji Saheb developed mystic tendencies early in life. Though not book-learned, he began to initiate disciples at the age of fourteen. The source of his power was his faith in God.

At fifteen he gave away all his properties at Deva and left for Mecca. From there, he proceeded on foot to Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkey, Russia and Germany. In Germany, it is said, he was the guest of Prince Bismark. In Constantinople he met Sultan Abdul Majid I.

In 1857 he returned to his home-village Deva. His relatives were uneasy, for they were afraid that this unexpected visitor might claim the properties they were enjoying. But he soon left India again, journeying alone and on foot.

In 1899 he returned to Deva and settled there finally.

From the time of Haji Saheb's first visit to Mecca he had dressed himself in a single piece of yellow cloth. I saw his disciples wearing such clothes, and, but for their beards, I should have taken them for Buddha *Bhikshus.*

Throughout his life Haji Saheb was characterised by *Tawakkul* and *Taslim wa Raja:* complete dependence on God and resignation to His will; *Sharanagati,* as we call it.

He had foresworn possessions. He accepted no *nazar.* Whatever he was presented with, he gave away to others. He was truly God-mind-

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ed, rising above and beyond mere religious beliefs. Among his disciples were not only Muslims but Hindus and Christians. He never asked any of his followers to abjure their own religion. To every one of his disciples he said: "You and I are the same"; and to the Hindu disciples he would say: "Believe in *Brahma*".

Haji Saheb had disciples in many parts of the world. A Spanish nobleman, Count Galaraza, came all the way to London to be initiated by him. When the Count failed to find him there, he came all the way to Deva. Haji Saheb said to him: "You are come and are united with me. Blessed be your coming. You and I shall be together." The Count ultimately settled in Calcutta and his will, a copy of which I saw, gave the residue of his property to the shrine.

Haji Saheb was a Sufi in the spirit of the great Jalaluddin Rumi: "Fools exalt the mosque, but ignore the true temple in the heart."

Haji Saheb never made any claims to supernatural powers, but many came to him and went away healed. He lived simply and humbly, and in God. "Love", he said, "is better than formal righteousness".

He died on the 7th of April, 1905. He appointed no successor, for, as he had said: "My creed is love, and a lover has no successor."

Haji Saheb was buried on the very spot where he died at Deva. Now it is covered by an elaborate monument, one of the finest in Uttar Pradesh.

When in the shrine I saw his photograph. He had a noble presence; handsome, impressive features, a broad intellectual forehead, magnificent and irresistible eyes; and on him was the peace of the dedicated.

The annual *Uras* was being held the day we went to Deva. The date of the *Uras* associated with his father, was also fixed by the Haji Saheb in a characteristic manner. He had only been three when he became an orphan, and he did not remember the date of his father's death. So he fixed the day on the *kadva-chauth,* when the harvest is gathered and the villagers are free to enjoy themselves.

Hundreds of the villagers had gathered at the *Uras*. Many were enjoying themselves in the exhibition and the merry-go-rounds were full of laughing children. A hockey match was being played enthusiastically.

In the evening we had fireworks which had been prepared by competing makers, all of whom, I understand, live in one village. The fireworks were magnificent and the crowds were full of joy.

The memory of Haji Saheb could not have been better celebrated.

Yours sincerely,



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Rabindranath Tagore

WOMAN AND HER ROLE

CREATIVE expressions attain their perfect form through emotions modulated. Woman has that expression natural to her —a cadence of restraint in her behaviour, producing poetry of life. She has been an inspiration to man, guiding, most often unconsciously, his restless energy into an immense variety of creations in literature, art, music and religion. This is why, in India, woman has been described as the symbol of Shakti, the creative power.

But if woman begins to believe that, though biologically her function is different from that of man, psychologically she is identical with him; if the human world in its mentality becomes exclusively male, then before long it will be reduced to utter inanity. For life finds its truth and beauty, not in any exaggeration of sameness, but in harmony.

If woman's nature were identical with man's, if Eve were a mere tautology of Adam, it would only give rise to a monotonous superfluity. But that she was not so was proved by the banishment she secured from a ready-made Paradise. She had the instinctive wisdom to realise that it was her mission to help her mate in creating a paradise of their own on earth, whose ideal she was to supply with her life, whose materials were to be produced and gathered by her comrade.

However, it is evident that an increasing number of women in the West are ready to assert that their difference from men is unimportant. The reason for the vehement utterance of such a paradox cannot be ignored. It is a rebellion against a necessity, which is not equal for both the partners.

Love in all forms has its obligations, and the love that binds women to their children binds them to their homes. But necessity is a tyrant, making us submit to injury and indignity, allowing advantage over us to those who are wholly or comparatively free from its burden. Such has been the case in the social relationship between man and woman. Along with the difference inherent in their respective natures, there have grown up between them inequalities fostered by circumstances. Man is not handicapped by the same biological and psychological responsibilities as woman, and therefore he has the liberty to give her the security of home. This liberty exacts payment when it offers its boon, because to give or to withhold the gift is within its power. It is the unequal freedom in their mutual relationships which

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Shri Rabindranath Tagore looking over the greetings received on his 80th birthday in 1941.

has made the weight of life's tragedies so painfully heavy for woman to bear.

Some mitigation of her disadvantage has been effected by her rendering herself and her home a luxury to man. She has accentuated those qualities in herself which insidiously impose their bondage over her mate, some by pandering to his weakness, and some by satisfying his higher nature, till the sex-consciousness in our society has grown abnormal and overpowering. There is no actual objection to this in itself, for it offers a stimulus, acting in the depth of life, which leads to creative exuberance. But a great deal of it is a forced growth of compulsion bearing seeds of degradation.

In those ages when men acknowledged spiritual perfection to be their object, women were denounced as the chief obstacle in their way. The constant and conscious exercise of allurements, which gave women their power, attacked the weak spots in man's nature, and by doing so added to its weakness. For all relationships tainted with repression of freedom must become sources of degeneracy to the strong who impose such repression.

Balance of power, however, between man and woman was in a

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measure established when home wielded a strong enough attraction to make men accept its obligations. But at last the time has come when the material ambition of man has assumed such colossal proportions that home is in danger of losing its centre of gravity for him and he is receding farther and farther from its orbit.

The arid zone in the social life is spreading fast. The simple comforts of home, made precious by the touch of love, are giving way to luxuries that can only have their full extension in the isolation of self-centred life. Hotels are being erected on the ruins of homes; productions are growing more stupendous than creations; and most men have, for the materials of their happiness and recreation, their dogs and horses, their pipes, guns, and gambling clubs.

Reactions and rebellions, not being normal in their character, go on hurting truth until peace is restored. Therefore, when woman refuses to acknowledge the distinction between her life and that of man, she does not convince us of its truth, but only proves to us that she is suffering. All great sufferings indicate some wrong somewhere. In the present case, the wrong is in woman's lack of freedom in her relationship with man, which compels her to turn disabilities into attractions, and to use untruths as her allies in the battle of life, while she is suffering from the precariousness of her position.

From the beginning of our society, women have naturally accepted the training which imparts to their life and their home a spirit of harmony. It is their instinct to perform their services in such a manner that these, through beauty, might be raised from the domain of slavery to the realm of grace. Women have tried to prove that in the building up of social life they are artists and not artisans. But all expressions of beauty lose their truth when compelled to accept the patronage of the gross and indifferent. Therefore when necessity drives women to fashion their lives to the taste of the insensitive or the sensual, then the whole thing becomes a tragedy of desecration. Society is full of such tragedies.

Many of the laws and social regulations guiding the relationships of man and woman are relics of a barbaric age, when the brutal pride of an exclusive possession had its dominance in human relations, such as those of parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, teachers and disciples. The vulgarity of it still persists in the social bond between the sexes because of the economic helplessness of woman. Nothing makes us so stupidly mean as the sense of superiority which the power of the purse confers upon us.

The powers of muscle and of money have opportunities of immediate satisfaction, but the power of the ideal must have infinite patience. The man who sells his goods,

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or fulfils his contract, is cheated if he fails to realise payment, but he who gives form to some ideal may never get his due and be fully paid. What I have felt in the women of India is the consciousness of this ideal—their simple faith in the sanctity of devotion lighted by love which is held to be divine.

True womanliness is regarded in our country as the saintliness of love. It is not merely praised there, but literally worshipped; and she who is gifted with it is called Devi, as one revealing in herself Woman, the Divine. That this has not been a mere metaphor to us is because, in India, our mind is familiar with the idea of God in an eternal feminine aspect. Thus the Eastern woman, who is deeply aware in her heart of the sacredness of her mission, is a constant education to man. It has to be admitted that there are chances of such an influence failing to penetrate the callousness of the coarse-minded; but that is the destiny of all manifestations whose value is not in success or reward in honour.

Woman has to be ready to suffer. She cannot allow her emotions to be dulled or polluted, for these are to create her life's atmosphere, apart from which her world would be dark and dead. This leaves her heart without any protection of insensibility, at the mercy of the hurts and insults of life. Women of India, like women everywhere, have their share of suffering, but it radiates through the ideal, and becomes, like sunlight, a creative force in their world. Our women know by heart the legends of the great women of the epic age—Savitri who by the power of love conquered death, and Sita who had no other reward for her life of sacrifice but the sacred majesty of sorrow. They know that it is their duty to make this life an image of the life eternal, and that love's mission truly performed has a spiritual meaning. It is a religious responsibility for them to live the life which is their own. For their activity is not for money-making, or organising power, or intellectually probing the mystery of existence, but for establishing and maintaining human relationships requiring the highest moral qualities. It is the consciousness of the spiritual character of their life's work, which lifts them above the utilitarian standard of the immediate and the passing, surrounds them with the dignity of the eternal, and transmutes their suffering and sorrow into a crown of light.

I must guard myself from the risk of a possible misunderstanding. The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, but in an eternal moral idea. It represents the truth of human relationship; it reveals loyalty and love for the personality of man. Let us take a wider view, in a perspective truer than can be found in its present conventional associations.

With the discovery and development of agriculture there came a period of settled life in our history.

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The nomad ever moved on with his tents and cattle; he explored space and exploited its contents. The cultivator of land explored time in its immensity, for he had leisure. Comparatively secured from the uncertainty of his outer resources, he had the opportunity to deal with his moral resources in the realm of human truth. This is why agricultural civilisation, like that of India and China, is essentially a civilisation of human relationship, of the adjustment of mutual obligations. It is deep-rooted in the inner life of man. Its basis is co-operation and not competition. In other words, its principle is the principle of home, to which all its outer adventures are subordinated.

In the meanwhile, the nomadic life with its predatory instinct of exploitation has developed into a great civilisation. It is immensely proud and strong, killing leisure, and pursuing opportunities. It minimises the claims of personal relationship and is jealously careful of its unhampered freedom for acquiring wealth and asserting its will upon others. Its burden is the burden of things, which grows heavier and more complex every day, disregarding the human and the spiritual. Its powerful pressure from all sides narrows the limits of home, the personal region of the human world. Thus, in this region of life, women are every day hustled out of their shelter for want of accommodation.

But such a state of things can never have the effect of changing woman into man. On the contrary, it will lead her to find her place in the unlimited range of society, and the Guardian Spirit of the personal in human nature will extend the ministry of woman over all developments of life.

Habituated to deal with the world as a machine, man is multiplying his materials, banishing away his happiness and sacrificing love to comfort, which is an illusion. At last the present age has sent its cry to woman, asking her to come out from her segregation in order to restore the spiritual supremacy of all that is human in the world of humanity. She has been aroused to remember that womanliness is not chiefly decorative. It is like that vital health, which not only imparts the bloom of beauty to the body but joy to the mind and perfection to life.

[*Courtesy: "Vishvabharati".*]

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love.

—Tagore.

Wrong cannot afford defeat, but Right can.

—Tagore.

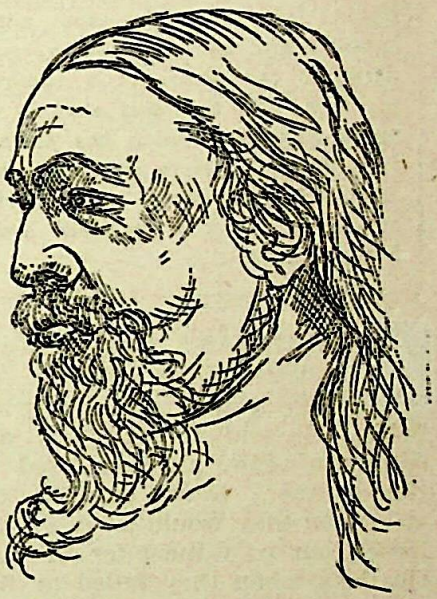
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Sri Aurobindo

INDIA'S DESTINY

INDIA can best develop herself and serve humanity by being herself and following the law of her own nature. This does not mean, as some narrowly and blindly suppose, the rejection of everything new that comes to us in the stream of Time or happens to have been first developed or powerfully expressed by the West. Such an attitude would be intellectually absurd, physically impossible, and above all unspiritual; true spirituality rejects no new light, no added means or materials of our human self-development. It means simply to keep our centre, our essential way of being, our inborn nature and assimilate to it all we receive, and evolve out of it all we do and create.

This is the direction in which the philosophy, poetry, art of the West is, still more or less obscurely, but with an increasing light, beginning to turn, and, even some faint glints of the truth are beginning now to fall across political and sociological ideals. India has the key to the knowledge and conscious application of the ideal....She can, if she will, give a new and decisive turn to the problems over which all mankind is labouring and stumbling, for the clue to their solutions is there in her ancient knowledge. Whether she will rise or not to the height of her opportunity in the renaissance which is coming upon her, is the question of her destiny.



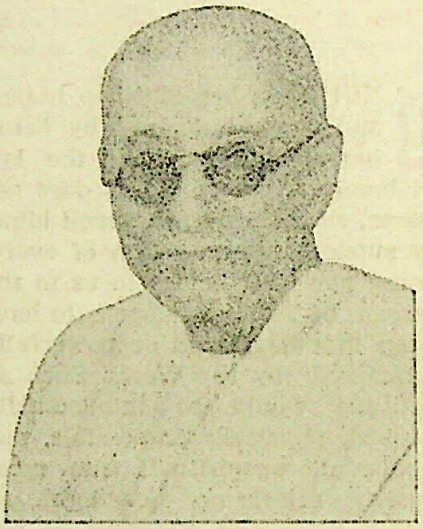
[*Courtesy : Aurobindo Ashram*]

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C. Rajagopalachari

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST

Shri C. Rajagopalachari who has been awarded the title of Bharata-Ratna last year is ripe with honours and age, by service rendered to the nation in a number of ways. Not the least of them is noble literature which has flowed from his pen. Here is reproduced a golden story from his masterly rendering of our national epic Mahabharata.



A BRAHMANA lived in Kurukshetra who obtained his daily food by gleaning in the fields. He and his wife, son and daughter-in-law, all four lived in this manner. Every day in the afternoon they would sit down and have their only meal for the day. On days when they failed to find enough grain, they would fast until the next afternoon. They would not keep over anything for the next day if they got more than they required for the day. This was the strict *unchchavritti* discipline they had pledged themselves to observe.

They passed their days thus for many years, when a great drought came and there was famine all over the land. All cultivation ceased and there was neither sowing nor harvesting nor any grain scattered in the fields to be gleaned. For many days the brahmana and his family starved. One day after wandering in hunger and heat, with great difficulty they came home with a small quantity of maize which they had gathered. They ground it and after doing their prayers they divided the flour into four equal parts and offering thanks to God sat down eagerly to eat.

Just then a brahmana entered and he was exceedingly hungry. Seeing an unexpected guest arrive they got up and made due obeisance and asked him to join them.

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The pure-souled brahmana and his wife and son and daughter-in-law were exceedingly delighted to have the good fortune of receiving a guest at that juncture. "Oh best of brahmanas, I am a poor man. This flour of maize was obtained in accordance with *dharma*. Pray accept this. May blessings attend on you," said the brahmana of Kurukshetra and gave his share of the flour to the guest.

The guest ate it with avidity but he was still hungry when he had finished.

Seeing his hungry and unsatisfied look, the brahmana was grieved and did not know what to do, when his wife said: "Lord, give my share also to him. I shall be glad if the guest's hunger be satisfied." Saying this, she handed her share of the flour to her husband to be given to the guest.

"Faithful one," said the husband, "the beasts and the birds and all the animals tend the females of their species with care. May man do worse? I cannot accept your suggestion. What shall I gain in this or in the other world if I leave you to starve and suffer in hunger, you who help me and serve me to do the sacred duties of a householder's life? Beloved one, you are now skin and bone and famished and exceedingly hungry. How can I leave you to suffer in that condition and hope to attain any good by feeding the guest? No, I cannot accept your offer."

"You are versed in the sastras, best of brahmanas," replied the wife. "Is it not true that *dharma, artha* and all the objects of human activity are to the common and equal benefit to both of us who have been joined together? Do look on me with compassion and take my share of the flour and satisfy the requirements of this our guest. You are hungry as I am and you should not make any distinction between us. I entreat you not to deny my request."

The husband yielded and took the wife's share and gave it to the guest who took it greedily and ate it. But he was still hungry!

Great was the distress of the poor brahmana of Kurukshetra. His son who saw this came forward. "Father, here is my share," said he. "Give it to this guest who seems to be still hungry. I shall be indeed happy if we shall thus be able to fulfil our duty."

The father's distress increased. "Child!" he exclaimed, "old men can stand starvation. Youth's hunger is severe. I am not able to find it in my heart to accept what you say."

The son insisted. "It is the duty of the son to look after his father in his declining years. The son is not different from his father. Is it not said that the father is born afresh in his son? My share of the flour is yours in truth. I beg of you to accept what I give and feed this hungry guest."

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"Dear boy, your nobility and your mastery over the senses fill me with pride. Blessings on you; I shall accept your share!" said the father, and he took the son's flour and gave it to the guest to eat. The guest ate the third part of the flour also but he was still hungry!

The brahmana who lived on scattered grains was confused.

While he was in distress not knowing what to do, his daughter-in-law addressed him thus:

"Lord, I shall give my share too and gladly complete our efforts to feed this guest. I beg of you to accept it and bless me, your child, for by that I shall have eternal good as my reward."

The father-in-law was sad beyond measure. "O girl of spotless character, pale and emaciated as you are from starvation, you propose to give your part of the food also to me so that I may earn merit by giving it to this guest. If I accept your offer, I shall indeed be guilty of cruelty. How could I possibly look on when you wither in hunger?"

The girl would not listen. "Father, you are lord of my lord and master, preceptor of my preceptor, god of my god. I implore you to accept my flour. Is not this body of mine dedicated wholly to serve my lord? You should help me to attain the good. Do take this flour, I entreat you."

Thus implored by his daughter-in-law, the brahmana accepted her share of the flour and blessed her saying, "Loyal girl, may every good be yours!"

The guest received this last portion avidly and ate it and was satisfied.

"Blessed is your hospitality given with the purest intent and to the uttermost of your capacity. Your gift has pleased me. Lo there! the gods are showering flowers in admiration of your extraordinary sacrifice. See! the gods and the *gandharvas* have come down in their bright chariots with their attendants to take you with your family to the happy regions above. Your gift has achieved *swarga* for you as well as for your ancestors. Hunger destroys the understanding of men. It makes them go aside from the path of rectitude. It leads them to evil thoughts. The pious when suffering the pangs of hunger lose their steadfastness. But you have, even when hungry, bravely set aside your attachment to wife and son and placed *dharma* above all else. Rajasuya sacrifices completed in splendour would pale into insignificance before the great sacrifice you have done through this single act of hospitality. The chariot is waiting for you. Enter and go to *swarga*, you and your family." Saying this the mysterious guest disappeared.

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K. M. Munshi

THE SOCIAL WORKER

ONE of the greatest difficulties in the field of social work is the absence of workers possessed of a sense of mission and a spirit of dedication. Many persons take to social work at present as an incident of public life or for personal or professional advancement; some, through such work, seek psychological satisfaction which is not available to them in their own sphere of life. Such workers are a hindrance rather than a help. Those who have not made particular success of their lives are not likely to be good social workers.

It is because of such workers that most of our institutions for the relief of the destitute or the delinquent lack that human touch so essential for human uplift.

In European countries, the tradition of social service was built up by the spiritual urge which impelled monks and nuns to serve Christ through the love of man. Similarly, we had our sadhus and sannyasis; now they are a dying race.

Only when a worker possesses the aspiration to uplift life by complete surrender of his egoistic impulses, he acquires the power to invoke a response in others. Without such an aspiration social service is superficial and mechanical. It may change external conditions; it will never change the outlook of those who need help, or bring them happiness.

The success of our social work, therefore, is bound up with training a band of social workers who not merely know the technique of social work but who have acquired a human approach to the problems; who feel oneness with the unfortunates among whom they are working; who have conquered the egoistic desire to teach and improve from a high pedestal; who have developed a sense of dedication of life to spiritual ends.

The task of social workers in the villages is much more difficult, for it means changing the whole outlook on life and includes not merely setting up or running relief institutions, but includes activities relating to health, literacy, education, social relations and moral and religious traditions and even agriculture.

To deal only with one of these factors is not to achieve anything at all. Like multi-purpose development projects we must have multi-purpose social workers. Such workers should be so educated that they love the rural life and have an insight into the rural philosophy. They should have the capa-

(Continued on page 37)

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IMMORTAL INDIA—12 J. H. Dave

MATHURA

DEVAKI visualises the Divine on Krishna's birth and prays:

रूपं यत्तत्प्राहुरव्यक्तमाद्यं
ब्रह्म ज्योति निर्गुणं निर्विकारम्।
सत्तामात्रं निर्विशेषं निरीहं
स त्वं साक्षाद् विष्णुरध्यात्मदीप : ॥

Bhagavata X-3-24.

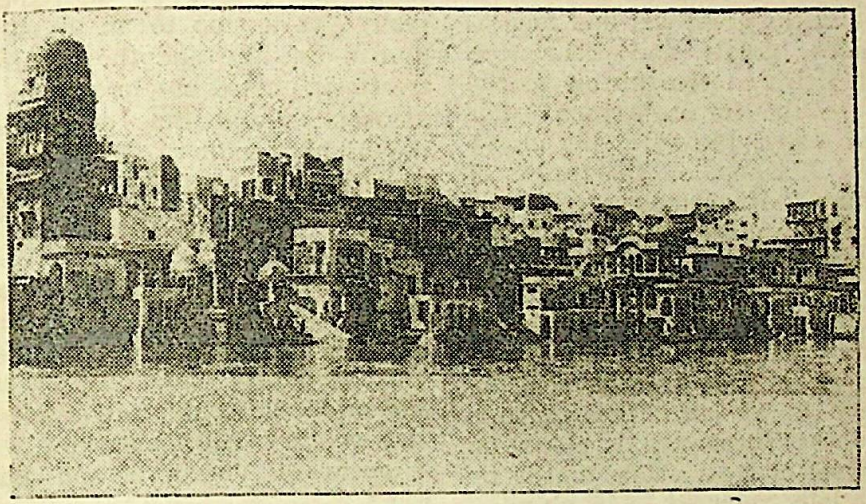
"Vedas describe you as the non-manifest, the first cause, the Brahman, the resplendent consciousness, one without qualities or modifications, pure existence without any particularity or desires. You are Vishnu incarnate who illuminates the intellect, mind and other internal organs."

Mathura situated on the right bank of Yamuna between Delhi and Agra is reputed to have been founded by Satrughna, brother of Rama. This place was known as Madhuvana. Madhu ruled over this area. He and his son Lavana challenged Rama who sent Satrughna to deal with him. Madhu and Lavana were killed in the fight and Satrughna founded the city of Mathura.

From the Solar race, the area came under the rule of the Yadavas. The Yadu king Ugrasena had a son Kamsa and a daughter Devaki. The latter was married to Vasudeva. Kamsa is depicted as a tyrant and it was predicted that the eighth child of Devaki would kill him. Kamsa who was supposed to be the great demon Kalanemi in human form, usurped the throne of his father and coming to know of the prophecy, he got imprisoned his sister and Vasudeva and put to death six of their children immediately after they were born. The seventh embryo was miraculously transferred to Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva, and Sankarshana (a son born of extraction and transference) or Balarama was born of her. The eighth child born at Mathura in the prison cell was Krishna, worshipped by Hindus as Purna Purushottama and the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. Vasudeva exchanged Krishna with the daughter of Nanda and Yashoda at Gokul. Kamsa tried to kill her, the Yoganidra, but she miraculously went up to heaven and became Durga to the great terror of Kamsa.

Krishna's boyhood and young age are described in detail in *Harivamsa* and the 10th Skandha of *Bhagavata*. Efforts were made by Kamsa to kill Krishna at Gokul but they failed. Ultimately Krishna accepted the treacherous

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A view of the Yamuna Ghats at Mathura.

invitation of Kamsa, came to Mathura, killed Kamsa, and re-established Ugrasena on the throne. Kamsa was the son-in-law of Jarasandha, the powerful ruler of Magadha. The latter, in vengeance, invaded Mathura several times and Krishna for the safety of the Yadavas preferred to leave Mathura and established himself in Dwaraka in Saurashtra. Kalayavana was also harassing the population of Mathura and that was the additional reason for shifting.

✱

Mathura is the celebrated centre of pilgrimage being the birth-place of Krishna. *Varaha Purana* says that the Mathura Mandala is 20 *yojanas* in measure and one bathing in Yamuna is purified from all sins. It is said that a sin committed elsewhere is destroyed in a Tirtha but a sin committed in a Tirtha sticks hard. This is true of other Tirthas but in Mathura, the sin committed there is destroyed in Mathura itself—such is said to be the greatness of the Tirtha.

मथुरायां कृतं पापं मथुरायां विनश्यति ।

In the word माथुर derived from Mathura, M, U, and A are said to represent the three components of the mystic syllable "aum". They also represent the three divinities of the Hindu Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

Krishna figures in the Mahabharat story at the time of the Svayamvara of Draupadi; he is the friend, guide and philosopher of the Pandavas, instructs Bhima to kill Jarasandha of Magadha and himself kills Sisupala, the Chedi king.

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He acted as the ambassador of peace in the great war and then as Arjuna's guide and charioteer. After Krishna gave up his mortal coils in the forest, Arjuna established Vajra, the surviving grandson of Krishna, on the throne of Mathura. Historicity of Krishna is not now questioned by scholars nor is it generally questioned that he was the same cow-herd hero at Gokul who established Dwaraka, helped Pandavas, and was the great Royal sage who gave to humanity the *Bhagavad Gita* which is called the Yogasastra, is placed on the level of Upanishads, and is reverentially referred to in plural.

★

The deification of Krishna as an Avatara of Vishnu must have been long before the *Mahabhashya* of Patanjali and even Panini (5th century B.C.). Panini refers to Vasudevakas, i.e. persons whose object of worship is Vasudeva. Megasthenes (4th century B.C.) says that in Sourasenoi, i.e. the Surasena country of which Mathura was the capital, Herakles (Vasudeva-Krishna) was specially worshipped. Heliodorus (2nd century B.C.) the great Ambassador of the Indo-Greek King Antialcidas was a devotee of Vasudeva Krishna. In the *Chhandogya Upanishad,* Krishna, son of Devaki, is referred to as a sage and disciple of Ghora Angiras. The latter was a worshipper of the Sun and laid emphasis on the right conduct. Krishna who liberated the kings and women from the prison of Jarasandha really put a stop to an intended human sacrifice and the inhuman treatment meted out to women by Jarasandha and thus emphasised the right conduct. In *Rigveda,* Vishnu is referred to as Gopa or Cowherd. विष्णुर्गोपा अदाभ्यः The Jain tradition is that Vasudeva-Krishna was a contemporary of the Jain Tirthankara Arishtanemi who preceded Parsvanath. The Buddhist canonical works *Mahaniddesa* and *Chullaniddesa* (1st century A.D.) mention worshippers of Vasudeva and Balarama.

Krishna was identified with the vedic Vishnu as His Avatara and the Vasudeva cult and the Bhagavata religion began to flourish.

In the नारायणोपनिषद् 1-6 we have the नारायण गायत्री viz. नारायणाय विद्महे वासुदेवाय धीमहि। तन्नो विष्णुः प्रचोदयात्॥ Here Vasudeva is identified with Vishnu and Narayana. Nara and Narayana are identified with Arjuna and Krishna. The Narayaniya Section of *Santi Parva* states that Narayana is the Supreme Being and Krishna is Its Avatara.

The Bhagavata religion which had its rise in the land of the Yadavas, Satvatas, and Vrishnis of Mathura spread widely in North and West and also in the South. The name of the Pandya capital Madura is the same as Madhura or

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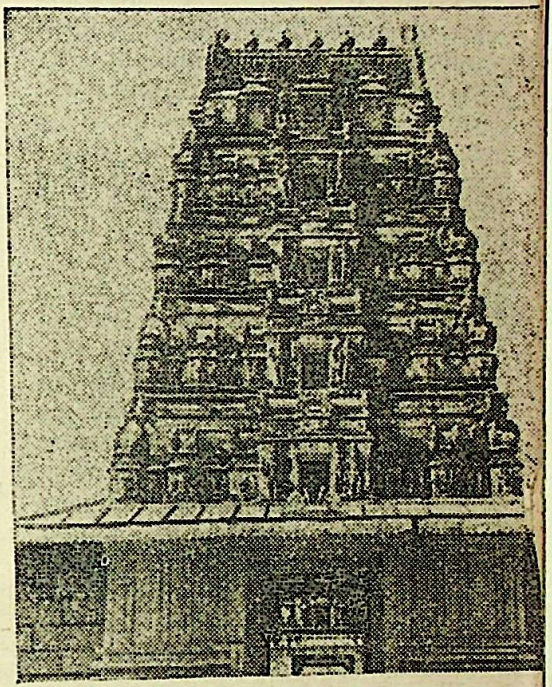
Mathura, the homeland of the Bhagavata religion.

★

Mahakachhayana, one of the famous disciples of Buddha, actively preached Buddhism in Mathura. When Buddha visited the city, he noticed the abundance of women folk. It is mentioned as the most famous place in *Milinda Panha*. Upagupta, the preceptor of Emperor Asoka whom he converted to Buddhism was the son of Gupta and a perfumer. The accepted view is that Upagupta was born in Mathura where he built a big Buddhist monastery which existed till the 7th century A.D. He converted many people of Mathura to Buddhism. Eighteen thousand pupils attained sainthood through Upagupta. The well-known courtesan Vasavadatta, who was ultimately converted to Buddhism was a resident of Mathura. Fa-Hien called Mathura the Peacock city. In his days Buddhism was flourishing here. Hieun Tsang also visited it and found it 20 *li* in circuit. In his days there were five Deva temples, three stupas built by Asoka, twenty Buddhist monasteries and 2000 Buddhist priests.

★

Mathura was also a famous centre of Jainism during the reigns of the Kusana kings. Here there are ruins of a Jain Shrine of the pre-Christian period and a number of small inscriptions, images, tablets, arches, etc. from the 1st century onwards. References are also available of Jain teachers and the donors. One Jain inscription refers to the Chaturvarna sangha of the Jain community which consisted of four classes of monks, nuns, lay brothers and sisters.



The tower of Sri Krishnaji's Temple at Mathura.

Mathura was thus a centre of Bhagavata religion, prior to Buddhism and Jainism, even before the 6th century B.C. Later on for several centuries Buddhism and Jainism flourished in this area. From the statement of Hieun Tsang it appears that in the 7th

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century A.D. orthodox Hinduism was again re-establishing itself and was equally prominent. By the eleventh century, Mathura was completely dominated by orthodox Hinduism. Buddhism had disappeared in 1017 A.D. when Mohamad of Gazni burned the city.

★

Varaha Purana mentions various places in Mathura as connected with incidents in Krishna's life. Visranti Ghat (Visram Ghat) on the bank of Yamuna is pointed out as the place where Krishna took rest after killing the tyrant Kamsa. Kamsa ka Tila near the Southern Gate of Mathura is identified with the place where Kamsa was killed. The Yog Ghat is the place where Kamsa dashed to the ground Nanda's daughter Yoganidra.

Bhutesvara Mahadeo's Temple is the place where there was the Stupa of Sariputta, one of the famous disciples of Buddha.

The Kesav Deo Temple was built on the site where the great Buddhist monastery called Yasa Vihara stood.

It is clear that Buddhist stupas or monasteries were built on holy spots of orthodox Hinduism and with the decline of Buddhism, temples of the orthodox Hindu faith were again constructed on those very spots.

The Kesav Deo Temple was destroyed by Mahmud of Gazni in 1017 A.D. but it was soon rebuilt. Sikandar Lodi destroyed it and again it was restored. Tavernier saw the temple in the beginning of Aurangazeb's reign in about 1659 A.D. Aurangazeb destroyed it again. It has again been restored.

The present temple of Dwarkadisha is the biggest temple in Mathura. The worship is conducted according to the Vallabha Sampradaya.

From Visram Ghat starts the perambulation of five krosas. It is considered very meritorious to bathe in Yamuna on Kartik 2nd day of the bright half which is known as *Yama Dvitiya*. Yama is said to have gone to his sister Yamuna on this day and on being satisfied with a good meal provided by his sister, he promised his sister that any one who bathed in Yamuna on that day of the year would be relieved of going to the region of Yama.

The Potra Kunda is identified with the place where the clothes of Krishna when a baby were washed.

In the north is situated the temple of Mahavidya.

Ganga purifies through a bath, Yamuna through the drinking of her sweet waters.

★

In the ruins of old Mathura have been found many objects of archaeological importance. Many mounds have been dug in the area near about and the objects of Brahmanic, Buddhist and Jain sculptures, images, inscriptions

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and other remains of great historical and archaeological importance have been excavated. These objects are preserved in the Indian Museum at Calcutta and the Curzon Museum at Mathura.

Mathura sculptures are mainly in the spotted red sandstone. The main figure is raised in height and is prominently depicted. The figures are carved out boldly. Those representing action, particularly the feminine figures, show abundant sensuality. What was only a spontaneous gesture in the early art has become in the Mathura art conscious gestures and the symbolic expression has become sensuous and erotic. Foreign influence is also visible. Kanishka's statue with a peculiar dress and heavy boots indicate the Scythic tradition and Bacchanalian scenes are influenced by the Western Art.

By about the 15th century A.D. Mathura became the centre of the Vaishnava reformers. Ramanujites established themselves in Brindavan. The Nimbarka Vaishnavas have one of their oldest shrines on the Dhruva Hill at Mathura. The Bengali Vaishnavas, the Radha Vallabhis and disciples of Swami Haridas also spread their cult in this area. Rupa and Sanatana Gosains were the recognised leaders of the Brindavan community and they were the authors of several works. They were helped in their work by their nephew Jiva Gosain. Rupa flourished in about 1500-1560 A.D. Sanatana, Rupa and Vallabha are considered to be three brothers. Rupa was the minister of Hussainshah. He and Sanatana were the pupils of Chaitanya.

Vallabhacharya, whose descendants are known as Gokul Gosains, was the second son of Lakshmana Bhatta, a Tailangana Brahmin of the Vishnuswami Sampradaya. He was born in 1479 A.D. in North India at a place called Champaranya near Banaras while his parents were on a pilgrimage. On account of some alarm he was left behind but was soon taken back by his parents and brought to Banaras where he mastered Sanskrit language and Indian philosophy. He became a religious teacher and is said to have won the Sastrartha at Vijaynagar where Krishna Deva Raya accepted him as a great Acharya. He is the author of *Anubhashya, Subodhini, Tatvarthadeepa,* and numerous other works and his Sampradaya is known as the Suddhadvaita or Pushti Marga. He worshipped Balakrishna. His Sampradaya has spread much in Rajputana and Gujarat particucularly among the wealthy Bania and Bhatia communities. He visited many places including Jagannath Puri, where it is said that the Lord summarised the doctrine in the following verse:—

एकं शास्त्रं देवकीपुत्रगीतं
एको देवो देवकीपुत्र एव ।
मन्त्रोऽप्येकस्तस्य नामानि यानि
कर्माप्येकं तस्य देवस्य सेवा ॥

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"There is only one scripture and that is the one sung by the son of Devaki, Krishna, as the *Bhagavad Gita*. There is only one God and that is Krishna. There is only one Mantra being the various names of Krishna. There is only one duty and that is the seva or worship of that Krishna."

★

There are 12 vanas in the vicinity of Mathura. They are Madhuban, Talaban, Kumudban, Bahulaban, Kamaban, Khadiraban, Brindaban, Bhadraban, Bhandirban, Belban, Lohaban, and Mohaban.

Gokul and Govardhana are counted among the Upavanas.

On Vaisakha Purnima, there is the festival of Vana-Vihara from the Visram Ghat. The Pancha Tirtha Mela begins for five days from Shravan Sukla 5th, pilgrims starting from Mathura to Brindaban. Numerous other festivals take place during the course of the year.

The other famous ghat on Yamuna is the Dhruva Ghat. The legend is that Dhruva, the son of King Uttanapada, when insulted by his father and step-mother, came down to Madhuban near Mathura and as instructed by Narada performed severe penance even though a child and ultimately realised the Darshan of Vishnu. He was so young that on seeing the Lord, he could not speak anything and the Lord gave him speech by touching his cheek with His conch which was nothing but the embodiment of Vedas. *Bhagavata* says, Dhruva immediately obtained the power of speech and sang:

योऽन्तः प्रविश्य मम वाचमिमां प्रसुप्तां
सञ्जीवयत्यखिलशक्तिधरः स्वधाम्ना ।
अन्यांश्च हस्तचरणश्रवणत्वगादीन्
प्राणान्नमो भगवते पुरुषाय तुभ्यम् ॥

Obeisance be unto you, the Lord and the manifestation of the Supreme Principle. You are my Antaryamin or the inner controller and with your supreme power and resplendent consciousness, you have enkindled to life this speech of mine which till now had remained dormant, as also my hands, feet, ears, sense of touch and the rest, including my very life-breath.

Bhagavata IV-9-6.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. M. Barrie.

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C. R. Attlee

THE ATOMIC PRESENT

I SUPPOSE that most of us in our time have read of the great civilizations of the past, and reading with a knowledge of the event we say, "What fools these people were not to realize what was happening"—the rival emperors struggling for power in a Roman Empire with the barbarians ready to break in and usher in those centuries which we call the Dark Ages. Great civilizations have been destroyed, sometimes from internal weaknesses, sometimes from external attacks. The Roman Empire came down through the forces of the uncivilized world. The destructive force today is something which we have ourselves made, and it is operating in a one world civilization more closely linked than ever before. Would not a visitor from another planet say just the same of us, "What fools to keep quarrelling in face of this danger?"



Russia is engaged in building up her social system and an economy, which we do not like, very different from our own. It is not our way of life, but it is their concern. We in the West have our way of life, our different economies, and we do not wish to see them destroyed. But the threat that we meet hangs over democracies and autocracies alike—Communist countries, socialist countries, semi-socialist countries, capitalist countries, all are exposed to danger; and unless there is some change, I believe that the danger of world destruction is very real. The forces of destruction will keep piling up. We cannot stop these things. It may be that the knowledge of how to make these weapons may get more and more extended. Incidents leading to war continue; the burden of

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armaments presses on the nations and causes impatience.

The world today cannot afford to have any more wars. The only way open to us seems to be to make a new approach to world problems with the consciousness of this great danger. After all, all other problems are really dwarfed by this. But I do not think it can be done just by discussing weapons. One must discuss causes. Inevitably there must be a real effort to effect some understanding, to live and to let live. If all the peoples of the world realize this great danger they must take action to avoid it. They must realize how small, in comparison to this, are squabbles about bits of territory and the like. Those things can be settled if there is the will to settle them. But everything depends on acceptance of the need for toleration and upon the renunciation of all attempts to force particular creeds on other people. I believe that democratic socialism will succeed on its own merits. If the Russian Communists and the American capitalists have as strong a faith as I have, they will believe that in due time their views will be accepted everywhere, but until then they must accept the fact that other people have different ideas.

The time has come to make the United Nations organization a reality and to realize the high hopes entertained at San Francisco. This must mean a gradual renunciation of the idea of absolute sovereignty and the building up of international organization. It means, too, that the ideal of dreamers of the past has become the necessity of the atomic present. Civilization can be saved, but only if the peoples of the world are roused to action.

[*Condensed from the "Listener".*]

I had rather take my chance that some traitors will escape detection, than spread abroad a spirit of general suspicion and distrust, which accepts rumour and gossip in place of undismayed and unintimidated inquiry. I believe that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbour as a possible enemy, where nonconformity with the accepted creed, political as well as religious, is a mark of disaffection; where denunciation, without specification or backing, takes the place of evidence; where orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent; where faith in eventual supremacy of reason has become so timid that we dare not enter our convictions in the open lists to win or lose.

—Judge Learned Hand.

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Humayun Kabir

SYNTHESIS OF INDIAN CULTURE

MUCH that is unsatisfactory in modern Indian life is due to segregation of different groups in different compartments.

Today, we have people whose education is influenced solely by the ideals and modes prescribed in ancient India. Time for them came to a stop some fifteen hundred years ago.

There is another group versed in Arabic and Persian but innocent of the traditions of Sanskrit learning and the modern knowledge of the West.

Students of the modern universities are, on the other hand, often ignorant of Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian. Universities and other higher organs of education have thus failed to reflect the synthesis which saints and poets, reformers and preachers and even simple men and women of little learning have achieved on the planes of religion, ethics and art.

Men and women living together can never be segregated completely. Groups isolated intellectually have therefore established contacts in the fields of feeling and behaviour. This lack of integration between intellect and feeling has, by a curious reaction, led to growth of compartmentalism in the individual mind.



A man who accepts western science intellectually is steeped emotionally in traditions of ancient or medieval India. The latest fashion of thought exists side by side with a primitive mode of behaviour and feeling. In any case, there is no denying that the coexistence of three independent systems has impoverished the intellectual life of a majority of educated men and women of India.

The absence of a common system of national education has been one of the main reasons why so many Indians exhibit even today a re-

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V. V. Baxi

Power of Prayer

PRAYER is an act of faith; it is not a mere mechanical recital to the Divine for grace, for God's grace is all-pervading like the gentle dew. If the receptacle of one's heart is open, it can receive the grace even without asking: Prayer is an experiment in self-purification, a discipline to bring the restive mind under control. It is the first aid to the soul lacerated with sufferings from a material world. Step by step on the heavenly ladder of prayer man rises to the heights of self-reverence, self-knowldge, self-control. For, as Tennyson has said, these three alone lead to sovereign power which chastens and subdues the ignoble claims of a material world on a soul willing to wend its way upwards to a nobler and grander existence.

Prayer is the purifier of thoughts and, therefore, of the world of man; for our world is made up of our thoughts. Even as a spider weaves his web around him and enmeshes himself, so does man weave a web around him from his own thoughts and binds himself. A heart's gentle prayer clears the cobwebs and leads to lasting freedom. For if man needs anything, it is freedom from his thoughts which create desires, which in their own turn lead to a circle of incessant activity culminating into recurring bondage. Prayer, therefore, is not only a purifier but a liberator. It generates a force whose power it is difficult for any element to withstand. It brightens the dim lamp of faith from which it takes rise. Without faith there is no prayer. Faith is the soil on which prayer takes root.

Prayer again is the unbreakable bridge between man and God. Victor Hugo defines prayer as "the bringing by pure thought the unknown below in contact with the unknown above". It is remembrance in gratitude of God. It is constant remembrance also of our weaknesses. It is the soul's cry for mercy, for forgiveness from sins and relief from suffering, for innumerable acts of omission and commission and for the softening of the ego in man which makes him forget his Creator.

Prayer is further an act of love, for no one who does not love can pray, and no one who does not pray can love. For like prayer, love is also Divine. Without the purity of the heart there is neither love nor is there prayer. God resides in the heart, which is softened with

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love and purified by prayer. No man who has risen to great heights, was not devoted to prayer or love.

Prayer is not self-seeking; it does not ask for things. It is not a barter. It does not seek anything for the one who prays, for the quality of prayer is to flow and not to freeze. Prayer for one's selfish gains limits its beneficent power, and he who prays for his own good is denied the joys and peace that prayer brings and also the experience which its all-pervading and beneficent power bestows; because by its very nature, prayer is the alchemy of universal good; 'सर्वे जना: सुखिनो भवन्तु' without even asking for anything an act of prayer benefits him who prays and also others though this may not be a conscious experience. Prayer is thus the soul's strength. It is a way of life and the radiator of happiness.

Prayer can also be described as universal religion. It is not circumscribed by ritual of sect. It has no confines of time or space or caste or creeds. On the contrary, it is a potential living force which combines together man to man and transcends all limitations. It cannot be anything else because it is God's own incarnation in language. He who prays not misses his soul, and no wonder, is never free from bondage and the unending cycles of countless lives of painful births and more painful deaths.

In a world torn with doubts and disbeliefs, in an age which tests everything on the touchstone of reason and dry intellectualism, prayer provides the simplest ritual to bring peace and happiness which man's mind so sadly needs today. Therefore, it should be the cardinal faith of man of all climes and countries to devote some time to prayer and to teach the growing generation the importance of prayer. This alone will be able to stem the tide of disaster and improve the future of mankind. Man has in this age become a moral coward, bereft of religion, bereft of that softening grace which entitles him to be described as human and the religion of prayer constitutes the most powerful weapon for the destruction of this moral cowardice and for the re-making of man as God wished him to be.

THE SOCIAL WORKER—(*Contd.*)

city to fit modern ideas into the pattern of ancient ways. They should not spurn local conditions and customs, nor should they be anxious to inject urban traditions and standards into rural areas. They should have the gift to make the villager's life—spiritual and emotional—more efficient and fruitful in terms of his own culture and his own personal values. If he has not this equipment, the worker is not likely to succeed. All he will do is to leave the villager frustrated and discontented.

[*From his address at the Indian Conference of Social Work at Lucknow.*]

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Chandrashanker Shukla

Gandhian Interpretation of History

GANDHIJI was not in agreement with what in Marxian terminology is known as "the economic interpretation of history", which propounds the doctrine that "the driving force is not the thoughts and wills of men, but changes of climates, discoveries of raw materials, and the inventions of new technical processes which determine the course of history... Thus even the activity of inventing or creating is not, as it appears to be, a spontaneous mental activity, but is a function or by-product of environmental circumstances."

"I do not believe," said Gandhiji, "that it is *Prakriti* which originates and governs the thought-processes of *Purusha*." He believed in the power of the spirit of man to shape its environment to some extent and thus affect the course of history. "I do not consider economic factors to be the source of all the evils in the world," he added. "Nor is it correct to trace the origin of all wars to economic causes. What were the causes of the last War? Insignificant ones. When the present War started, Chamberlain, who had till then bent all his energies on averting a war, changed his opinion overnight, because presumably he was afraid of losing the support of his party if at that stage he sought to keep England out of the war. A better statesman in his place, I believe, would have succeeded in averting the war even then. Was not Helen the cause of the Trojan War? But why go so far? The Rajput wars, which belong to modern history, had never their origin in economic causes."

On this point, Gandhiji has the strong support of Shri Radhakrishnan who, in the course of a penetrating analysis of Marxism, dealing with the Marxian theory that "the history of all societies that existed up to our time is the history of class-struggles," remarks:

"History, however, is not a mere record of class-struggles. Wars between nations have been more frequent and violent than domestic struggles, and in the earlier history of mankind tribes and towns fought with one another. The feeling of nationality is stronger than class-consciousness in the present war. All through history the rulers and the ruled, the rich and the poor, fought side by side against the enemies of the country. We hate foreign workers more than we do our own capitalist employers. There are wars of religion, such as the wars for and against the Reformation which went on in Europe for two centuries....Marxists, with a few exceptions, are fighting today for the capitalist states to

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which they happen to belong.... The conflicts between the Hindu and the Muslim in India, or between the Protestants and Catholics in Ireland, are not manifestations of class-struggles. There are class-struggles and civil wars, but there are wars of religions and nations also. The latter have been more decisive for human evolution. Again, it is not historically correct to argue that war is the inevitable consequence of capitalism.... To represent history as a series of internal struggles, to ignore the forces of race, religion and patriotism, is to over-simplify the complex problem of human evolution."

A British thinker, probing deeply into "the materialist theory of history", remarks:

"The theory, roughly, is this: that all the important things in history are rooted in an economic motive. In short, history is a science; a science for the search for food. Now I desire, in passing only, to point out that this is not merely untrue, but actually the reverse of truth. It is putting it too feebly to say that the history of man is not only economic. Man would not have any history if he were only economic. The need for food is certainly universal, so universal that it is not even human.... The economic motive is not merely inside all history; it is actually outside all history. It belongs to biology or the science of life; that is, it concerns things like cows that are not so very much alive. Men are far too much alive to get into the science of anything; for them we have made the art of history. To say that human actions have depended on economic support is like saying that they have depended on having two legs. It accounts for action, but not for such varied action; it is a condition, but not a motive; it is too universal to be useful.... There would be no history if there were only economic history. All the historical events have been due to the twists and turns given to the economic instinct by forces that were not economic."

To sum up:

"The emphasis on the importance of economic conditions is correct; the suggestion that they are exclusively determinant of history is incorrect."

Dealing with the assertion by the Marxists of the mastery of matter over spirit, the same British writer observes:

"All revolution is the mastering of matter by the spirit of man, the emergence of that human authority within us which, in the noble words of Sir Thomas Browne, 'owes no homage unto the sun'."

If ideas have no important place in the shaping of man and his history, and if these latter in their origin and main currents are the resultants of an interplay of material forces, why need there be such prodigious efforts after propaganda aimed at the conversion of men to ideologies? Indeed that propaganda, by its very nature, presupposes the power of men to shape their own conduct in conformity with their beliefs.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—14

ANTHONY EDEN

"ON case of my death on this journey I am about to undertake, I avail myself of your Majesty's gracious permission to advise that you should entrust the formation of a new government to Mr. Anthony Eden." This was the unprecedented message sent to late King George VI by Winston Churchill before he emplaned on a perilous flight to the U.S. in 1942 to meet President Roosevelt. Churchill has not changed his mind since.

In his black homburg, clipped moustache and perfect accent, handsome, elegant mannered Robert Anthony Eden is the beau ideal of the diplomats of the world. The Americans called him "glamour king" when as a boy wonder he became Foreign Secretary of the British Empire in his thirties and curiously enough, Mussolini named him "the best dressed fool in Europe".

Speaking of his streamlined if stereotyped appearance, it may be news to know that he owns comparatively smaller number of suits than an average American business man. Although made by famous Saville Row tailors, their elegant appearance is attributable more to his own good figure and graceful movement than any other. Perhaps his snow-white silk shirts and impeccable deep-pointed attached collars add to the illusion. By maintaining them well he wears them longer, as closer scrutiny will doubtless reveal their distinguished much-wornness. Strangely enough he refuses to carry an umbrella; probably he is allergic to the Chamberlain memory!

At his official residence at 1, Carlton Gardens overlooking St. James Park, Eden works hard from early morning lying in bed, reading important telegrams from his Ambassadors and Ministers abroad and arrives at his desk in the Foreign Office at 10 a.m. walking his way in his formal morning dress, bare headed. Then comes the round of consultations with his official advisers, instructing representatives abroad, receiving foreign dignitaries, attending official functions and Cabinet meetings and—not the least—conferring with the P.M. When the Parliament is in session his duties become more arduous, being Deputy P.M. too.

Eden sits on the green leather Government front bench in the House of Commons on Churchill's left, possibly because the P.M. is becoming slow of hearing and who

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Shrimati Vijayalakshmi, Mr. Eden and Shri Krishna Menon.

turns to him increasingly these days before his rapier thrusts. Occasionally when his chief is disinclined Eden leaps to his feet to reach out for the gauntlet thrown by the Opposition.

And yet no two persons could be more dissimilar. They are as different as Scotch from Burgundy or the epic from the lyric. Churchill is a genius with his foibles, colourful, controversial, and hated; Eden, charming, conciliatory and popular. At any rate Eden has not been known for any "indiscretion" of the kind Churchill made last year which a section of the press whipped up into a lather of political hullabaloo.

Eden was born on 12th June, 1897 with a double silver spoon: a great estate, Eton, Oxford, first-class Honours in Oriental language, the army, active service in the first World War, marriage to heiress Beatrice Beckett, a little journalism and lucky entry into politics under the fostering care of Chamberlain, Baldwin and Churchill—this in a nutshell constitutes his early history.

Perhaps his most useful years have been the gap between the time Churchill's ministry was thrown out after the Second World War and his re-entry along with Churchill, when he got himself thoroughly acquainted with his home

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politics and thus prepared himself for the prospect before him, the Prime Ministership of England. He was during this period frequently consulted by Labour's Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin.

It has sometimes been alleged by his critics that Eden is a careerist which is wrong. If proof were needed his resignation on the memorable Sunday evening in 1938 from Chamberlain's Cabinet as a protest against the latter's appeasement policy will show that it is far from the truth, for Eden was, at that time strongly entrenched. Indeed behind his stylish exterior, he hides an idealism, a passionate desire to fight for the cause he considers dear to his heart.

When a prepared speech is before him he is hardly harsh in his utterances, but when provoked to a riposte, he can be deadly. His is a complex personality.

Perhaps Eden's great achievements in the present day context are his work as Chairman of the Geneva Conference last summer which brought about the cease-fire in Indo-China and the Nine-Power London Conference which paved the way for the Western defence community. The recent momentous Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London in which he played such a vital part is another feather in his cap.

Eden is an Honorary Doctor of many universities; he has been decorated with the Knight Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth.

A scholar in Persian, Eden has quite a good collection of Persian manuscripts.

The esteem in which he is held by his countrymen will be obvious from the fact that divorce, normally a bar to political advancement in Britain, was overlooked in his case when he divorced his first wife in 1950 on grounds of desertion. Simon, his first son, had joined the R.A.F. and was killed in Burma in 1945. Nicholas, his second son, studied at Oxford and after military service has become A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada.

Clarissa, his second wife whom he married in 1952 is Churchill's niece. She is no novice to the decorum of the Foreign Office, having worked there during the war years. Like her husband she is a lover of art and literature and has a passion for gardening, especially in the cultivation of roses.

He alone teaches who has something to give, for teaching is not talking, teaching is not imparting doctrines, it is communicating.

—Vivekananda.

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J. Robert Oppenheimer

SCIENTIST IN DESPAIR

THIS is where we learn, that more people are engaged in scientific research to-day than ever before, that the Soviet world and the free world are running neck and neck in the training of scientists, that more books are published per capita in England than in the United States, that the social sciences are pursued actively in America, Scandinavia, and England, that there are more people who hear the great music of the past, and more music is composed and more paintings are painted . . . In the natural sciences these are, and have been, and are most surely likely to continue to be, heroic days. Discovery follows discovery, each both raising and answering questions, each ending a long search, and each providing the new instrument for new search....

The frontiers of science are separated now by long years of study, by specialised vocabularies, arts, techniques, and knowledge from the common heritage even of a most civilised society, and any one working at the frontier of such science is in that sense a very long way from home and a long way, too, from the practical arts that were its matrix and origin, as indeed they were of what we to-day call art. The specialisation of science is an inevitable accompaniment of progress; yet it is full of dangers and it is cruelly wasteful, since so much that is beautiful and enlightening is cut off from most of the world. In the situation of the artist, it is the differences which are most striking and which raise the problems that touch most on the evil of our day....

The artist depends on a common sensibility and culture, on a common meaning of symbols, on a community of experience and common ways of describing and interpreting it. He need not write for everyone or paint or play for everyone. But his audience must be man; it must be man, and not a specialised set of experts among his fellows. To-day that is very difficult. Often the artist has an aching sense of great loneliness, for the community to which he addresses himself is largely not there; the traditions and the history, the myths and the common experience which it is his function to illuminate and to harmonise and to portray, have been dissolved in a changing world....

What is new is that in one generation our knowledge of the natural world engulfs, upsets, and complements all knowledge of the natural world before. The techniques, among which and by which we live,

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multiply and ramify, so that the whole world is bound together by communication, blocked here and there by the immense synopses of political tyranny, the global quality of the world is new; our knowledge and sympathy with remote and diverse peoples, our involvement with them in practical terms, and our commitment to them in terms of brotherhood. What is new in the world is the massive character of the dissolution and corruption of authority, in belief, in ritual, and in temporal order. Yet this is the world we have come to live in....

The very difficulties which it presents derive from growth in understanding, in skill, in power. To assail the changes that have unmoored us from the past is futile and in a deep sense I think it is wicked. We need to recognise the change and learn what resources we have.

The super highways do not help ....they are the purveyors of art and science and culture for the millions upon millions . . . they are the means by which we are reminded of the famine in remote places or of war or trouble or change... the means by which the stories and songs of to-day travel and resound throughout the world. But they are also the means by which the true human community, the man knowing man, the neighbour understanding neighbour, the schoolboy learning a poem, the women dancing, the individual curiosity, the individual sense of beauty are being blown dry and issueless. The means by which the passivity of the disengaged spectator presents to the man of art and science the bleak face of inhumanity.

This cannot be an easy life. We shall have a rugged time of it to keep our minds open and to keep them deep, to keep our sense of beauty and our ability to make it, and our occasional ability to see it, in places remote and strange and unfamiliar; we shall have a rugged time of it, all of us, in keeping these gardens in our villages, in keeping open the manifold, intricate, casual paths, to keep these flourishing in a great open windy world; but this is, as I see it, the condition of man; and in this condition we can help, because we can love one another.

[*From his speech at the Columbia University.*]

I suppose there is hardly a country—and I mean no disrespect to other countries—which has such high ideals as India. And I may add that there is hardly a country where the gap between ideals and performance is so big as in India.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

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Norman Smith

CHILDREN'S MUSEUMS

THE first children's museum in the United States is just across the river in Brooklyn, New York. Established in 1899 by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, this children's museum has expanded to the point where it is now considered one of the nation's leading institutions in the field of visual education.

At this treasure-house of arts, crafts and nature, boys and girls from the age of four to their early teens are able to increase their knowledge and to develop their talents through instruction and facilities beyond those available in their regular public schools.

By seeing, touching and doing, the youngsters at this museum are acquiring not-easily-forgotten knowledge about the pleasures of art, the world of nature and the complexities of science—explained to them in practical visual terms.

There are stuffed animals, just as in many museums of natural history, but there are also living creatures which the children can fondle and study. Similarly, this art centre goes beyond the usual displays of the ordinary museum of science and industry by having a workroom where the youngsters can experiment for themselves on the things they have just seen and been told about.

Examining the strange and colourful costumes of foreign lands is a fine way for children to begin to understand and appreciate the problems and customs of other peoples. But it is even better when the youngsters can clothe themselves in the splendid robes of a Chinese mandarin or the brilliant headdress of an American Indian chief, as this museum permits them to do.

A similar technique is used to interest and instruct the youngsters in history and good citizenship. Vital events in world history are depicted by museum staff members in memorable detail that the children carry away with them a clear, never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

The success of this experiment won it well-merited emulation elsewhere.

Up in Hartford, Connecticut, there is a similar children's museum. Here the boys and girls can see how America's earliest inhabitants made pottery, leather jackets, beaded vests, bows and arrows, silver ornaments and the like.

Another room in the Hartford centre contains what is probably

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the world's largest doll collection. Here there are centuries-old dolls from many places, figurines with wax, wooden and China heads, and others made from corn husks, nuts and other unusual materials. Most impressive is another exhibit which shows early musical instruments from different parts of the world: Asian rattles, flutes and clappers; a Chinese fiddle and Tahitian drums; an African marimba and Arabian gourds used to produce musical tones.

The museum officials are also interested in teaching their young patrons about the world around them, and they are currently stressing such matters as conservation of water resources, forests and wild life. But they are just as conscious of the need to inform the young on art, music and other cultural pursuits as part of the plan for living fuller, more productive lives.

Particularly intriguing is "The Little School" for four-and-a-half-year-olds that meets twice a week. These stress rhythms, painting and simple crafts linked to the subject of the week.

Largely because of these imaginative programmes, many children are growing up with cultural opportunities and advantages hardly known to their parents and grandparents. We can count as tangible benefits not only the cultural enrichment they can expect to enjoy personally; they will also obtain from an appreciation of the beauty and inspiration of art and nature, a broader and more responsive attitude to the world around them.

SYNTHESIS OF INDIAN CULTURE—*(Contd.)*

gional, linguistic or communal outlook. In other countries, universities have helped to bring into one common pool the heritage of every element in the national life. This has not happened in India with the result that different communities and linguistic areas have developed and retained a sectional outlook.

In the free Republic of India, every citizen must seek to imbibe the essence of the Indian outlook on life. The significance, variety and vitality of Indian culture cannot be understood unless we have knowledge of the many sources from which it is derived. All institutions of higher learning in India as repositories of culture and pioneers of progress must therefore evolve courses which reflect the many-sidedness of Indian life. They must provide a meeting ground where values inherited from ancient and medieval India can be combined with the fresh influx of knowledge and experience from beyond the seas.

[*From his Convocation Address at Kashi Vidyapith on January 28, 1955.*]

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

Below are given extracts from the Hon. Gen. Secretary's Report read at the meeting of the Council held on 2nd January 1955 in Bombay under the Presidentship of Shri Munshiji.

THE third Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was held at Nagpur on April 24 and 25, 1954, under the Presidentship of our Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad. The Session was attended by 305 delegates, scholars and pandits representing various governments, Pathashalas and Oriental Research Institutes.

The grants for one professorship each promised by the States of Assam and Orissa have been realised during the course of this year. The question of the grant by the Hyderabad Government is pending and we hope that it also will soon be realised. The Uttar Pradesh State Government has kindly sanctioned a fresh grant of Rs. 5,000/-. His Highness Shri Padmanabhadasa Balarama Varma, Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin State has given a munificent grant of Rs. 5,000/- for the third successive year.

During the period of the last 8 months after the Nagpur Session there has been a substantial addition of 32 new branches to the original number of 49 branches, bringing the total to 81; in addition 56 Kendras have been organised and 21 educational institutions have become institution members of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. 25 more branches are likely to be opened in the near future and at different places and the matter is in the stage of negotiations.

The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad has started enrolling ordinary members and we request our branches, Kendras, Vishva Parishad Professors, and other workers to take up this work vigorously.

Branches have been frequently requested to send their reports but very few have done so either regularly or in time. The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Baroda, the Chotrodaya Pandit Parishad, Trivandrum, the Bilaspur and the Dhamada branches of the Madhya Pradesh, the Punjab branch, the Tiruchirapalli branch, the Vindhya Pradesh branch and a few others, however, have kept us informed from time to time of the excellent work done by them.

For the working of the Kendras it is suggested that evening or night classes of adults may be started to impart at least some elementary knowledge of Sanskrit so that the people may be induced to read original but easy portions of *Mahabharata, Ramayana* and *Bhagavad Gita* with the help of a little grammar.

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NEWS & NOTES

MAGHA-PUSHYA

Magha-Pushya is a sacred day for Hindus. Many deities are offered special worship on this day, Lord Kartik or Subrahmanya being the most important among them. In *Rigveda, Kila,* occurs:

उमाकोमलहस्ताब्ज संभावितललाटिका।
हिरण्यकुण्डलं वन्दे कुमारं पुष्करस्रजम् ॥

Son of Lord Shiva, this deity appears to have been the favourite in South India historically, as several Tamil kings have for generations been His worshippers. He is considered by them as the patron deity of their culture, even as in matters religious he has been the guardian of all that makes for exalted Brahminism.

In the last fortnight, Bombay celebrated Magha-Pushya, the date of His marriage, in an elaborate festival lasting for ten days, when besides *Vedic* rituals, dissertations on many aspects of Hinduism were conducted. One of the speakers Sivanandavari in particular regaled the audience by his great erudition in the Saiva literature and profound humour.

BHAVAN'S NEWS

DRAMAS

Kala Kendra presented on the 8th three One-Act plays in Marathi: "Ashich Ek Ratra Yete"; "Ghubad" and "Swargachya Vatevar". A very appreciative audience witnessed them to their great enjoyment.

On the 13th morning there was repeat performance of "Panch Pandav" ballet to a full house.

On the same evening the Gujarati play "Amaldar" was staged for the third time and evoked the appreciation of a large audience.

DANCE RECITAL

Kala Kendra, Bhavan's art wing, will present on the 15th at 6-30 p.m. Shrimati Rita in a recital of classical Bharatanatyam. Rita Chatterji (nee Mukerjea), great-grandniece of the Poet Tagore, comes from a rich and splendid heritage of art, literature and music. Honours graduate of the Bombay University in English and Sanskrit, she brings to her art a mind that is sensitive, fastidious and artistic to the core. She has studied the entire curriculum of Manipuri dances under Guru Sri H. Atomba Singh of Manipur. She has also completed the full course of study in Bharatanatyam under Natyakalavisharada Pandanallur Sri Chokkalingam Pillai, and secured the diploma and the title of *Natyakalabhushanam* awarded by the Indian Institute of Fine Arts, Madras.

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Vetala Pachchisi—II **Serial**

SUNDARI

THE ghoul said:

Your Majesty! there is a city named Punyapur, the king of which was Ballabh, and his minister Satyaprakash. The name of the minister's wife was Lakshmi.

One day the king said to his minister, "If one who is a king does not enjoy himself with beautiful women, his holding sovereignty is in vain."

Having said this and handing over the burden of the government to the minister, he himself gladly entered upon a life of amorous pleasures.

He abandoned all cares of the state, and commenced spending his days and nights in enjoyment.

★

It so happened that, one day, the minister was sitting dejected at home, when his wife asked him, "My lord! you seem to me to be very weak?"

He replied, saying, "Night and day the cares of government weigh heavily on me, and hence my body has become feeble; while the king is occupied the whole day long with his own pleasures and enjoyment."

The minister's wife said, "My lord! you have carried on the government for a long time, now take leave of the king, and undertake a pilgrimage for a few days."

This is the eleventh of the twenty-five absorbing stories by means of which the clever ghoul tries to lure King Vikramaditya to break his vow of silence which is the sine qua non *for the success of his undertaking.*

He remained silent on hearing this speech of hers.

Afterwards, when he stirred out he went to the king at the time of his holding a court, and obtaining his permission to go on leave, set out on a pilgrimage.

Journeying on, he reached Rameshwar, on the sea-coast.

As soon as he arrived there, he visited the shrine of Mahadeva, and came out of the temple, when, his gaze happening to stray towards the sea, what does he behold, but a marvellous tree of gold come up out of it, the leaves of which were emeralds, the blossoms topazes, the fruits corals,—it presented a most beautiful sight!

And seated on the tree was a very beautiful woman, holding a lute in her hands, and singing in most soft and sweet strains.

After a few minutes the tree disappeared in the ocean.

★

After beholding this spectacle there, the minister turned back

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and came to his own city, and, proceeding to the king, made obeisance, and joining his hands, said, "Your Majesty! I have witnessed a marvellous sight!"

The monarch said, "Describe it."

The minister said, "Your Majesty! Men of olden time have said that one should not speak of such things as are beyond the comprehension of any one, and which no one would credit. But this thing I saw plainly with my eyes, and hence I speak of it. Your Majesty! At the place where the Lord Raghunath has bridged the ocean, lo! a golden tree came up out of the sea, which was so splendidly loaded with emerald leaves, topaz flowers, and coral fruit, that a description of it is impossible! And upon it was a very beautiful woman, with a lute in her hands, singing the sweetest of strains. But after a few minutes that tree was lost to sight in the ocean."

On hearing these words, the king entrusted the government to the minister, and set out alone for the sea-shore.

After several days he arrived there, and entered the temple to pay adoration to Mahadeva; and having bowed down and worshipped, he came out, when lo! the same tree, woman, and all, rose up out of the sea.

As soon as the king saw her, he leaped into the sea, and went and sat on the same tree.

She, together with the king, descended to the nether regions.

She looked at the king and said, "Valiant man! Why hast thou come hither?"

The king replied, "I have come, attracted by thy beauty."

She rejoined, "If thou wilt not touch me during the dark fortnight of the lunar month, I will marry thee."

The king consented to this arrangement.

Notwithstanding this, however, she took the king's solemn promise, and then married him.



When the last day of the dark fortnight came, she said, "Your Majesty should not remain near me today."

On hearing this, the king left her, taking his sword with him; and going apart, kept secret watch.

When it was midnight, a demon came, and, on the instant of arriving folded her in his arms.

No sooner did the king witness this, than he rushed forward with his sword, and said, "Foul fiend! Lay not thy hand on my wife before my eyes! First fight with me."

This said, he drew his sword, and struck such a blow, that the head of the demon was severed from the body, and lay quivering on the ground.

On beholding this, she said, "O gallant man! Thou hast done me a great kindness!"

After saying this, she spoke again, "It is not every mountain that contains rubies, nor every city that holds true men, nor does the sandal tree grow in every forest,

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nor do pearls exist in the head of every elephant."

Thereupon the king enquired, 'Why did this demon come to thee on the fourteenth night of the waning moon?"

She said, "My father is a Vidyadhara. Sundari is my name. Now it was an established custom for my father not to partake of food without me. One day I was not at home at meal-time; thereupon father became angry and pronounced a curse on me, saying, 'A demon will come and embrace thee every fourteenth night of the waning moon.' On hearing this, I said, 'Father! you have indeed given me your curse; but now have mercy on me!' He replied, 'When an intrepid man shall come and slay that demon, thou wilt escape from this curse.' Now, therefore, I have escaped from that curse; and I will now go and pay my respects to my father."

The king said, "If thou appreciatest the kindness I have done thee, come at once and visit my dominions; after that, go and visit thy father."

She said, "Very well; I consent to what you say."

★

Thereupon the king brought her with him to his capital. Festive music and rejoicing began to take place. The news spread throughout the city that the king had arrived. Then songs of congratulation and merry-making commenced in every house; and after that, all the musicians and singers of the city came and offered their congratulations at the court. The king gave away many presents, and performed many pious acts.

Again, after some days that fair one said, "Now, Your Majesty! I will go to my father's."

The king said in sadness, "Very well: go."

When she perceived the king to be sad, she said, "Your Majesty! I will not go."

The king asked, "Why hast thou given up the idea of going to thy father?"

She replied, "I have now become one of the human race, and my father is a demi-god; were I to go now, he would show me no respect: this is my reason for not going."

On hearing this the king was highly delighted, and gave away lacs of rupees in presents and religious offerings.

Hearing of these matters touching the king, the minister died broken-hearted.

★

Having told so much of the tale, the ghoul asked, "O king! why did the minister die?"

Then King Vikramaditya said, "The minister perceived that the king had taken to sensual enjoyments, and banished all the cares of government from his mind; that the subjects had lost their master; and so, no one would heed what he (the minister) said. This is the anxiety of which he died."

Having heard this, the ghoul went again and hung himself on that tree.

[To be continued]

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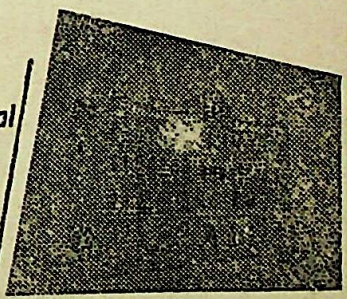
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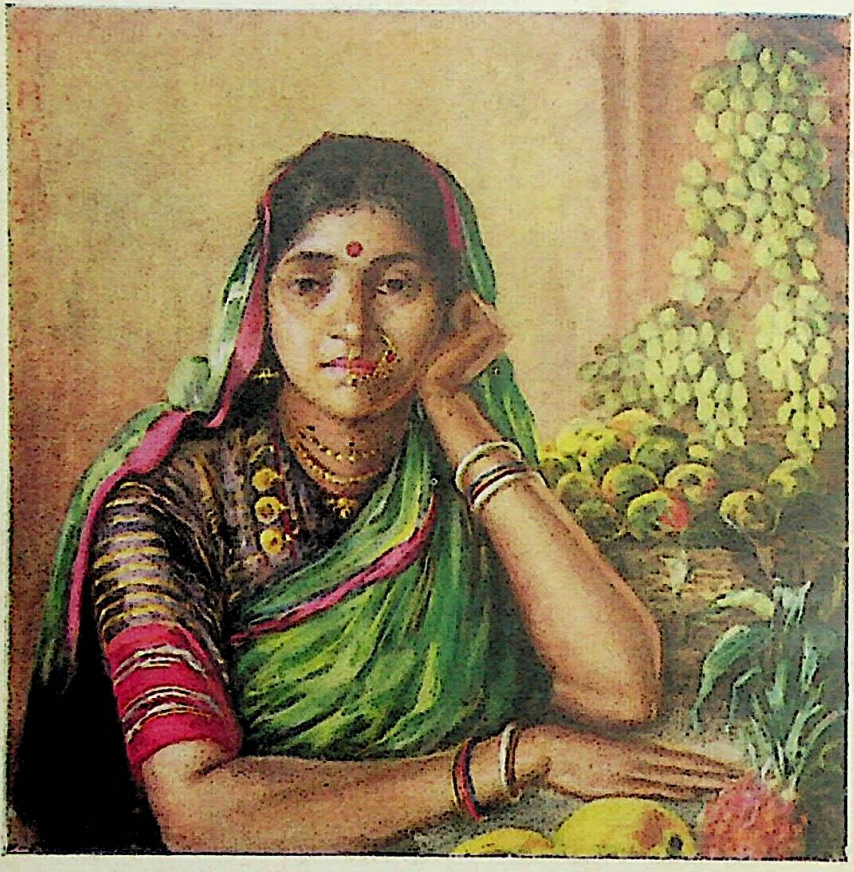
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February 27, 1955

Bhavan's

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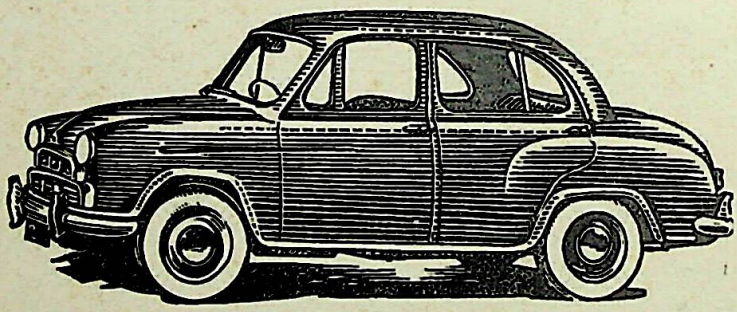
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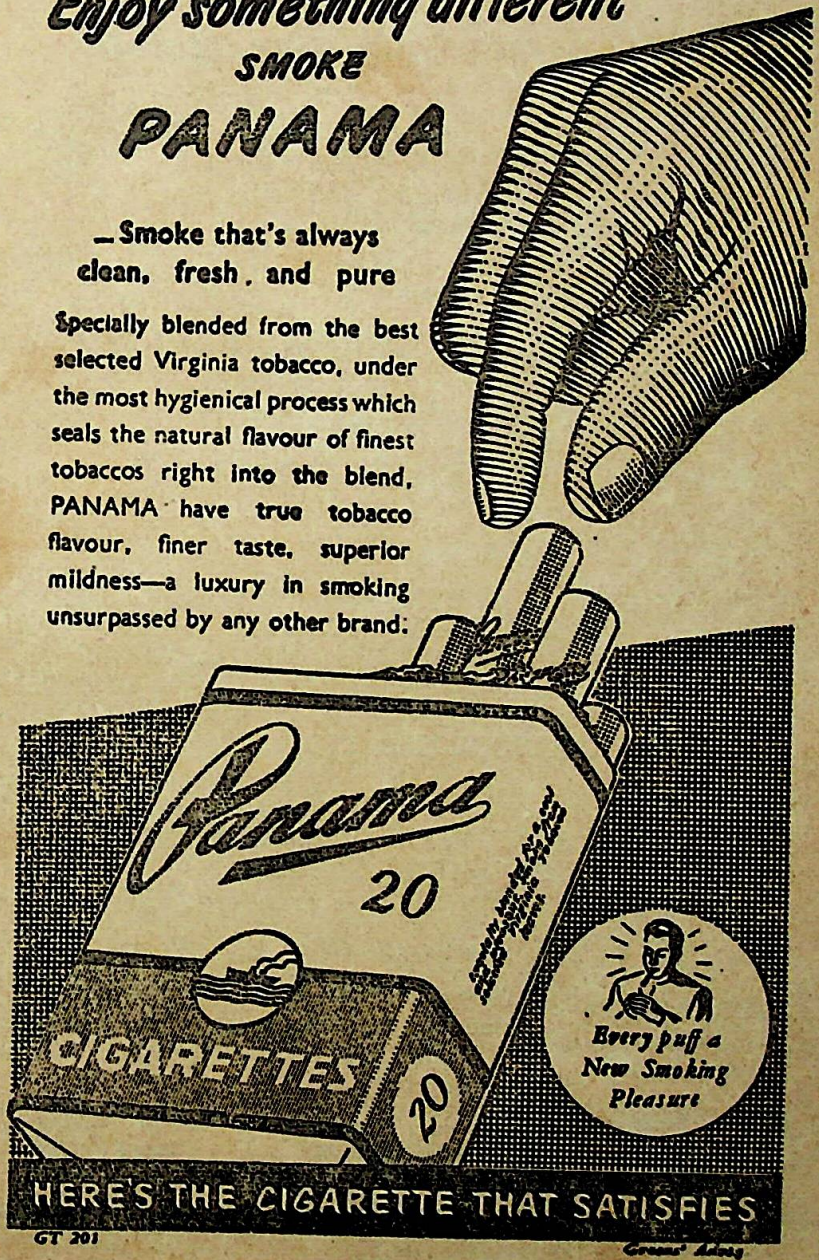
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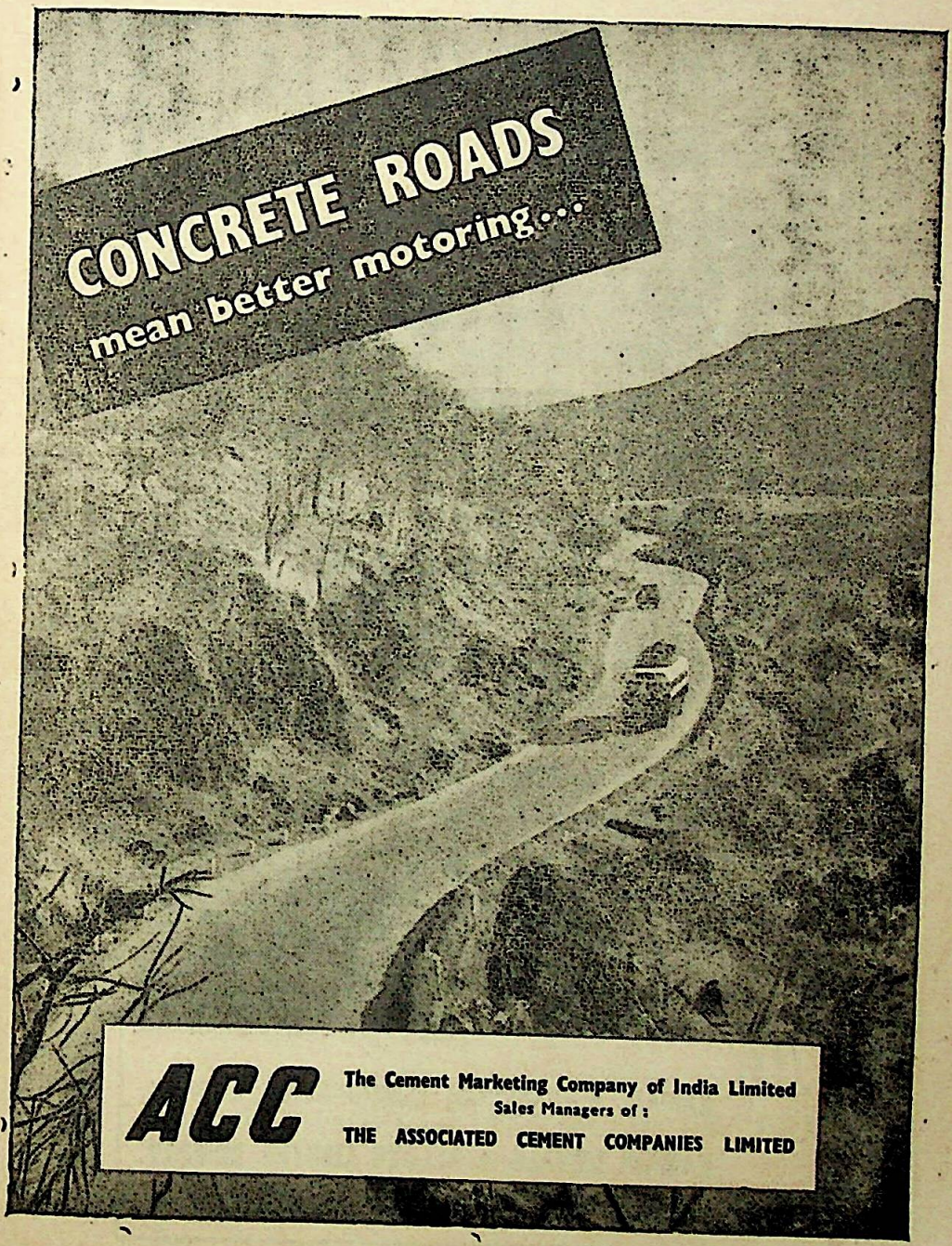
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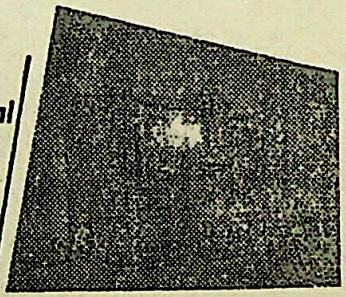


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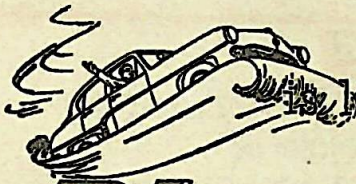


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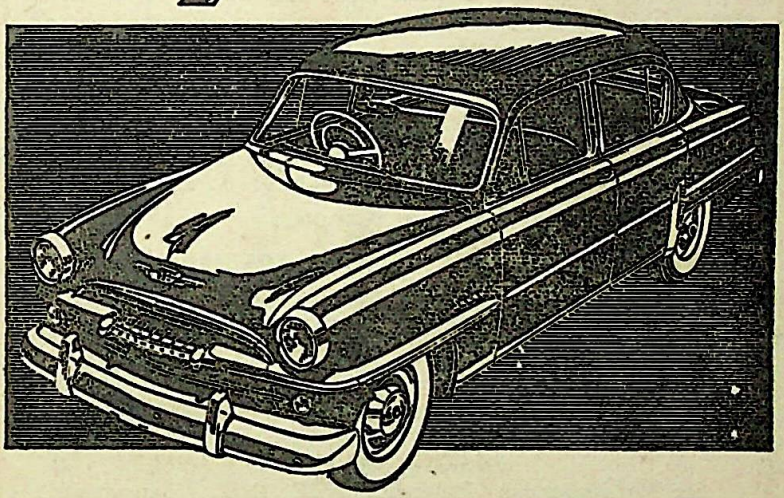
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 15] [FEBRUARY 27, 1955

NOBLE MAN

Whoso his father and mother keeps,
The senior in his family reveres,
Converseth gently and with soft-toned speech
And all that makes for slander put aside,
Who sets himself all meanness to suppress,
A man of truth, his temper 'neath control,
On such a one the Three and Thirty Gods
Do verily confer the name: Noble Man.

—Samyutta Nikaya.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 69

★ A Living Monster ★ The Saptarshi Ashram
★ The Ganga Canal

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
February 27, 1955.

My Young Friend,

I FEEL in quite a gossipy mood. Didn't I tell you that Lucknow is unique? It always throws up something extraordinary. After the Wolf-Boy we had the treasure-hunt. An enterprising gentleman went on digging down into old palace grounds to find buried treasure; he claimed positively to know the spot. But although it lasted for days, nothing came out of his strenuous toil except two or three coins of little importance. A cock was pressed into service; but it refused to work its magic; it found no treasure and died the next day.

It seems that the treasure-hunters in Lucknow are not familiar with the ways of buried treasures in Gujarat. In days gone by, every buried treasure had an attendant guardian angel, who would shift the treasure to another spot, if the treasure-hunter happened to be the wrong individual. The angel would only deliver the treasure to the right man.

No sooner is the Lucknow treasure-hunt over, than we had a monster possessed by no other town in India.

Have you seen the film "The Beast From Twenty Fathoms?" A monster had been hibernating in an iceberg for a few million years, when some scientists blew up the iceberg and released the imprisoned beast. Awakened from its long sleep, it went about sinking steamers till it marched roaring into New York and demolished sky-scrapers with its mighty paws.

One fine morning, a monster, half alligator and half tortoise and with a scaly body, a longish snout, but a long tongue, marched into the industrial capital of U. P.—Kanpur. There was panic all round,

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same as was in New York in the film. No one had seen such a monster before. Crowds gathered. Policemen brought forward their weapons. Unlike the New York monster, however, this, its small edition, was entirely non-violent. It cheerfully bore the blows which the Kanpurians inflicted upon it, and it survived them.

It was brought to our zoo at Lucknow. Scientists discovered that it was a five-foot pengolin, an ant-eating beast which could look like an alligator or a tortoise at will and could roll itself into a spiked ball not at all easy to handle.

It created a problem for us all. It only ate ants and termites, and Lucknow had to find a sufficient number of ants to keep the creature alive.

And then it died.



In the beginning of September, when we were in Calcutta, we visited the Sister Nivedita Girls' School. The school was set up in this backward area of the city by Sister Nivedita, that noble lover of India, herself. The present school —a very large one—which commemorates her services, is an extremely well-run institution, with a rare atmosphere of simplicity and religious devotion.

We also visited the Sharda Mandir, which is located on the top floor of the school. There live about twenty young ladies, most of them double-graduates, who are now undergoing the discipline of *Brahmacharinis* with the aspiration of some day reaching the status of a Dashnami *sanyasini.* The Bhavan, as you know, has contributed Kumari Kalpalata Munshi, one of its brilliant products, to this group. I do not know whether Shankaracharya, the founder, ever thought of women *sanyasis,* but I am sure that neither Sri Ramakrishna nor Vivekananda would have had any objection to them.

These young ladies impressed me as being an enthusiastic band full of spiritual fire and the resolution to do selfless service. It was a joy for us to meet Kalpalata after two years.

This experiment will be watched with interest by the whole country. Nothing can help the Indian woman more than lady workers inspired by a sense of mission, for there are few women in India who work in the spirit of humility and faith, like, for instance, the Roman Catholic nuns. I have found in these nuns a passionate desire to work for delinquents, destitutes and the maimed—possibly as the result of training and tradition.

Our ordinary Indian women workers have no religious urge and no sense of mission, and, in consequence, no abiding love for the destitute and the maimed whom they serve. Their work remains an uninspired routine of a wholly professional nature.

Next day we went to the Belur Math. When I visited it several years ago, the temple was incom-

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plete. Now the image of Sri Ramakrishna is installed there and we offered it worship. We also paid our homage to the *samadhis* of Swami Vivekananda and Sharda Mata.

We then visited the Dakshineshwar Temple, so full of the memories of Sri Ramakrishna. We saw the room in which he had lived; the cot on which he had slept; the place where his mother had cooked his food and the terrace from which he had invoked the Mother to send his disciples. A visit to all these places brought me vivid memories of one of the noblest lives recorded in history.

We also offered flowers to the image of the Mother, worshipped by Sri Ramakrishna with such ardour and faith. Who can say that a stone idol cannot become a living God, if the worshipper has the necessary faith and self-surrender?



On October 11, we were in Hardwar in connection with the President's visit. He was due there on the 12th to inaugurate the *Saptarshi Ashram,* a handiwork of the indefatigable Goswami Ganeshdattaji.

The Goswami is one of the most remarkable men in India. He lives on alms, is a sadhu, dresses in white and works for social and religious uplift. His work is not altogether dissociated from politics.

Before the Partition he was a power in the Punjab. He was the unquestioned leader of the Sanatana Dharma Sabha of the province with its many schools and colleges and the guiding spirit of the Mahavir Sena, which helped in organising Hindu festivals, defended Hindus in trouble and controlled various newspapers.

With Partition, his beloved home-state was riven in two. He then settled in Delhi. With his vast organising power he brought relief to the refugees in the distressing days of 1947, looked after them, housed them for some days in the Lakshminarayan Mandir and became, for many of them, both a material support and a spiritual guide.

The Goswami looks after many of the vast charities of Jugal Kishoreji, the eldest of the Birla brothers. He is the Chairman of the Arya Dharma Seva Sangh. There is no cause in which Hindu interests are involved that is not dear to him. The Punjab Sanatana Dharma Sabha still controls over a hundred schools, a number of colleges and several temples.

Some years ago, the Goswami discovered a forgotten ancient *Tirtha,* a couple of miles up the river from Hardwar. According to the *Puranas,* when Bhagiratha was bringing down the Ganga to the plains, she refused to move forward from the spot where the seven great *Rishis,* Vishvamitra, Vasistha, Jamadagni, Atri, Gautama, Bharadwaj and Kashyap—all now transfixed in the heavens as the Ursa Major—had their *ashram.* To pass near the

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ashram of one of the Seven would be to show disrespect to the others. So she halted there, till at a divine command she divided herself into seven streams serving all the *Rishis* at the same time.

At this traditional spot, the Goswami decided to construct an *ashram* as a monument to the seven ancient Fathers of our race whom we remember—often without being conscious of it—in many prayers and most rituals.

On October 12, when the President arrived, he worshipped the Ganga to the haunting Vedic chants. Since my childhood, I have never heard them without strange echoes being stirred in my heart. And as he poured flowers and rice on to the current, the fish, unafraid in this ancient sanctuary, flashed like dark gems in the surface waters.

In the evening the President inaugurated the *Saptarshi Ashram* with due rituals in the presence of about twenty thousand men and women. I was also asked to declare open a monument to Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. I was moved as I did it. He was the first among the great leaders of the country to take an interest in me at a time when I had just started in life and he continued to be very kind to me while he lived.

One of the noblest of men, from the mid-eighties of last century, Malaviyaji served the country and its culture with unwavering steadfastness. Among other things, we owe the development and spread of modern Hindi to him as much as to Tandon. Deeply learned, but unassuming, he embodied grace, patience and passionate love for the heritage of India, such as few of his contemporaries had. He built up the Hindu University at Banaras at a time when even the idea of such a thing was unfamiliar to our people. It is a pity, indeed, that there has been no permanent memorial to this architect of modern India, nor even a decent biography recording his achievements and personality. I wonder what prevents people from naming the Hindu University after him. If anybody deserves such a memorial, it is he.



The next day we went to Rishikesh, where the Ganga is full of charm, but where the town, full of hideous, old buses, looks more like a third-rate modern suburb than a holy place. It is a centre from which most of the motor services start into the Himalayas. On the authority of many a happy dweller of this region, these services have contributed to this god-fearing region a new element. The people of this place were honest; crime was unknown. Then came the buses, and wherever they went crime followed.

We went to Muni-ki-Reti, crossed the broad, rushing waters of the Ganga in a motor launch and visited the Gita Bhavan, that vast sanitorium set in a religious atmosphere which has been constructed

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by the Gita Press of Gorakhpur. Here, hall after hall reminds us of the words and deeds of Sri Krishna. Then we visited the Paramartha Ashram, where the devout congregate for *sadhana*.

We had our lunch at the Atma-vigyana Bhavan of the Kali Kamaliwala Trust, a vast settlement intended for those who seek spiritual peace. I hope it does not become the usual sort of sanitorium, where there is everything but peace and nothing of the Spirit.

In the afternoon we visited the *Ashram* of Swami Sivananda. Once a successful doctor at Kuala Lampur, he has, for many years now, given up the world. From this far-off place, apart from *sadhana*, he preaches to the world the need for a saintly life and the approach to God through modern methods of propaganda. It was a happy crowd that we met. We were also surprised to find among the *sanyasinis* the young daughter of a Bombay friend, dressed in ochre-coloured clothes, her head clean-shaven, and happy.



We are in Hardwar.

The full moon of *Sharad Purnima* —October 12, 1954—is in the sky in full resplendence. As I stand in the balcony of the Canal Inspection Bungalow of the Mayapur Dam, I gaze upon one of the loveliest scenes I have ever seen.

In front of me the Ganga flows down from the distant horizon, beyond which stand the shadowy, dull-tinted Himalayas. Flowing towards the Bungalow, the river divides itself into two currents which sweep round on either side.

In the distance the river is a wide belt of frozen silver. Nearer the Bungalow the silver begins to melt, and the slow-moving liquid creeps towards me between the *ghats* and the *dharmashalas* on the one side, and the serried ranks of dark trees on the other.

Sprays of scintillating pin-points rise and fall; a million crestlets reflect the moon as the swift current rushes down in liquid splendour and in never-ending roar and hiss.

Wonder fills my soul. I see this broadening stream rushing down to the plains like a mighty living lyre of God, with its heart of music and the might of its sound, rising, sinking, swelling, as if in a great eternal song. No wonder that to see her, or to hear her sweep by, was to the *rishis* and poets to feel an indescribable ecstasy.

A few miles from here is the land of Gangotri and Jamnotri, of Kedarnath and Badrinath, of the great Shankar, of great sages and mythic rulers, of caves and forests where live men who seek God in the solitude of the Himalayan forests.

Verily, the banks of the Ganga from Rishikesh onwards form the land of the Spirit. The dark spectre of materialism has not yet raised its ugly head here. Men and women can live here without fear, wrapped in a godly life; and so can

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even the fish, in the sacred waters, unafraid of the hunger-lust of man.

★

On the 10th December I was at Hardwar again to welcome the President of India. He had come there to inaugurate the Centenary celebrations of the Ganga Canal.

The Ganga Canal, opened in 1854, has been an epic, born of the imagination of Colonel Cautley of the Bengal Artillery. He was a true disciple of Bhagiratha, first and greatest of irrigation engineers, who, if our *Puranas* tell the truth, brought down the Ganga right from the source to the Bay of Bengal and made India the land of plenty.

Cautley conceived the idea of this Canal; fought critics and opponents; moved the Parliament; succeeded in realising his dream. The Ganga Canal thus became the parent of all the irrigation works in modern India.

Rajashekhar, the great poet of the tenth century, as you know, has described the land between the Ganga and Yamuna from Vinashan *Tirtha* to Prayag as *Antarvedi*. The Ganga Canal, emerging from the Ganga at the Mayapur Dam cuts across this Antarvedi to pour the waters of the Ganga in the Yamuna and to meet the parent stream at Kanpur.

Cautley had a hard time fighting the Railway engineers who did not want irrigation canals, but railway lines. The Railway engineers won. The result was well-defended frontiers and national unity. But Cautley has triumphed in this age of freedom. We have taken to irrigation in right earnest and his dreams are coming true in an abundant measure.

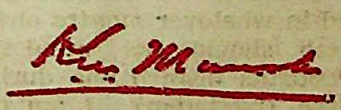
The Canal serves 4000 miles and another 4000 miles by subsoil tributaries. With its aid, over 340 lakhs of maunds of foodgrains are grown. By 1956 the food production will go up to 500 lakh maunds and by 1961, to 700 lakhs.

The Centenary celebrations went off very well. The President worshipped the Ganga, opened the pavilion of the Exhibition, inaugurated the celebrations and attended an evening party. The guests had a hearty lunch and the town was gay with illuminations at night.

I also had my share of the celebrations. I laid the foundation-stone of a bridge across the Ganga, thus connecting both sides of the river.

And we had a procession of boats. The boat in which the President and we sat, led. It had on one side a hood which looked like the Shesha-nag, on the other a tail which curled up vigorously. But as the boat started, the many-headed serpent moved with the tail forward!

Yours sincerely,



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Mahatma Gandhi

THE STAFF OF LIFE

I PRESENT a simple and well-tried formula that has never failed, namely to invoke the assistance of God every morning before sunrise and every evening before bed-time.

Millions of Hindus know Him under the name of *Rama*. As a child, I was taught to call upon *Rama* when I was seized with fear. I know many of my companions to whom *Ramanama* has been the great solace in the hour of their need. I present it to the reader whose vision is not blurred and whose faith is not damped by overmuch learning. Learning takes us through many stages in life, but it fails us utterly in the hour of danger and temptation. Then, faith alone saves.

Our most powerful ally is *Ramanama* or some similar *mantra*. The *Dwadashakshara mantra* ओंनमो भगवते वासुदेवाय नमः will also serve the same purpose. One may repeat any *mantra* one pleases. I have suggested *Ramanama* as I have been familiar with it since childhood and as it is my constant support in my struggles.

One must be completely absorbed in whatever *mantra* one selects. One should not mind if other thoughts disturb one during the *japa* (recitation). I am confident that one who still goes on with the *japa* in faith will conquer in the end. The *mantra* becomes one's staff of life and carries one through every ordeal.

One should not seek worldly profit from such sacred *mantras*. The characteristic power of the *mantras* lies in their standing guard over personal purity, and every diligent seeker will realise this at once.

It should, however, be remembered that the *mantra* is not to be repeated parrot-like. One should pour one's soul into it. The parrot repeats such *mantras* mechanically, we must repeat them intelligently in the hope of driving out undesirable thoughts and with full faith in the power of the *mantras* to assist us to do so.

Ramanama gives one detachment and ballast, and never throws one off one's balance at critical moments.

A Tamil saying has always remained in my memory, and it means: "God is the Help of the helpless". If you would ask Him to help you, you would go to Him in all your nakedness, approach Him without reservations, also without fear of doubts as to how

(Continued on page 45)

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That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is barely not universal is universally confessed.... A few years longer and perhaps all endeavours will be vain... We may be delivered to our enemies or abandoned to that discord which must inevitably prevail among men who have lost all sense of divine superintendence and have no higher motive of action or forbearance than present opinion of present interest.... Let religion be once more restored and the nation shall once more be great and happy.

—Dr. Johnson.

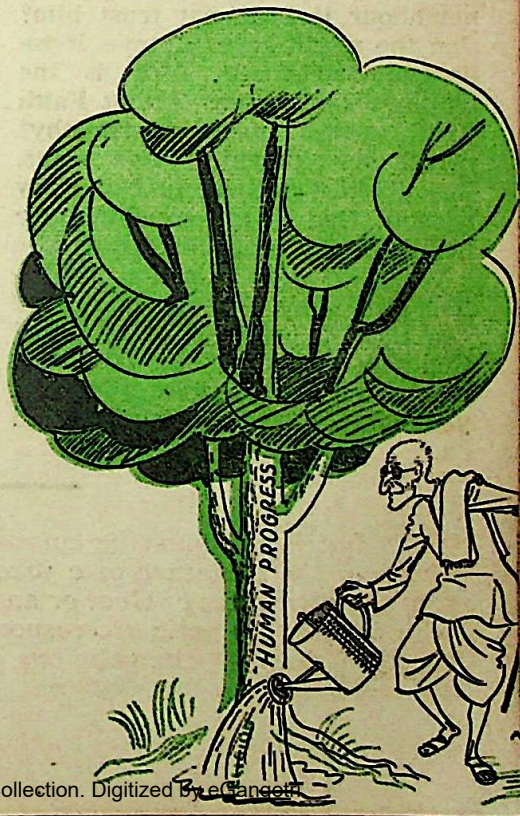
THE LIVING TREE

C. Rajagopalachari

THE ancient tree of human progress has developed certain defects, the reasons for which lie in the dominating individual desire as against the general weal. The urge for improvement should be made to coincide with the interest of society as a whole and not allowed to run at a tangent off the general weal.

Can this be achieved without religion and by compulsion, the compulsion of a dictatorship which must be not only wise and good but also powerful enough to enforce its commands and achieve its aims? The dictatorship of individual men has lost ground. Some thought that the dictatorship of the proletariat could achieve the object. But it was soon found that there is no shadow of a hope that it can do it!

It is only faith and religion that can do it. We cannot make anything but compost out of a heap of equalised decayed matter. Yes, pull



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down all inequalities—but who is to do it? And if it is done, will it be for the general good? We want not a heap of dead matter but a tree with life running through it.

The water that the old tree requires is religion. Our religion can restore the tree to health. The aim to be achieved is the selfless co-operation of men and women in all social effort. This can be got only if hearts are made to throb for this as a fulfilment of life. "Help others", "Help others"—this should no need for cruelty in our hearts.

Can I trust my neighbour if I have no religion and he has no religion? Can I co-operate with my neighbour if I do not trust him? Can the world ever improve, if we do not co-operate? What is the way of co-operation except Faith which makes men trustworthy? "Faith in Humanity" say some. The distilled doctrine of Humanity without God is as worthless for health as any other distilled stuff!

What we want is not a proposition but living dynamic faith. If you have a good bit of inherited God you can carry on with Humanity for some time, but soon your asset will be exhausted and you will look about for the compulsion of the State and for adult franchise and all that democratic elections imply. It is a vain and foolish idea that man can co-operate and progress without God.

We have a grand and good religion, which if we will not forget, will hold us together and on which we can grow strong with cheerfulness shining in our faces, and with no need for cruelty in our hearts.

Religion is religion only when it is clothed with its own organic incidents of forms and beliefs without which it will be dead matter. Every religion is a live religion. But polish them white and all of them will be alike and without life. Faith is a vitamin that dies with analysis and polishing.

The breadth of understanding that is laid down in Vedanta is common to all religion, and it is this that unites—not the deprivation of all individual characteristics. For God's sake, do not call it by the ugly name of tolerance. It is something positive.

Philosophy will not help; only *bhakti* can help to build life.

[Condensed from *Jana*, July 1954.]

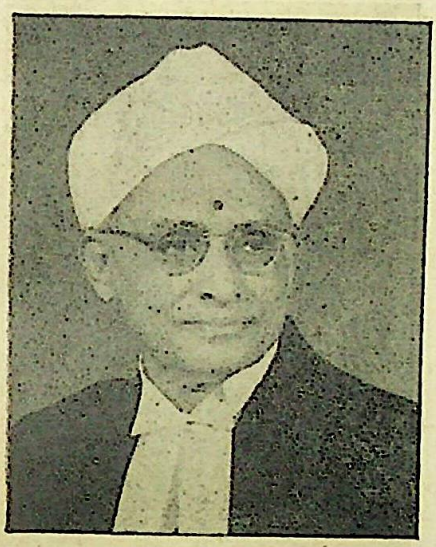
A laughter cannot be compelled by the scientific exposition of the structure of a joke, so a philosophic discussion of the attributes of God, or an impersonal substitute is likely to miss the intimate response of the spirit which is the central point of the religious experience.

—A. S. Eddington

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M. Patanjali Sastri

CULTURAL SWARAJ



WE have achieved political swaraj. We are making mighty planned efforts to achieve economic and social swaraj. But what about Cultural Swaraj?

Ever since Macaulay introduced the system of English education in this country, we have been absorbing Western culture and Western thought through the medium of that language so readily and rapidly that our minds and outlook have been completely dominated by Western culture. Its achievements in the fields of science and engineering have captured our imagination and cast a spell on our minds. We have come to regard the accumulation of material goods, the harnessing of material resources and the control of various kinds of power as our standards of success.

But our moral life is being undermined, and two World Wars in one generation have shattered our traditional faith in spiritual values. Fortunately, the advent of Mahatma Gandhi in our midst has turned our attention in the direction of our own culture with its accent on spiritual values like truth, non-violence, tolerance and renunciation, and its insistence in the supremacy of *dharma* and the moral order.

It is this cultural heritage, so vast and varied, ranging as it does over almost every branch of science, art and literature, that has given our ancient land its distinctive colour and individuality. And it is no exaggeration to say that it is essentially the product of Sanskrit.

Professor Max Muller says: "I maintain that for everybody who cares for himself, for his ancestors, for his history and for his intellectual development, a study of

(*Continued on page 48*)

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N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

MAHA SHIVARATRI

WHEN death and destruction overtake the entire creation, God Shiva alone remains immortal, even though he drank the deadly *kala-kuta* poison which issued out of the ocean when it was churned and at the sight of which the *devas* and the *asuras* fled pell-mell.

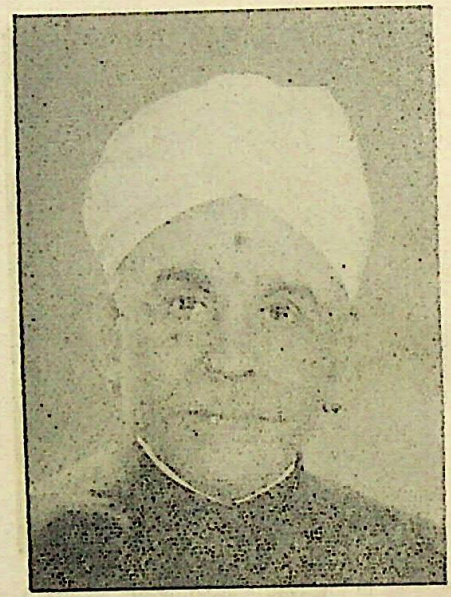
In *Saundarya-Lahari*, Shri Shankara attributes this deathlessness of Shiva imaginatively to the protective influence of the ear-rings of the Mother in the following verse:

सुधामप्यास्वाद्य प्रतिभयजरामृत्युहरिणीं
विपद्यन्ते विश्वेविधिशतमस्वाद्यादिविषदः ।
करालं यत्क्ष्वेलं कबलितवतःकालकलनां
न शंभोस्तन्मूलं तवजननि ताटङ्क महिमा ॥

The allusion is to the practice in the South of married women to remove their ear-ornaments when they lose their husbands.

In another place in the same work, the philosopher-poet extols the greatness of Shakti by pointing out that unless Shakti and Shiva combine, the latter becomes powerless and that He cannot move even to the slightest degree.

शिवः शक्त्या युक्तो यदिभवति शक्तः प्रभवितुं
न चेदेवं देवो नखलु कुशलःस्पन्दितुमपि ।



अतस्त्वामाराध्यां हरिहरविरिञ्चादिभिरपि
प्रणन्तुं स्तोतुं वा कथमकृतपुण्यः प्रभवति ॥

Out of the trinity—Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma—Shiva is the destroyer, according to the *Puranas*. But he is also the creator, acting through Brahma. Just as we go to sleep at night and cease from all conscious activities, a time comes when the entire creation falls into final sleep. This is known as *pralaya*. Shiva alone remains awake at that time—to begin a fresh act of creation.

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The Devi, who like Shiva is not affected by the *pralaya,* worships him during that fateful night between extinction and creation and propitiates Him for the benefit of mankind. This particular night of worship has been held sacred from times immemorial and it is called the *Maha Shivaratri,* for then, *pralaya* (extinction) ends and *srishti* (creation) begins.

Worship of Shiva on the *Maha Shivaratri* day is hence considered highly auspicious and meritorious. Complete fasting, control of the mind, His *nama japa* and worshipful vigil during that night, are ordained for those who seek prosperity in this life and *moksha* or liberation after death.



A hunter sought to escape from punishment at the hands of villagers by climbing up a tree at night. It happened to be a *bilwa* tree, the leaves of which are specially sacred to Shiva. He kept awake the whole night, which happened to be the *Shivaratri,* by plucking the *bilwa* leaves and dropping them on the ground, where there was a Shiva-linga. Even though he was not conscious of the fact that he was thus observing the *Shivaratri,* a secure place was found for him in heaven!

Sri Kannappar, one of the Tamil *Nainmars* or saints was a jungle-wala who hunted animals for his food. One day as he was digging the earth to create a small spring of water, his arrow struck a stone which bled. Quite amazed and suddenly struck with compassion, he wiped the blood with his sandals. The blood did not stop and so he went to a little distance and brought water in his mouth which he spouted out on the stone. Even then the bleeding continued. He took a piece of flesh which he had with him and stuck it as a kind of plaster on the abraded portion. God Shiva who resided in the stone and pervaded it became mightily pleased with the treatment that he thus had. The shoes served as a brush; the salivated water was the holy Ganges; and the flesh-piece was the daintiest food. The Lord conferred on Kannappar, the forest hunter, the status of a prince among his devotees.

मार्गावर्तितपादुकापशुपतेरङ्गस्यकूर्चायते
गण्डूषांम्बुनिषेचनंपुररिपो दिव्याभिषेकायते ।
किंचिद्भक्षितमांसशेषकबलं नव्योपहारायते
भक्तिःकिंनकरोत्यहो वनचरोभक्तायतंमायते।।

Just as Vishnu is pleased with *alankara* (adornment) Shiva is most happy when He has his *abhisheka* (bath). Of the two Gods, Shiva is easier to please. He is hence called *Ashutosha.* Worship of him on the *Maha Shivaratri* day will bring manifold blessings on the worshippers.

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Abinash Chandra Bose

VITALITY OF HINDUISM

EXCEPT for certain non-conformist cults, all religious denominations in the different ages in India have recognised the Vedas as the supreme authority. Not only this, but the texts of the four Vedic *Samhitas* have been regarded as the most precious religious documents from the earliest times onwards and for the last three thousand five hundred years and more, have been handed down by oral tradition—a feat unequalled in the history of the human race. The same attention has not been paid to the Upanishads or the Epics or the works of Sanskrit classical writers.

Equally surprising is the fact that the Vedic religion should have survived through these thousands of years in spite of great social and political upheavals and terrific onslaughts on it from age to age. A consideration of these onslaughts and of the reaction of the religion to them may throw some light on its inner power.

The first great impact was that of Buddhism, a non-conformist sect of the Vedic religion which arose in the 6th century B.C. It persuaded about one half of India to accept the original religion in a restricted ethical sense, by renouncing ritual and metaphysics. But within a few centuries India absorbed the new sect into the parent body and little trace of Buddhism as an independent religion was left in this country. In doing so it adopted many of the new attractive features of Buddhism, like temples, image-worship etc. as also some of the ethical points, like the emphasis on non-violence. Hinduism (as the Vedic religion, nationalised among the people of India, has come to be called) had adopted the theory of 'avataras' or divine incarnations and according to that Buddha himself was accepted as the ninth in a line of ten 'avataras.'

Muslim sailors from Arabia were settled in Malabar by the Hindu king there in very early Muslim times. Arabs invaded and conquered Sind in 711. But they could not proceed further and never reappeared as invaders. Other Muslim invaders came in the 11th century and later, and a large part of the Indian sub-continent was almost wholly under Muslim rule for 500 years or so. But the Muslim power that had conquered and converted, almost to a man, great countries like Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Afghanistan and parts of Europe, could affect the religion of the Hindus very little indeed; for

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after so many centuries, the Muslims, including later converts, do not form even one-fourth of the population of the sub-continent today. At the end of their palmy days, early in the 18th century, before new tracts like East Bengal provided numerous converts from the submerged classes, including unassimilated Buddhists, the Muslim percentage must have been at the most a third of what it is now—*i.e.* about 8, including foreign immigrants. Hinduism preserved itself almost miraculously against the military, social and economic pressure exerted by Islam. The Vedas were preserved against the vandalism of all times by being handed down through oral tradition. Great saints arose who established religious sects (Vaishnavite and Shaivite) that were democratic in character and carried a mass appeal through the cult of devotion *(bhakti)*. And Indian womanhood distinguished itself by great loyalty in the face of terrible defeat and destruction.

Shortly after the passing away of the founder of Christianity, missionaries were at work in different parts of Europe, and everywhere the new religion entirely supplanted the old. The worship of Odin and the religion of Druids as well as Greek and Roman Paganism became completely extinct, everybody having changed over to Christianity. To India there came an Apostle, St. Thomas, in the first century and preached in Kerala (Travancore-Cochin). But the religion did not make a headway in this country. In fact, after nineteen hundred years the followers of St. Thomas are still confined, as a group, to Kerala and even there they form hardly a third of the population.

Christianity came a second time to India with the Portuguese in the 16th century. The Spaniards and the Portuguese had forced their religion on the Red Indians of Central and South America. Spain forcibly converted the whole of Philippines. But Portugal could not convert the whole of even the small tract of Goa, with all its inquisitorial activities. Even to-day the Christians do not form a majority there.

The third wave of Christianity came with the missionaries of the British Period. Now the contest was unequal. On the Christian side were the new scientific knowledge of the modern world and the prestige and power of the Government; on the side of Hinduism, the ignorance of the masses with hardly any leaders for them. Hinduism received a few shocks in the beginning. Some of the enlightened western-educated Hindus renounced their religion. But a strange and powerful reaction followed. Great leaders of the religion appeared and produced a feeling of pride among its followers in its venerable antiquity and noble heritage and its unique position in the world. The activities of the Christian mis-

(Continued on page 42)

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Yoga: Experiments and Experiences-10 K. M. Munshi

MEANING OF YOGA*

THE field of Yoga is not a remotely silent or high uplifted life; it is life as it is, a struggle, a battlefield. For, the central purpose of Yoga is to transform our superficial, fragmentary way of living into deep and wide consciousness, as also into an integrated inner and outer experience, transmuting ordinary life into a divine life. The ordinary life of man has, therefore, to grow by conscious effort into a meaningful development of consciousness, which would ultimately lead him to the discovery of the God in us.

The progressive unfolding of the Spirit is the purpose why man, having been endowed with the thinking and the higher mind, has entered the material body.

The aim of Yoga is to hasten this supreme object of our existence. It bypasses the slow and confused growth which follows natural evolution. Such evolution works through pressure of environments; by groping education; by clumsy unpurposive efforts and haphazard use of opportunities. In the course of this evolution, all efforts become subject to blunders, lapses and relapses; to apparent accidents, circumstances and vicissitudes. All of these veil or keep back the Divine intervention.

Yoga provides a rapid, conscious, self-directed evolution, in the nature of a rebirth. It liberates the spirit and arms it with a perfected force. And if the individual effort at perfection grows into an all-embracing effort on the part of the individual to realise God, it can help in developing a new race of man.

Through Yoga man will enter the life of the Spirit. He will draw sustenance not from desire, but from the very delight of existence.

His mind shedding its egoistic nature would be filled by Truth.

(*Continued on page 40*)

*Sri Aurobindo's "Synthesis of Yoga" is, after the *Yoga-Sutra* and the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the best exposition of Yoga that I have come across, not as a textbook of Philosophy, but as a book which provides practical training in Yoga.

However, it is a difficult book. Before one can understand it, one should be able to follow the meaning in the rather elaborate style of Sri Aurobindo. Nor could the meaning be clear unless one has undergone some knowledge of a preliminary training in Yoga.

My notes may not represent what the Master meant exactly, but they do represent what I understood his meaning to be. They also contain certain amplifications based on study and whatever little experience I have had.

K. M. M.

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IMMORTAL INDIA—13 *J. H. Dave*

PANDHARPUR

इष्टिकायां समपदं तत्त्वमस्यादिलक्षणम् ।
कटिविन्यस्तहस्ताब्जं प्रणवाकृतिसौरसम् ।
ऊध्ववीजसमाख्यातं पूर्णेन्दुमुखमण्डनम् ॥
सर्वभूषणशोभाढ्यमीदृशं मोक्षदं नृणाम् ।
अज्ञानजनबोधार्थं तिष्ठामीह जनार्दनः ।
विठ्ठलः परमो देवस्त्रयीरूपेण तिष्ठति ॥

—भविष्योत्तर, पाण्डुरङ्ग महात्म्य.

"Viththala Panduranga, the highest, stands at Pandharpur as the embodiment of the three Vedas. It is I, Vishnu Janardana, who is standing there with firm balanced feet on a brick to impart knowledge to the ignorant people, the one who can only be indicated by the Upanishadic Mahavakyas like "That thou art" *(Tatvamasi)*. The image has the lotus-like hands placed on the waist; it is highly agreeable on account of its having the shape of Omkara. This deity is the highest truth, his face shines like the full-moon; his form is richly decorated with ornaments, and he gives liberation to the faithful."

PANDHARPUR, situated forty miles west of Sholapur, is one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in the State of Bombay. It is on the bank of river Bhima, also known as Chandrabhaga, which is a tributary of Krishna. The chief attraction of the town is the temple of Vithoba situated in the centre of the town on the river bank.

The temple is situated in an area 350 x 170 feet. It has six gates. The chief or the front gate on the east side is called the Namdev gate, Namdev being the first great Vaishnava saint of Maharashtra who flourished in the 13th century A.D. Near the first step there is a brass bust of Namdev. The tradition is that at this place there is the *Samadhi* of Namdev, the tailor-saint who was the inhabitant of Pandharpur. Opposite Namdev's bust is a stone in a deep recess which is worshipped as the abode of Chokhamela, a Mahar devotee of Vithoba who flourished about 1278 A.D.

In the inner chamber or *garbhagriha* 8 x 8 feet is the image of Vithoba, also called Pandurang, Pandhari, Viththala, or Viththalnath. The standing image of stone is about three feet nine inches with a base of one foot square. Its appearance has become rough due to the effect of time. Dr. Bhagwanlal Indraji, writing about the Vithoba temple in the *Bombay Gazetteer,*

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Vol. 20, states that the dress and ornament of the image belong to a little later than the Guptas, probably not later than the fifth or sixth century after Christ. *Padmapurana* (Uttar Khand) mentions Viththala's image on Bhimarathi and Dr. Kane states that this portion of the *Padmapurana* cannot be placed earlier than 1000 A.D. Hemadri (1260 A.D.) in his work on Tirtha quotes *Skanda* to describe this Tirtha.

In a copper plate inscription of Bendigere of 1249 A.D., Pundarika Khetra and Vithoba are referred to. In a stone inscription at Pandharpur of 1270 A.D., a reference is made to the *Aptoryama* sacrifie at Pandurangapura by which Vithoba was pleased. There is another inscription in the Vithoba temple of 1237 A.D. refering to God Viththaladeva residing in Pandarge who made the heart of Sage Pundarika expand with devotion. A copper plate inscription of the Rashtrakuta king Avidheya believed to be of 516 A.D. records a grant of Pandaranga-Palli and four other villages to a Brahmin Jayad-Vittha. The part of the name Vittha is rightly believed to be an early form of Viththala. The last inscription takes back the Vithoba temple to a date earlier than the sixth century A.D.

Vithoba is a form of Krishna. His consort is Rukmini or Rakhumai. The name Vithoba means Father Viththala. Viththala is taken to have been derived from

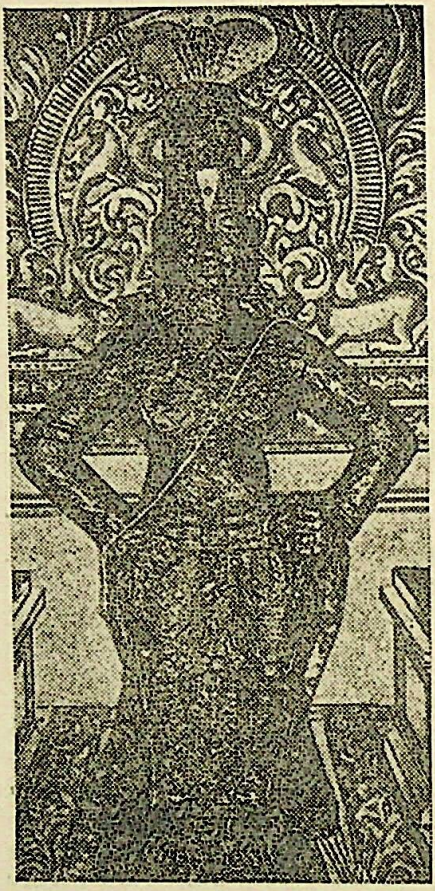


Image of Vithoba

the word Vishnu in Kannada where it becomes Vitta. The name Viththala is also derived from *Vit* + *tha* + *la*, i.e. one who receives for giving His grace those who are without *(tha)* knowledge *(vit)*. Pandurang is a Sanskritised form of Pandarga i.e. of Pandarge which was the old name of Pandharpur. After its association with the story of Pundalik, the place became

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known as Pundarika-pura or Paundarika-pura.

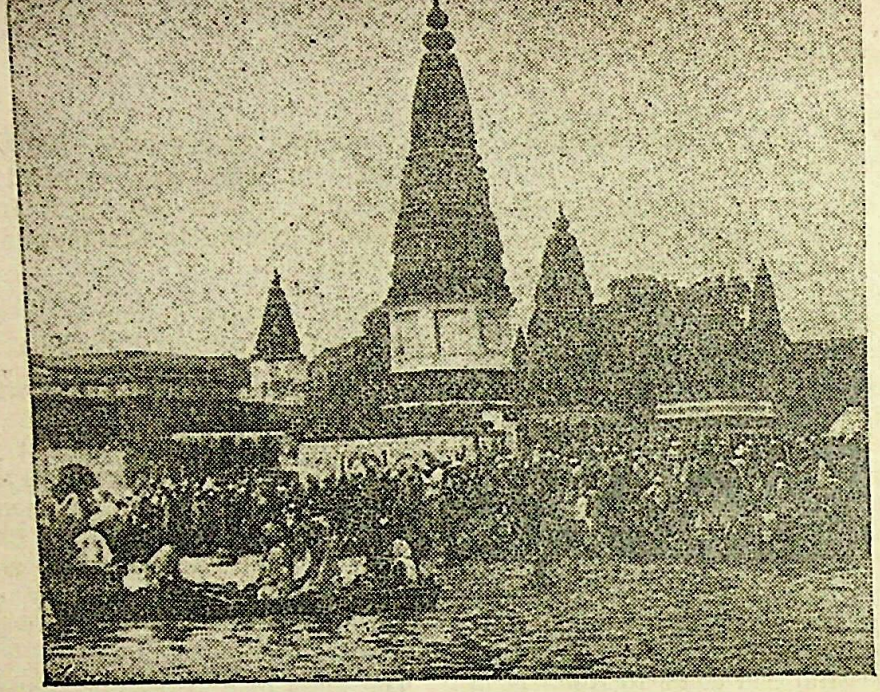
The story of Pundalik is told this way. Pundalik, an inhabitant of Pandharpur, was the son of one Brahmin Janudev and his wife Muktabai. Pundalik was ill-treating his parents. He made them work in spite of their old age and treated them cruelly. Once they all started on a pilgrimage. On the way they met the dutiful cobbler Rohidas attending his parents. At night, Pundalik saw some heavenly female figures. He fell at the feet of one of them and requested her to reveal her identity. She said they were the sacred rivers of India who had come to Rohidas to purify themselves as they had become impure with the sins of the numerous sinful pilgrims bathing in them. Then she told him that there was no sin worse than the ill-treatment of parents. Pundalik repented for his sin and changed overnight in his treatment of his parents. After this incident, Pundalik remained engrossed in serving his parents. Krishna and Rukmini once came near his door but Pundalik continued his filial service. He threw a brick towards Krishna to stand and wait till he finished his work. After completion of that work, he worshipped Krishna. The merciful Lord was pleased with his filial affection and on Pundalik's special request, He agreed to stay there on the brick on which he stood and became Viththala—standing on the brick. Since then started the mass cry पुण्डरीकवरदा हरि विठ्ठल—the Hari Vithathala who was graceful to Pundalik. About 500 yards from Vithoba's temple is the temple of Pundalik.

Behind Vithoba's temple is the temple of His consort Rakhumai.

The worship is carried on with great elaboration. The staff of priests and attendants consist of Badvas (Pujaris), Benaris (Hymnists), Paricharaks (Bathmen), Haridases (Singers), Dingres (Barbers), Danges (Mace-bearers) and Divtes (Light men). Badvas or Pujaris take the chief part in worship.

The mass of Maharashtra Vaishnavas worships Vithoba, who is Vishnu addressed with the soft and affectionate suffix Ba. He is Krishna and stories associated with Krishna's childhood are current about Him. Janmashtami is celebrated with great enthusiasm and with curds. But here Krishna is not Rada-Vallabha but the Lord of Rukmini or Rakhumai. The Vaishnava religion here is mainly derived from the *Puranas* and augmented by the great Vaishnava saints of Maharashtra who flourished from 13th to 17th centuries A.D. Though influenced, it is not particularly associated with any one single Sampradaya or Acharya. The Maharashtra saints preached in Marathi and a majority of them were Sudras. This also accounts for a large number of devout adherents in the lower strata of the society.

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Bathing Ghat on Chandrabhaga

The Varkaris are the time-keeping pilgrims. Most of them belong to the lower classes and are opposed to Brahmin exclusiveness. The sect is very catholic and includes even Muhammadans. This sect was founded in the 13th century by Jnaneshvar. He himself did not make converts, he only visited Pandharpur.

Jnaneshvar (1275 to 1296 A.D.) was the great founder of the Bhagwat religion in Maharashtra. He was a Maha-Yogin and an unrivalled author. He was influenced by the Nath Sampradaya. The tradition is that Matsyendranath took initiation from Lord Shankar; Gorakhnath from Matsyendranath; and Gahininath from Gorakhnath. It is further said that Gahininath initiated Nivrittinath at Brahmagiri (Tryambak) and Jnaneshvar was initiated by his elder brother Nivrittinath. Most of these Naths appear to be historical persons. Some of them like Jalandhar are claimed by Bengal; others by Maharashtra. There is a *samadhi* of Matsyendranath in the Satara District.

Looking from Jnaneshvar's achievements, the spiritual lights of Naths was undoubtedly staggering. The great-grandfather of Jnaneshwar was Tryambakpant and it is said that he was initiated by Gorakhnath. Jnandev's father Vitthalpant was the Kulkarni of Apegaon near Paithan on the Godavari. He had married Rakhamabai, the daughter of Siddhopant, the Kulkarni of Alandi. After his father's death, Vitthalpant lost all

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interest in life and having no sons, he left for Banaras, and became a sannyasin by name Chaitanyasram. His guru once come to Alandi, saw his miserable wife, and ordered his disciple to again become a householder. Thereafter Vitthalpant had four children—Nivrittinath, Jnaneshvar, Sopan and Muktabai. They were all born within 2 or 3 years after each elder one; and they were all short-lived. There is some controversy regarding their dates of birth but *Jnaneshvari,* the famous commentary on Gita, was written in 1290 A.D. As they were the children of a sannyasin turned again into a householder, orthodox Brahmins did not sanction the Sacred-Thread ceremonies of these Brahmin children. It is said that after feeling their high yogic and spiritual powers they relented. Perhaps with the help of Hemadri Bopdev and others, they got a Suddhipatra from Paithan.

The famous works of Jnaneshvar are his *Jnaneshvari, Amritanubhav, Abhangas,* and *Changdev Pasashti. Jnaneshvari* is full of charming illustrations and fresh arguments, and it is still the unrivalled and the best work in Marathi literature and has been translated into numerous other languages. It is the work of a great philosopher and yogin who was also the Jnanottar Bhakta writing after self-realisation and his words spoken with authority go straight to the heart. His brethren are also credited with having composed a few Abhangas.

Jnanraj was mainly the philosopher saint but Namdev, believed to be his contemporary and survivor, wrote simple appealing devotional songs and was a great Bhakta Kavi of Maharashtra. He was the son of a tailor Damaseth and his wife Gomabai, and is believed to have been born in 1270 A.D. He has sung of the greatness of Pandhari whom he calls his Kamadhenu. The following song is illustrative of his tender emotions:

तूं माझी माउली, मी वो तुझा तान्हा
पाजीं प्रेमपान्हा, पांडुरंगे ॥१॥
तूं माझी गाउली, मी तुझें वासरूं
नको पान्हा चोरूं, पांडुरंगे ॥२॥
तूं माझी हरिणी, मी तुझें पाडस
तोडीं भवपाश, पांडुरंगे ॥३॥
तूं माझी पक्षिणी, मी तुझें अंडज
चारा घालीं मज, पांडुरंगे ॥४॥
नामा म्हणे होसी भक्तीचा वालभा
मागें पुढें उभा, सांभाळिशी ॥५॥

"My mother thou, thy sucking
babe am I;
Feed me with love, my Pandurang, I cry.
I am the calf with thou the
mother cow;
Thy milk, my Pandurang,
withhold not now.
I am thy fawn, the mother
doe thou art;
Rend the world's snare,
my Pandurang, apart.
Thou mother bird and I
among thy brood;

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O fly, my Pandurang, and bring
me food;
Ah, heart's beloved, hear thy
Nama say,
On every side thou hedgest up
my way."

[Macnicol's Translation—Heritage of India Series—Oxford University Press.]

Among the contemporaries of Namdev are counted Gora Kumbhar, Visoba Khechar, Savanta Mali, Narhari Sonar, Chokha Mela, Janabai, Sena, and Kanhopatra.

Eknath (1533-1599 A.D.) was another big name in the Bhagwat religion after Jnaneshvar and Namdev. He prepared a correct edition of *Jnaneshvari* and gave it to the world in 1584 A.D. on Kapila Shashthi. He is the author of numerous works, the most well known being *Eknathi Bhagwat*. He received from Janardanswami the Mantra of Viththala and the advice to give food to all irrespective of caste or creed.

But considered the last in the line but the most famous of these saints was Tukaram (1607 to 1649 A.D.) born at Dehu, 14 miles from Poona. He was a Marathi Kunbi and he notes that he had become insolvent in the middle of his life, i.e. at the age of 21 years. His eighth ancestor Vishvambhar who was a great devotee of Vithoba, had found from the ground one image of the Lord, and he established it at Dehu. Tukaram was the son of Bolhoba and Kanakai. His elder brother was Shavji and younger was Kanhoba. His father died when he was 17; then his elder brother whose wife died, left the house. There was a famine. Tukaram's first wife died, so also his eldest son. All this made him turn to God. He had a partition with his younger brother —one half of the precious documents of property he gave to his younger brother and the documents coming to his share he threw away in the Indrayani river. He used to go to the Bhambnath Hill near Dehu for meditation and worshipped Vithoba in the temple. He used to do small jobs of people and maintain himself. He started *kirtans* and for that purpose composed Abhangas. His guru Babaji, a descendant of Keshavchaitanya and Raghavachaitanya, appeared to him in a dream and enjoined upon him to repeat the words Rama Krishna Hari at the beginnings of all devotions. Tukaram popularised the worship of Vithoba. Large crowds came to hear his *kirtanas* and *Abhangas*. Even Shivaji Maharaj heard his *kirtanas* at Lohagaon and presented him gold mohurs which Tukaram distributed among Brahmins.

Tukaram himself did not proselytise but his followers made many disciples. His sect was divided into two sections, Dehukar and Vaskar. All these *varkaris* have marks of *gopichandan*, garlands of Tulsi, fast on Ekadashi, and do Hari-bhajan. They must go to Pandharpur on the great Ekadashis of Ashadh and Kartik. On these occa-

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sions *palkhis* or palanquins of Sri Jnaneshvar Maharaj and Tukaram are taken out. They meet in Poona and remain there for one day on Jeshtha Krishna 10th. The crowds shout with devotion "Shri Jnaneshvar Mauli Samarth" and have their *darshan. Palkhis* of other saints are also taken out but the devotees mainly crowd near those of Jnaneshvar and Tukaram. On the way many more devotees join the procession of these Bhajan Mandalis. On the way the villagers religiously receive these *varkaris* and supply them food. On Ashad Sukla 10th they reach Pandharpur. For several centuries, these *varkari* processions and *palkhis* have regularly gone this way. It has consolidated the masses and satisfied their religious thirst. High and low are all treated on the same level and this is a great levelling force. Lakhs of people collect in this way year after year without any invitation card and poor villagers gladly take the responsibility of treating them hospitably, supplying them with cart-loads of breads and simple food. With a full-throated voice, they sing "Jnanba Tukaram, Jnanba Tukaram."

Tukaram says:

नेणों फुंको कान । नाहीं एकांताचें ज्ञान ॥१॥
तुम्ही आइका हो संत ।
माझा सादर वृत्तांत ॥ धृ ॥
नाहीं देखिला तो डोळा ।
देव दाखऊं सकळां ॥२॥
चिंतनाच्या सुखें ।
तुका म्हणे नेणे दुःखें ॥ ३ ॥
नाहीं म्या वंचीला मंत्र कोणापाशी ।
राहिलों मानसीं धरूनी तो ॥ १ ॥
विटेवरी भावें ठेवीयेलें मन ।
पाउलें समान चिंतीतसे ॥ धृ ॥
पावविलों पार धरीला विश्वास ।
घालूनीया कास वळकट ॥ २ ॥
तुका म्हणे मागें पावले उद्धार ।
तींही हा आधार ठेविलासे ॥ ३ ॥

[Paranjape's Ed. of *Shri Tukobarayanche Abangas* p. 47.]

"I do not know what Mantra is secretly given in the ears or what knowledge is imparted in secluded solitude. All of you saints! please hear me respectfully. I shall show you the Lord incarnate in His Fullness, whom you have not seen so far with your eyes. I am happy in His contemplation. Tuka says—I know not what is misery.

"I have my open Mantra of the Lord—Rama Krishna Hari—I have not snatched it away from any one. I have constantly contemplated on it in my mind. I have thought of the feet of the Lord standing on the brick (Vithoba) with all devotion. With strong conviction and full faith I contemplate on those feet. In the past, Jnaneshvar, Namdev and other Saints were liberated in the same way—I am following their path and authority."

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H S. Kularatne

ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM

THE *Tripitaka* (the Buddhist Bible) consists of the Sutta, Vinaya and the Abhidhamma Pitakas. Pitaka literally means a casket. The Sutta Pitaka contains some of the discourses of the Buddha addressed at various times and various places to the Sangha (Bhikkhus or Monks) or the learned Brahmins, Kings, ministers and to many religious mendicants or ordinary laymen. These sermons are of general applicability.

In addition to these there are commentaries on almost all these volumes by the early Elders of the Sasana. One can imagine the immensity of this literature by the fact that either the first Nikaya-Digha of the Sutta Pitaka or Patthanappakarana, the seventh book of the Abhidhamma will by themselves alone be of the size of the Old and New Testaments if translated into English. Patthanappakarana deals with causal relations and Relativity and the subject matter dealt with is more abstruse than Einstein's theory of Relativity.

"How can I find the time to study and understand Buddhism?" thought a certain Bhikkhu in the life-time of the Buddha. This Bhikkhu became sad and disappointed finding it very hard to obey strictly all the minor and major injunctions laid down in the Vinaya for the monks and contemplated giving up the robes and reverting to the householder's life.

When his associates heard of this they took this Bhikkhu to the Buddha, to whom he admitted his difficulty and his intention.

The Buddha said, "If you cannot follow all the rules, can you follow one rule which I will lay down for you?"

The Bhikkhu was very happy at this suggestion and replied that he would gladly observe one rule.

Then said the Buddha: "Keep your mind pure, let no evil thought enter your mind at any time during day or night."

The Bhikkhu agreed, perhaps not realising how difficult was his undertaking. Yet by earnest effort in due course he was able to keep his mind pure and consequently became utterly pure in word, deed and thought.

[Condensed from *Buddhist World*]

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Radha Kumud Mookerji

Fundamental Unity of India

IT is generally recognised and admitted on all hands that Indian unity is largely, if not solely, the creation of the British rule, a by-product of the Pax Britannica, the inevitable outcome of a centralised administration which controls the whole country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

What is not generally known and recognised, however, is that the idea of this fundamental unity is much older than British rule, that it is not a recent growth or discovery but has a history running back to a remote antiquity.

There are many proofs to show that the great founders of Indian religion, culture and civilisation were themselves fully conscious of the geographical unity of their vast mother-country and sought in various ways to impress it on the popular consciousness.

The first expression they appear to have given to this sense of unity was their description of the entire country by the single name of Bharatavarsha, which is the old indigenous classic name by which India was known to the Hindus. The name India was given to the country by foreigners. The river Sindhu by which the country was first known to outsiders was changed into Hindu by the Persians, and



Indos by the Greeks, dropping the hard aspirate. The name Bharatavarsha is not a mere geographical expression like the term India, having only a physical reference. It has a deep, historical significance symbolising a fundamental unity which was certainly perceived and understood by those who invented the name.

It is a well-known doctrine of logic that when a common name is applied to different things, it is because of some principle of unity which connects them to a system in spite of the differences. It was

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hence a consciousness of unity that really made the *Rishis* of old to apply a single, individualising appellation to a vast stretch of territory with parts divided by endless varieties and peopled by many races speaking many dialects, professing many faiths, owning many cultures.

Bharatvarsha is derived from Bharata as Rome is derived from Romulus. Bharata is a great hero of Indian history and tradition, just as Romulus is of Roman. The *Rig-Veda* first mentions him as the leader of a powerful Aryan tribe that played its full part in the original struggles and conflicts by which Aryan polity and culture were being shaped into proper form in the dawn of Indian history. The *Aitareya Brahmana* refers to his coronation ceremony and subsequent career of conquests leading to his overlordship which is duly solemnised by the performance of the usual *Asvamedha* sacrifice.

This story is also followed up by the *Srimad-Bhagavata,* which applies to him the epithets *Adhirat* and *Samrat,* i.e. king of kings, and describes his subjugation of a number of races, tribes and kingdoms such as the Kiratas, the Hunas, the Yavanas, the Paundras and the like, and his ultimate renunciation of the world as an unreality in essence.

Bharata, therefore, stood before the multitudinous peoples inhabiting the country that was called after him as the embodiment, the representative, of the dominant Aryan Power which was fast accomplishing its work of colonising the whole country and bringing its different parts under the unifying discipline of a common culture and civilisation.

Bharatavarsha is therefore another name of Aryanised India, the congenial fertile soil where Aryan culture planted itself and attained its fruition, the chosen abode which the pioneers of human civilisation adopted as the scene of their labours for the proper expression of their particular genius. And Bharata was held up as a convenient symbol, a comprehensible token of this early renaissance of the conquest of a new thought and a new faith finding expression through their appropriate literature, disciplines and institutions—social, economic and political,—of the accomplishment of a new cultural unity imposed upon and pervading a rich, manifold variety, round which were gathered as in a system of federation, different creeds, cults and cultures with liberty to each to preserve its own typical features and genius and contribute its own quota to enrich the central culture.

Beauty is truth's smile when she beholds her own face in a perfect mirror.

—Tagore.

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Eleuterio Soares

TOWARDS A RENAISSANCE

INDIA is today in the grips of a silent revolution. The political and economic conditions are undergoing a rapid transformation, old values are losing their significance and our ways of thinking and behaviour are reshaping themselves under the irresistible impact of the new forces at work. The repercussions are no less marked in the cultural field and the need of the hour is a cultural readjustment to the fast evolving new order and the changing outlook of an ancient but reawakened nation.

Fortunately India's is an ancient culture which has survived many crises and vicissitudes. It has always risen equal to the challenge of the times, thanks to its inherent vitality which has enabled it to absorb and assimilate varied influences and incursions without losing its integrity or disturbing its basic unity. There is also no doubt that New India is actually in the process of evolving a new cultural pattern compatible with her present stature but if the process is to be smooth and harmonious it is necessary to be vigilant about certain unhealthy trends and tendencies.

Among the most important of these tendencies is the spirit of revivalism. Certainly, a genuine pride in our age-old civilisation and culture is not only permissible but highly desirable and the eagerness to seek inspiration from our glorious past is extremely commendable. What is disturbing, however, are the inclination to overstep the limits of healthy revivalism, fairly widespread in our midst, and the tendency to mistake narrow, irrational cultural fanaticism for a cultural reawakening.

The attitude of most of our revivalists is putting the clock back. It is an approach which is oblivious of the facts of history and the realities of the present and unresponsive to the call of the future. It is blind to the inevitable consequences of historical and contemporaneous circumstances and of the fact that a nation however great and mighty is a part of the great human family and as such cannot exist in isolation.

Isolationism is, perhaps, more impracticable in the cultural field than in any other sphere of activity. It therefore stands to reason that whatever we have received from our intimate contacts with the West is a part of our heritage and we can no more disown it than change the facts of history. Our culture must no doubt retain its own character but cultural in-

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termingling is a normal phenomenon and indispensable to provide the necessary stimulus to cultural processes and avoid stagnation. Furthermore, cultural bigotry is totally foreign to India's traditions of broad-minded tolerance; it is both un-Indian and anti-Indian.

There are other matter-of-fact reasons why the cultural pattern of India should display traces of other influences. Our political, economic and even educational institutions are modelled largely on the pattern of similar institutions in the West and function accordingly. It is inevitable that this factor should influence the cultural outlook of the nation and even if we evolve our own ways to manage our affairs it is imperative for us to learn from those who progressed while we remained dormant under the paralysing effects of foreign rule. If we wish to profit from the experiences of other countries in matters like industrialisation and socialism a certain degree of cultural adaptation is indispensable lest the nation develops a split personality.

The real greatness of the nation lies not so much in its material prosperity, however important this may be, but essentially in the character of the people. No false conceptions of progress therefore should lead us to be carried by the glitter of western materialistic ideas which are today disintegrating western civilisation, and which in the light of our acute economic problems offer tempting baits. This is contrary to the spirit of India's traditions which are characterised by a genuine respect for spiritual values and which have provided the stabilising influence to our civilisation. It is again our spiritual heritage that has enabled India to view international problems in the correct perspective and exert her wholesome influence on world affairs far out of proportion to her military or economic potential. Unless we persevere in the practice of this virtue of subjection to spiritual and moral values at home we cannot implement them abroad.

Similarly the need for social reform should not blind us to the imperishable value of some of our social customs and traditions. Strong family loyalties, respect for the sanctity of marriage, and the various practices that promote a truly family atmosphere in Indian homes, which have been the distinguishing characteristics of the Indian way of life, are factors that contribute towards social stability and must be preserved from being "outmoded" by more attractive but not so sound ideas which are invading the Indian mind. Our society undoubtedly needs to be revitalised but not at the cost of sacrificing the very factors that give it character and strength.

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Lilavati Munshi

VOLUNTARY WELFARE WORK



BEFORE Independence was achieved by the country, social activities were mostly supported or run by private agencies like charities. There were three types of charities—religious, educational and social welfare charities.

Largest among them were and are religious charities. Running and supporting of temples, churches or mosques, *dharamshalas* or *yatimkhanas,* building tanks and wells, running Sanskrit *pathshalas* and *sadvrat, i.e.,* giving free food to needy, sadhus and faqirs, are more or less religious charities. The motive underlying these charities is religious merit.

Educational charities are largely supported by donors whose motive is either to earn a good name in the public or to come to the notice of the Government; of course, there are exceptions though they are mostly from common people. Establishing schools, colleges, universities, libraries and hostels or giving scholarships can come under this class.

In a majority of cases unless the donor's name is given to that particular institution, the money is not forthcoming. The same is the case with charities connected with social welfare, *i.e.,* establishing or running hospitals, different types of Homes for boys and girls, men, women and the mentally deficient.

Sometimes charities are given in the memory of the late and dear ones too.



Unfortunately these charities are now drying up and people are looking to the State for everything. They feel that ours being a Welfare State it should provide all the needs of the society.

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In countries like America private charities exist in the shape of big foundations and community trusts whereas in some other countries like Russia, I am told, there is no scope for private charities because the State itself looks after every citizen and every citizen is dependent on the State for everything.

In our country too the State is increasingly taking more and more responsibilities and trying to meet the needs of people. We are shaping ourselves as a Welfare State. Our aim is to relieve misery, pain, difficulties and help people to get along and go forward in every possible way. Although this is a laudable aim, still the State is not yet in a position to reach every individual because the resources and the machinery of the State in many directions is yet to be built up.

★

Dependence upon the State for everything makes ordinary people indifferent to the suffering and misery of their fellow-beings. There are defects in private agencies too. Most of the private welfare agencies are invariably short of money and all the time many of them have to run after the Government in search of grants or coax monied people to give them some *dan*. Besides, some of the charities are mismanaged and go into bad hands losing the confidence of the public.

However, our Government has done one good thing, *i.e.*, the establishment of the Social Welfare Board. Though it is yet to function efficiently, the idea behind its establishment is to encourage every type of social work which is struggling for existence. The help given by it to private agencies may put heart into social workers. However care should be taken that it does not degenerate into giving patronage or encourage haphazard work.

★

People who are working for social welfare are always worried on how to collect money. Here are some ways:

Direct approach is the first. Next comes organising dramas, shows, balls, races, music soirees, exhibitions, auctions, raffles, lottery, advertisement, etc.

When a big calamity befalls the country, the newspaper columns are thrown open for getting funds.

Some of our people have become so used to the idea of getting a return for charity that if there is a drama or a show or a ball, they give easily. Arranging such shows or entertainment serves a double purpose. Budding and amateur artists get scope where they can show their talent and gain experience and at the same time serve a good cause.

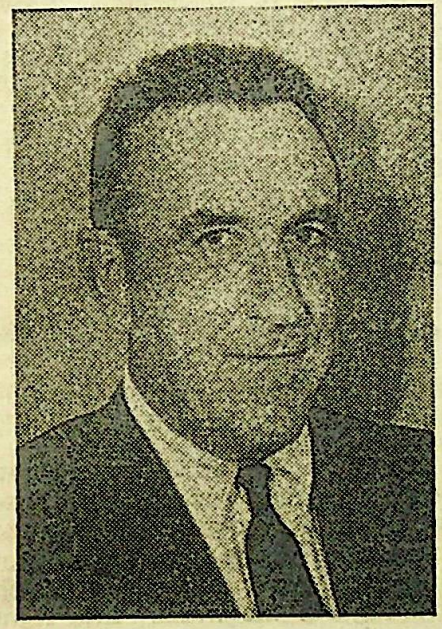
Unfortunately, it happens sometimes that a great portion of money so collected is spent in organising the show itself. But it is not so in the majority of cases.

(Continued on page 45)

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Chester Bowles

TRAGEDY OF WRONG PRIORITY



DR. YEN, a graduate of Yale University, had returned to China after the First World War fired with determination to help set his people free from the bonds of ignorance, poverty and disease. As Minister of Education in Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government he had thrown his energies into an imaginative and effective program of village development which might have changed the face of China.

One of his first discoveries was the relative ineffectiveness of a haphazard, piecemeal approach. When an agricultural worker went to a village alone to induce the peasants to sow or cultivate in a more efficient way he usually made some progress. And so did a literacy expert assigned to the task of setting up schools, or a public health doctor bent on curbing malaria.

But Dr. Yen discovered that far more could be accomplished in each of these fields if these three workers went as a team, entering the villages together and developing a broad, co-ordinated development program. Later as it became clear that permanent progress was only possible when the villagers themselves controlled their local governments, a fourth worker was added whose speciality was the encouragement of democratic self-government.

Under Dr. Yen's driving energy, more than twenty million people were covered by this program before the war brought it to what he hoped was only a temporary stop. In 1945 Dr. Yen asked Chiang Kai-shek for the resources to spread this tested village development effort into all of rural China. The Generalissimo was impressed but insisted that a military victory over the Communist forces was the first order of business.

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"When we have crushed Mao Tse-tung's armies we will give full support to your plan," he is supposed to have said. "But you cannot defeat communism on the Battlefield", Yen is said to have replied, "until you have first conquered it in the villages and rice fields; it is the poverty and hopelessness of the peasants which is giving Mao his chance."

No one knows whether the tragic debacle that followed might have been averted if Dr. Yen had had his way, but we do know that Mao's strength in the villages continued to grow and that his peasant soldiers, fired with the hope of land and plenty, defeated the dispirited Nationalists in battle after battle. American army officers testified before Congress that the Nationalist army "could have defended the Yellow River line with broomsticks if the soldiers had had the will to fight."

[*From* Ambassador's Report.]

MEANING OF YOGA—*(Contd.)*

His ego would then be replaced by his individual will acting in unison with the Will of God.

His egoistic emotions would be replaced by the movements of Love and Bliss *Anand.*

Yoga, therefore, is the true science of Life. The *Gita* has four definitions of *Yoga,* of progressive import. *Yoga* is perfection in works. *Yoga* is equality. *Yoga* is perfect peace. *Yoga* is the union with God.

The *Gita* works out the path. But the fulfilment is only hinted at, for, it can only be understood or achieved by experience. Without transmuting the quality of experience, neither the fulfilment of the endeavour nor union with God could be comprehended.

To those who have inner light, words are superfluous. To those who lack it, words can bring no more than vague knowledge. But it is the inner experience which transfigures the words into right knowledge.

The *Gita,* therefore, rightly pauses at the gates of the highest experience, summed up in *'mad-bhavam agatah'*—, 'Come to My-hood'. It only emphasises Surrender, the method of entering the gates.

Once the gates are entered, God permeates the mind and acts through the individual.

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Adapa Ramakrishna Rao

Literature And Morality

MATTHEW Arnold first coined the phrase "criticism of life" to denote the function of literature, and maintained that "more and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us."

Radhakrishnan goes a step further, and observes that literature is "not the criticism of life, but the transforming of it."

Great literature aims not at mere information but at real transformation. It opens new windows in our souls, and lights up with the lustrous rays of awareness and compassion the regions once darkened by ignorance and indifference.

For, literature is the "record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." It is the highest form of expression of thought and emotion.

By tracing the whole gamut of human experience, it prepares us to respond fully to our environment and leads to a better understanding of our own lives.

The poet does not write with a moral end in view. I. A. Richards rightly ridicules the type of interest "which discovers in *Macbeth* the moral that 'Honesty is the best policy;' in *Othello* a recommendation to 'Look before you leap;' in *Hamlet* perhaps a proof that 'Procrastination is the Thief of Time,' or in *King Lear* an indication that 'Your sins will find you out.'"

Great poetry is the spontaneous expression of genuine emotions, and is not the product of minds governed by a sense of perpetual duty towards fellow-men.

Literature wields moral influence on us, not by placing maxims before us, but by awakening the spirit, by enlarging the mind, and making it a receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought. By strengthening the affections and nourishing the imagination, it elevates us.

The beautiful always refines. Unless we are as dull and stolid as Peter Bell, we feel a humanising effect in the song of a bird and the smile of a flower, in the tenderness of a mother's heart and the innocence of a child's prattle. Literature which reflects these softens us, as do the countless stars of the firmament, before whose eternal vigilance and immense grandeur the short-lived voyage of man's life pales into insignificance. The moral influence of great literature is, thus, subtle and indirect.

(*Continued on page 45*)

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VITALITY OF HINDUISM—*Contd.*

sionaries were now limited to the poorest and most backward communities, particularly the aborigines, from among which they have still been effecting conversion, though the means adopted by them are not always purely religious. But with all that, Christians form hardly 2 per cent of the population of the Indian sub-continent (2.3 p.c. in India and 1.7 p.c. in Pakistan according to 1951 census). It may be stated by way of contrast that in modern China and Japan conversion to Christianity, especially among the educated classes, is on a much larger scale than in India.

Thus it will be seen that for the last three thousand and five hundred years or so, Hinduism has flourished with a strange vitality, withstanding very severe onslaughts.

How to account for the magic of Hinduism? We think that the root of the whole matter lies in the imperishable truths and unconquerable spirit contained in the original documents, the Vedas, and the noble lives lived according to high moral and spiritual ideals embodied in them, by generations of sages and saints, kings and commanders as well as by the masses of the people. True, the Vedic religion through hundreds of years has accumulated a vast number of imperfections, but there were also proper adjustments made from age to age to meet the requirements of the time-spirit. Perhaps nowhere else has the spiritual ideal of life and character been so lofty and nowhere else has the approximation of practice to some of these ideals been so close, as it has been among Hindus. The weakness of Hinduism lies in the fact that all its ideals have not been followed with equal persistence or sincerity. The social ideal has been most neglected—caste and untouchability, in spite of their economic advantages, have proved to be great stumbling-blocks in its way.

But if the Vedic religion, so disorganised and neglected, could exercise such powerful influence as its history shows, how much more can it do for humanity if it is truer to its noble aspirations and ideals!

The Gita is not a weapon for dialectical warfare; it is a gate opening on the whole world of spiritual truth and experience and the view it gives us embraces all the provinces of that supreme region. It maps out, but it does not cut up or build walls or hedges to confine our vision.

—Aurobindo.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—15

S. G. HOLLAND

TALL, stocky, clean-shaven, round-faced Sidney George Holland belongs to that rare species of a successful business man turned successful politician. At sixty he wears his age light what with rugby and hocky in his student days he has inherited a sturdy constitution fit enough to pilot a country through the rough and tumble of the atomic weather.

There is hardly a white patch on his once luscious hair despite the age and care of running a large country. He looks fresh and vigorous like the provincial he is. But for the stoop of his shoulders one would take him for a jay-walker.

Born in a small township outside Christchurch on the east coast of South Island, New Zealand, of farmer stock, his father ran a mobile threshing machine which he hired out to neighbouring farms.

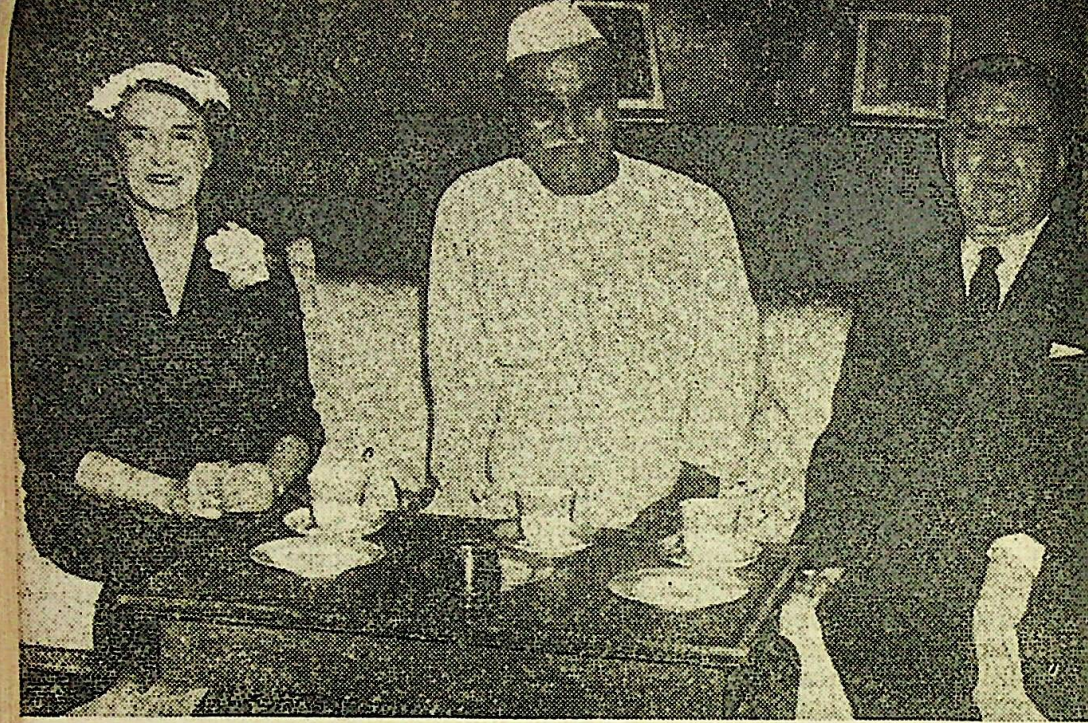
Holland attended one of the ordinary state schools but threw up the sponge at the age of fifteen. He secured a commission, served the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and saw war till he was invalided from France. After recovery he started an engineering business together with his brother which has grown to large proportions. He indulged in sheep-farming for some time till politics inveigled him into her web.

It was by sheer fortuity of circumstances that Holland tumbled into the political arena. His father who was a member of the New Zealand Parliament withdrew from the election affray in 1935 due to an accident. Then George decided to contest the seat from the same constituency. He won, but the Conservative Party to which he belonged was routed and lost anchor. But he held on stubbornly, collected together the remnants of what was once his party and became leader of the what is now known as the National Party.

As Leader of Opposition in the New Zealand Parliament he consolidated his party and his position, brick by brick, for fourteen years, till 1949 when he made his successful bid and got 46 seats in a House of 80. He had the stamina to build that Party from organization to victory through a programme attractive enough to win an election against the well-entrenched Labour under the stewardship of no less a person than the late Peter Frazer.

That was not the last of him. Hardly had he "set the house in order" by de-socializing the country's economy when the dock workers of the major ports struck work

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Mr. and Mrs. Holland having tea with Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad at Rashtrapati Bhavan when they visited India in August 1953.

out of sympathy for defeated Labour, with intent to paralyse the country's economy. After several attempts to conciliate them, Holland enforced stern measures by disbanding existant unions and promoting new ones. Many called him tyrant and dictator, but Holland went ahead steamrollering till he got the goods moving and saw that money came in.

He did not tuck himself snugly under warmth of the blanket he had thrown. When order was restored, he called a general election of his own volition to win the country's confidence-vote on his policy. Not a few predicted his political grave in that mad act; but the gamble came off, and resoundingly too; for his party secured 50 seats in a House of 80. When people complimented him, he simply shrugged his shoulders.

Holland has grown with his power.

You cannot distinguish Holland from an average New Zealander if you can imagine one. His speech is plain and lucid in perfect accord with his strongly marked features. Mentally he is as tough a guy as he is physically. He is a human dynamo. His character has clean edges. He would not preach what he cannot himself practise. His lack of guile over which the diplomatic world gloats is made up for by his abundant horse-sense and pawky humour. While he gives a patient hearing to the other man, he does not fail to explain his own

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stand too. Once he makes up his tidy mind, nothing can deflect him. His vision is long-range and is always ahead of public opinion, so much so, his actions would appear as automation.

In his political faith, George is an old-fashioned die-hard Conservative like Winston. Like him, too, he is deeply attached to England and will cast the die in her favour in any emergency. He would any day prefer the word Empire to Commonwealth as applied to the conglomeration of nations around Britain.

Holland has resurrected many colourful functions and paraphernalia in his home Government which Labour had discarded for years. The Cabinet for instance wears formal dress at important functions.

In private life, Holland lives a simple, unostentatious and happy domestic life and radiates the sunshine born of that peace on his Government.

LITERATURE AND MORALITY
—*(Contd.)*

The Bible softens hearts that are parched up and renders lives graceful, not so much by the Ten Commandments and the Israelite laws of living, not even by the great Sermon on the Mount, as by its vivid presentation of the whole range of human experience, by its stirring accounts of Samson's heroism and Job's faith, Ruth's loyalty, and human love in the Song of Solomon.

THE STAFF OF LIFE
—*Contd.*

He can help a fallen being like you. He who has helped millions who have approached Him, is He going to desert you? He makes no exception whatsoever, and you will find that everyone of your prayers will be answered. The prayer of even the most impure will be answered. I am telling this out of my personal experience. I have gone through the purgatory. Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and everything will be added unto you.

[*Courtesy:* Navajivan Trust]

VOLUNTARY WELFARE WORK—*(Contd.)*

In some countries raffles or lotteries lend a big support to hospitals and other charities. Our governments are unwilling to allow them in many parts of the country. I think they are right in a way that such raffles and lotteries should not be allowed indiscriminately. But, for a good cause, the Government should permit them.

Vinobha Bhave has shown a way of doing welfare work by organising *Bhoodan, Sampatidan* and *Kupdan.*

Religions always encourage the noble instinct in men to give and help others. Nobody should aim to make people religionless. If we take away religion from people's life, we take away that noble instinct too.

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

Pathshala Fund : Chairman's Appeal

To,

All Kendras.

The Vishva Parishad, in view of its policy to strengthen the Indian method of teaching Sanskrit, has, at the last meeting of the Council, decided to raise a Pathshala Fund. It will be raised primarily from the District itself for helping the recognised Pathshalas in a district.

The Pathshalas, thousands in number, are struggling for existence scattered all over India. They are centres of Sanskrit learning and of Sanskrit as a spoken language, and the locality to which they cater have paramount responsibility to maintain them.

If the country wants Sanskrit and all it stands for to remain—and it must, if it wants to save its soul —it must take upon itself this burden to help the Pathshalas to function in a manner suited to the needs of the present and the future.

The scheme of the Pathshala Fund would only apply to Pathshalas which are recognised by the Parishad.

The recognition will only follow if Arithmetic, History of India, Geography of the World and Indian Administration of the matriculation standard are introduced in their course. For teaching these subjects the Kendra can make arrangement for free tuition at a local High School. In return the Pathshalas should hold free classes for coaching students of the High School in Sanskrit.

The Pathshala so recognised, will be accepted as a Kendra of the Vishva Parishad. The Kendra will have to set up a Finance Committee, the President and Secretary of which will have to be men of position preferentially Government servants or lawyers, doctors or businessmen of established repute, approved by the Parishad.

The President and Secretaries will be issued Vishva Parishad Pathshala Fund Tickets of Re. 1/- Rs. 5/- and Rs. 10/- for collecting the Pathshala Fund. They will be responsible for holding and disbursing the funds collected.

The fund of each locality will be distributed in a manner sanctioned by the Secretary of the Vishva Parishad in the following proportion:—

Eighty per cent of the Fund so collected will be spent in equipping and helping the Pathshala.

Fifteen per cent will be spent in organising the Vishva Parishad Kendra and popularising Sanskrit in the locality.

Five per cent for organisation expenses of the Parishad.

(Continued on page 48)

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NOTES & NEWS

H-BOMB

The latest recruit to the cult of the H-Bomb is Britain. The laconic manner of its announcement makes one suspect that rather than of her own free volition, she has been hustled into the decision by the deuce. Alongside of this news comes her decision to harness nuclear energy to humanitarian and industrial use on a nation-wide scale. That is more sensible. It is a thousand pities that the great powers do not have the moral courage to abjure what is manifestly sure to bring about the extinction of mankind.

THE LAWRENCE MYTH

A sensation has been created in the literary world by the publication of *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry* by Richard Aldington in London early this month. In it the author has debunked the Lawrence myth lock, stock and barrel with the ferocity of an iconoclast. The author's findings which have been thoroughly checked by the minions of law for libel have left the common reader wondering how he has been fooled by a braggart, liar and charlatan. According to Aldington. Lawrence and his brothers were the illegitimate sons of a baronet; Lawrence never read the 50,000 volumes in the Oxford Union Library; he hardly crossed the desert for any length of time on camel-back; he did not play any major part in the Arab rebellion, for it was the natural consummation of simmering discontent; his romping home from obscurity to international eminence was by rococo embroidery of lies and imagination. The funniest part of the affair is that all his previous biographers stutter er..er.. when confronted by the incontrovertible proofs adduced by Aldington in Scotland Yard fashion.

NEHRU IN CAMBRIDGE

A crowded gathering of undergraduates applauded the admission of India's Prime Minister, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, to honorary membership of the Cambridge Union Society early this month while he was in London in connection with the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference.

Shri Nehru motored from London to pay a short visit to the university he first entered in 1907 as an undergraduate at Trinity College. He spent part of the morning visiting his old college, where his former set of rooms have recently been re-identified. He was received by the Vice-Master, Professor J. R. M. Butler and entertained to luncheon by Vice-Chancellor Rt. Hon. H. U. Willink, Master of Magdalene College and formerly Minister of Health. He then visited the Cambridge Union Society's debat-

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ing chamber, where a large gathering of undergraduates applauded his admission to honorary membership.

Many well-known figures, particularly those in politics and in the legal profession, have been members of the union. Among those who have held the office of president in the past have been Lord Justice Birkett, Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, former Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. Three Indians have been presidents in recent years—Mr. S. S. Dhavan, during the Michaelmas term of 1932; Mr. S. M. Kumaramangalam, in the 1938 Michaelmas term; and Mr. Gautam Mathur, in the Lent term of 1950. The Duke of Gloucester is among the union's life members, and Earl Mountbatten and the Duke of Edinburgh among its honorary members.

PATHSHALA FUND: CHAIRMAN'S APPEAL —(*Contd.*)

All Kendras are requested to inform the Hon. General Secretary of the steps they intend to take in order to raise the Pathshala Fund. Detailed information about the locality, the Pathshala or Pathshalas for which the Fund is raised, and the Constitution of the Finance Committee should be sent to the Hon. Gen. Secretary, Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chaupatty Road, Bombay 7.

K. M. Munshi

CULTURAL SWARAJ—(*Contd.*)

that literature is indispensable." Professor Macdonell remarks: "The intellectual debt of Europe to Sanskrit literature has been undeniably great. Sanskrit literature in quantity exceeds that of Greece and Rome put together." Is that precious heritage which has imparted to the Indian mind through the ages its characteristic spiritual overtone, which made Professor Max Muller exclaim "The Hindus talk philosophy in the street!" to be allowed to decay for want of support by Free India? I have no doubt that our political leaders, who are so keen to build up a new India, will not allow that to happen.

Now that we have the power to shape our educational policy as we think best, we should aim at educating our youth conformably to the ideals of our ancient culture, and this can best be done, I think, by making Sanskrit, which is the foundation and repository of that culture, a compulsory subject of study in the secondary stage and in the arts courses in the College as an essential part of the humanities. This will make our ancient culture a living force in our present day life and will enable India once more to radiate spiritual enlightenment and deliver her message of peace, harmony and universal happiness to a strife-torn and restless world where men's minds are dominated by fear, hatred and violence.

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Vetala Pachchisi—12 *Serial*

LAVANYAVATI

In this twelfth instalment a most intriguing situation is presented by the machiavellian ghoul to bust King Vikramaditya's vow of silence. Apart from the itch which every one of us will have for offering our own solution to the quiz so cunningly presented, one wonders how many of us will offer the right one.

KING Vir Vikramaditya! started the ghoul, there is a city named Churapur, where a king named Churaman ruled. His spiritual teacher's name was Devaswamin who had a son named Hariswamin. He was as beautiful as Cupid, equalled Brihaspati in his knowledge of scientific and religious treatises, and was as wealthy as Kubera. He wedded and brought home a Brahman's daughter, whose name was Lavanyavati.

One night in the hot season the latter were both sleeping soundly on the flat roof of a summer house.

The woman's veil accidentally slipped off her face, while a demigod was proceeding somewhere through the air in an aerial car.

His gaze suddenly fell upon her. He lowered the car, and lifting her to the car without awakening her, flew off.

★

After some time Hariswamin awoke, and lo! his wife was not beside him. On this he became alarmed, and coming down from thence, searched throughout the house. When he did not find her there either, he went about seeking her through all the streets and lanes of the city, but did not find her. Thereupon he began to say to himself, "Who has carried her off? Whither has she gone?"

When his efforts were of no avail, he returned home helpless and regretful, and searched for her there a second time, but did not find her.

The house appeared desolate to him without her; he lost all self-control in his disquietude and misery, and began crying out, "Oh, darling of my soul! Oh, darling of my soul!"

Being exceedingly agitated by her separation from him, he gave up the position of a householder, renounced the world, girt a simple waist-cloth round his loins, rubbed the *vibhuti* on his body, put on a necklace of beads, and set out on a pilgrimage.

★

Proceeding on his pilgrimage from town to town, and village to

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village, he reached a certain town at midday.

Becoming extremely hungry, he made a cup-shaped vessel of the leaves of a *dhak*-tree, and carrying it to the house of a Brahman, asked, "Give me some food".

When a man comes under the influence of love, he has no thought of duty, caste, or food; and regardless of everything, he eats food wherever he can obtain it.

When he begged alms of the Brahman, the Brahman took the cup-shaped vessel from him and entered the house, and brought it back to him filled with rice boiled in milk.

He took the cup, and came to the steps of a tank. There was a large banyan-tree. He placed the rice-cup at the root of that tree and went to wash his face and hands in the tank.

In the meantime, a black snake came out from the roots of the tree, dipped its mouth into the cup and went away quietly; and so the whole contents of the cup had become poisoned. Hariswamin did not notice it. After some time, he also returned after washing his hands and face.

Hunger beset him sorely. He ate the rice-and-milk avidly, and the poison instantly entered his system.

When the venom started working, he realised his state and ran to the Brahman and accused him stating, "Thou hast given me poison, and I am now dying of it."

Having said so much, he reeled and fell dead.

The Brahman, seeing the tragic end became wild and turned his own wife out of the house, saying, "Go thou hence, thou murderess of a Brahman!" thinking that she had mixed poison in the poor man's food.



Having told so much of the tale, the ghoul asked, "O king! to which of these does the guilt of killing Hariswamin attach?"

The king replied, "Poison exists in a snake's mouth as a matter of course; therefore no guilt attaches to it. Again, the Brahman gave him alms, because the other man was hungry; therefore guilt does not attach to him. The Brahman's wife had given him alms at the bidding of her husband; she, too, is without sin. And he ate the milk-and-rice unwittingly, and hence he also is guiltless. In short, whoever imputes guilt to anyone of these, is himself a sinner."

On hearing this reply, the ghoul went again and hung on to that tree; and the king also went there, and bringing him down and binding him, placed him on his shoulder, and carried him away from there.

[To be continued]

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Book Review

SNEEZING AND CHYAVANPRASH

MOST of us at some time or other have learnt at bitter cost that sneezing at a crucial moment, on our own or other's part, has spelt disaster. Superstitious India is not alone in this recognition; sophisticated West shares in this belief. But one wonders how many have ever given a thought why it is so.

Modern medical men would explain the sneeze as caused by irritation of the tender nerve-ends on the adenoids or by the onset of common cold. They will have nothing to do with the inauspicious business. Our ancient Rishis have thought over this phenomenon thousands of years before and given us their findings in elaborate manner. It requires some explanation.

Man has three bodies—physical, mental and the astral. The link that sustains all three is the *prana* —air-cum-vital force which we breathe. Without the latter man is an inert mass little different from a lump of stone or worse. Says the Upanishad: तस्मिन्नापो मातरिश्वा दधाति - the air, the life force sustains all living beings. Although it may be argued that *prana* is not the only sustainer of life, it cannot be gainsaid that it is the *sine qua non* of existence.

It follows as a natural corollary that by manipulation of *prana,* we can make life better—or worse. Our sages of the past have attained immortality in the physical sense or at any rate defied death by a very long handicap by controlling *prana.* Indeed *prana* had been the Chyavanprash or multi-vitamin tablets *par excellence* for them.

The story of Chyavana Rishi who discovered the elixir is interesting. The *Purana* says that the great Rishi, by his *tapas,* propitiated the twin-Gods Aswins, the divine doctors and through them learnt the formula for eternal youth, *Chyavanprash.* But there is a different meaning to this story.

The word *chyavan* means our body, being derived from the root *chyu,* to slip, as the body is never constant, always growing, from childhood to old age etc. The *devas* are the *gnanendriyas* in the human body. The Prana and Apana, two different streams of the same *prana* we breathe, are the Aswins, divine physicians, who give immortality to the body through their unfailing ministration. So true Chyavanprash consists in the control and manipulation of breath in the prescribed manner. The Rishis of old were giants physically, intellectually and

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astrally only by following this method.

This *prana* which is the life elixir is no more than pure oxygen for the modern scientist; he is not able to recognise, like many others, the other ingredient—the life-principle or vital force which we also breathe in, from the Cosmos. Some day he will recognise the truth of what the Rishis had found before the dawn of civilization.

★

Prana which enters the body does so through an agency 72,000 strong, called *nadis;* they are invisible but penetrate deep down to man's ego. Among the *nadis,* Ida, Pingala and Sushumna carry the Breath of Life; Pusha and Alambusha minister to the sense of sight; Gandhari and Hastijihva look to the sense of hearing etc. Similarly each has its own portfolio.

Prana which enters the nasal orifices does so by one at a time; inhalation and exhalation form a continuous process which is done alternately along each orifice after an interval of an hour or so. And this too according to a time-table depending upon the day of the week!

The ancients have found another use for the *nadis* besides the medical; we can foretell the future of man by locating the passage of *prana* along the *nadi* at a given moment!

The effect of things done will be bad when the *prana* travels along the right side or Pingala and good along the left or Ida. Unfettered passage of *prana* along Sushumna is good for prayer and *yoga* only.

It follows that there is a stage in which *prana* changes course from one to the other of the three *nadis;* that stage, if obstructed, is bad in effects. And we sneeze only when the *prana* in its change of course meets with obstruction on the way! You know the relation between sneezing and Chayavanprash now.

The science which deals with the *prana* is called *Swara Sastra;* a number of works are being secretly kept by the initiates; for, it requires the guidance of a seasoned Guru for obtaining proficiency in manipulating it. But SWARA YOGA by Swami Sivananda recently published (Rs. 1/8) is simple and gives the know-how of the subject. It carries the text of a Sanskrit original too and that makes a lot of difference to the real seeker after Truth.

Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark.

—Tagore.

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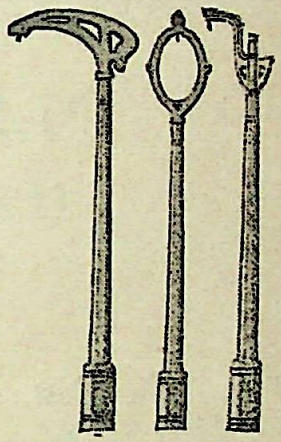
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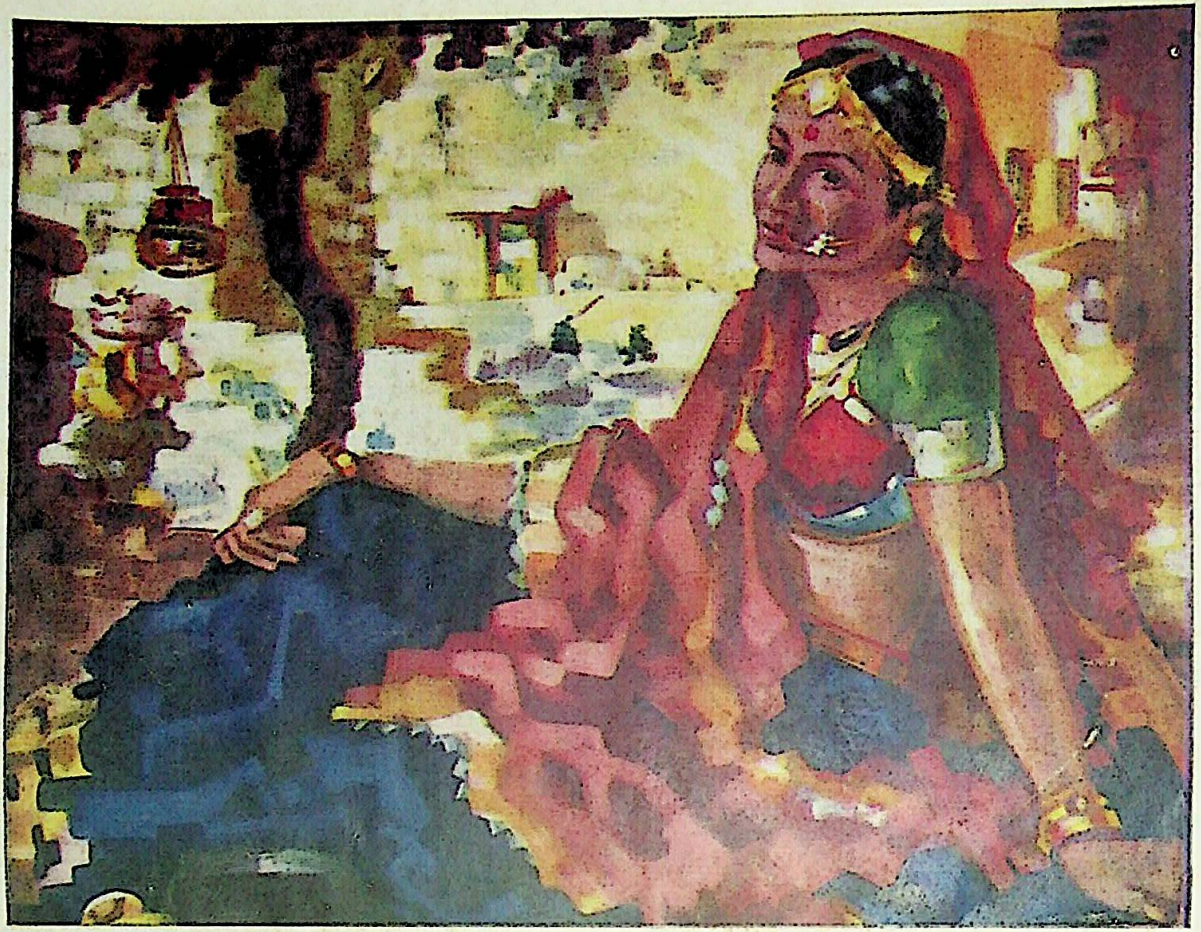
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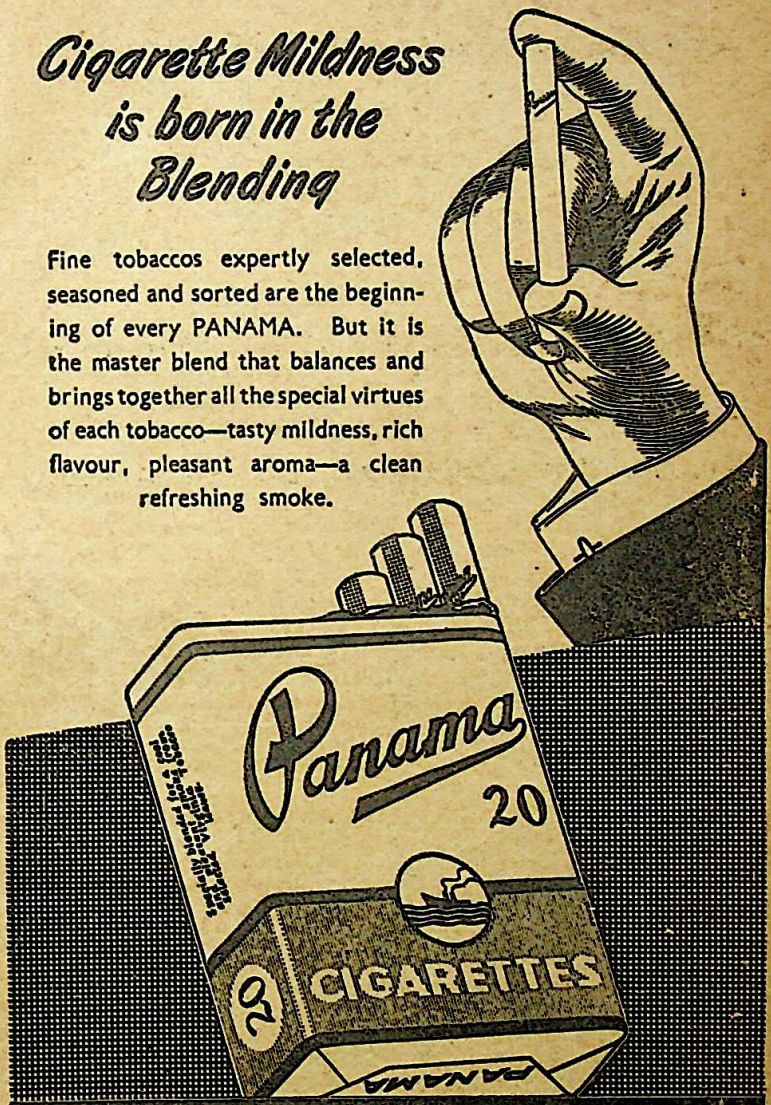
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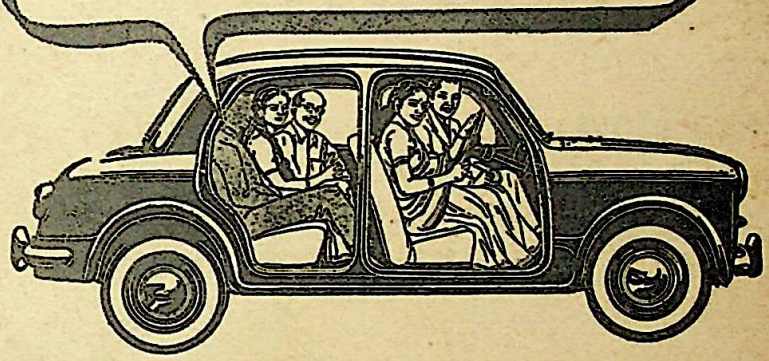
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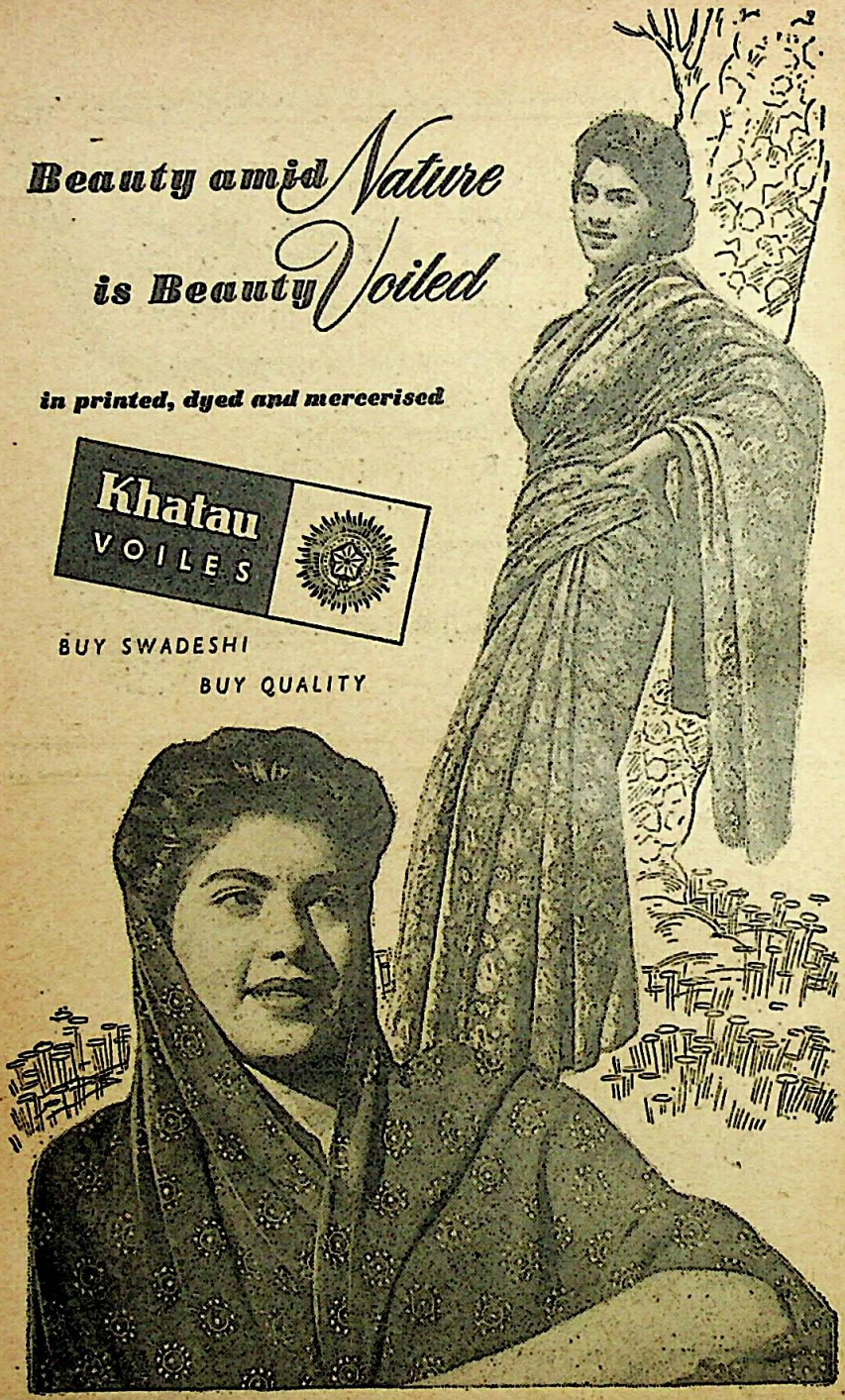
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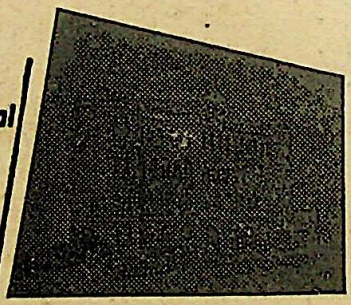
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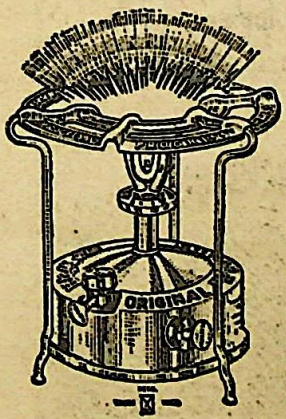
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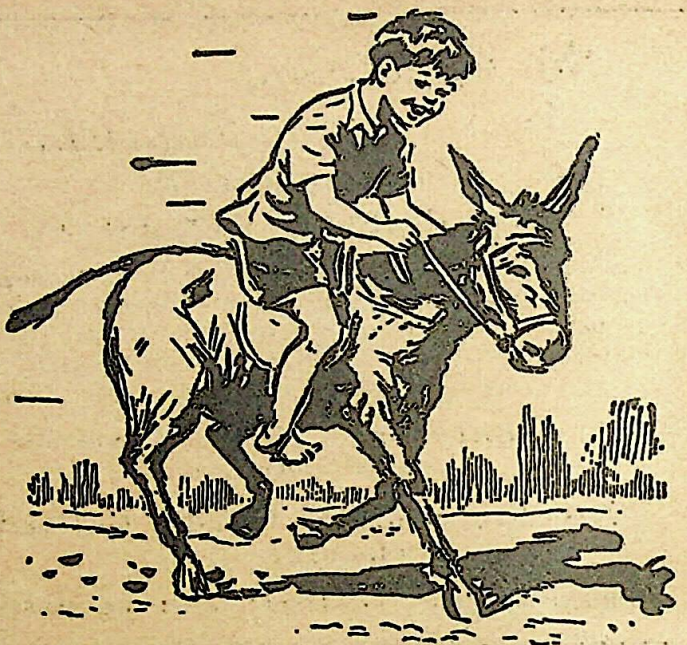
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 16] [MARCH 13, 1955

THE OMNIPRESENT

Aye, born heir to the Infinite thou art,
Within the heart is the Ocean of Love,
"Give", "Give away", whoever asks return,
His ocean dwindles down to a mere drop.

From highest Brahman to the yonder worm,
And to the very minutest atom,
Everywhere is the same God, the all-lover;
Friend, offer mind, soul, body, at their feet.

These are his manifold forms before thee,
Rejecting them, where seekest thou for God?
Who loves all beings, without distinction,
He indeed is worshipping best his God.

—Vivekananda.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 70

* Neo-Malthusians * Population Subsistence
* Family Planning

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
March 13, 1955.

My Young Friend,

MANY people in many countries are anxiously thinking how to eliminate wars from the world. This naturally leads to the question: What are the factors likely to cause wars?

A powerful though potential factor which is exercising thoughtful minds, is that the population on the globe is tending to outrun subsistence. The neo-Malthusians are hysterical on this point. With the doleful vision before them of Cassandra, that ancient prophetess of evil, they are awaiting the day of reckoning. The population of the world was only 73 crores in 1750; in 1950 it was 239 crores; and that, in spite of two devastating world wars, it is increasing by leaps and bounds. At this rate, they say that after fifty years there will be a billion mouths without food.

Somehow I do not like such sterile arithmetical exercises projected towards an obscure future. Statistics are extraordinary things; they can prove almost anything and any two competent statisticians can generally be relied upon to disagree.

In the year 1952 statistics were flung in my face to prove that the country had a food deficit of seven million tons. I knew that this was nonsense, but I was not a statistician. Knowledge was therefore no match for mathematics. Within four weeks, however, everyone said that the country needed no more food imports. Ship-loads of imports arriving in our ports were simply rejected without so much as a "thank you".

As a result of all this, I refuse to be frightened by the arithmetical prospect that population will shortly outrun subsistence.

From 1850 to 1950 food production increased faster than the po-

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pulation of the earth. Taking the U.S.A., the best-fed country in the world, in one year—1954—alone, a population of 1,60,000,000 showed the phenomenal increase to 2,80,-000,000. In that country, however, food production has increased in a much larger proportion. In 1870 a farmer's family in the U.S.A. produced food for itself and one more family; today, it produces enough food for seven other families.

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The civilized world is now taking far-reaching steps to maintain a balance between population and subsistence. Soil conservation, afforestation and intensive cultivation are attracting increasing attention. Experiments are also being conducted under the guidance of the UNESCO for the revival of those waste lands, deserts and semi-deserts, which cover nearly a third of the earth.

The FAO is also assisting in a large-scale programme for the restoration of the fertility of the soil by afforestation, the fixing of sand-dunes, soil-analysis, and conservation and irrigation. "Everybody, everywhere—and more particularly the next generation,—" says an authority, "will feel in greater or lesser degree the effects of desert reclamation."

Our own Rajasthan Desert, 80,000 square miles in size, is the easiest to reclaim, for it is man-made. No, I am wrong; it is a *goat*-made. For centuries these creatures have been eating up every single blade of grass as it comes up out of the soil. Having finished with Rajasthan, they are already eating up the fertile tracts of the Agra district.

We have yet to realise that a country which breeds cattle lives for ever, while that which breeds goats is committing suicide. If *bakri-sadans,* like *gosadans,* were to be set up where goats and goat-keepers could be kept happily in segregation, we could easily add more fertility to the soil.

At the present time, attention in many countries is revetted on the engineering measures to control floods. These have become necessary in order to quieten popular clamour and to give immediate relief, but in the end, only reconditioning the catchment areas and mountain sides by tree-planting will solve the problem. The planned afforestation in these vital areas which is now favoured by soil experts, will mean the control of floods, less erosion, more food, more fuel, and in India, more cow-dung made available for manure. All these mean more food.

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At a higher level of scientific research, great progress is being made. It has been found, for instance, that algae, a floating vegetable substance found in the sea, can be made a valuable source of food.

The latest experiments in photo-synthesis conducted at the University of California, appear, again, to

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hold the secret of unlimited food-production.

The experiment is very interesting. The earth receives only a very small fraction each day of the one-hundred billion billion kilowatt hours of energy released every second by the sun. But it is that little fraction which has provided the oil, gas and coal on this earth of ours. It is quite enough to warm the soil, to make plants grow and to keep going animal and human life.

In spite of its being only a fraction, during the three months of the growing season, this energy supplies to an acre of land a fraction equal to 250 tons of coal. But of this quantity only 3/10th of a ton is stored in the crop grown on that acre. By photo-synthesis, very much more than this infinitesimal fraction of the solar energy could be utilised. Cheap and ample food would be the result.

★

In point of population growth, Japan and India are considered the 'problem' countries of the world. In India the population has rapidly increased since 1900. The neo-Malthusians are very anxious to find out the time when we shall all become extinct.

With Dr. Barnett, in his book *The World's Food* I have a pertinent question to ask: "Has the consumption level in India risen or declined since 1900?" I do not know what the statisticians have to say, but I know how things were sixty years ago. Despite the growth in our population, the average man in the same stratum of society is certainly better-fed today than he was then.

We are told by competent authorities that if the population increases as at present, by 1981 we shall collapse under the pressure of increased population. I am not quite so sure about this.

In the dismal year 1950, when I had to handle Food and Agriculture at the Centre, the index of food production was 92. In 1953-54 it had risen to 122. The rate of agricultural investment has run between Rs. 250 and 350 crores. The index of industrial production which was at 105 in 1950 stood in 1953 at 135. The rate of capital formation as the percentage of the real national product, as corrected for the international account, has risen from 2 per cent in 1948-49 to 8 per cent in 1953.

The effects of our Five-Year Plan are only just beginning to be felt in the country. So far the rate of expenditure on development has not kept pace with estimates; the will to work has not spread evenly in all the States; many of our development programmes are still in their early stages.

Agricultural research is in the process of being translated into action. The Japanese method of paddy cultivation, for instance, has only just begun to attract enthusiasm. Rust-free wheat has recently been evolved and is in the experimental stage. A very large part

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of our ten-million cultivable waste has yet to be reclaimed, and our vast schemes of irrigation are either under construction or are still being planned.

The Community and the N.E.S. Projects have quickened the tempo of rural development only during the last year. The Land Army idea is only beginning to get into its stride; in Uttar Pradesh alone, the people have contributed two crores of man-hours to the value of Rs. 2,60,00,000 in about three years by means of *Shramdan*. And the movement is bound to grow, both in this and other States as time goes on.

In complete defiance of the Western theories relating to under-developed countries, India is forming capital at a significant rate. We have already overcome the difficulty of converting capital formation into investment for the public sector.

If the present tempo of development continues, and a vast will to work—a moral quality—is released, our economic growth is likely to overtake the growth in population within the next five years.



But how can we balance population and subsistence if the philosophy of life made fashionable by the West continues to run amok? Such philosophy is accepted as a badge of modernity. Educated men come to believe in it implicitly. According to it, we must be economically dynamic; that is, we should become a race working to destroy nature; to invest life with artificial patterns; to struggle for ever to create an ever-higher level of living for all mankind.

The prophets of this gospel are rosy-eyed; they live on the antipodes of the neo-Malthusians. According to them, the earth, the sea and the atmosphere can deliver an inexhaustible supply of raw materials. Under their influence, civilized man in the industrialized countries continues to consume the organic products of the land at a rate faster than that at which the population is growing. It is also far in excess of the rate at which the supply of raw materials can be drawn upon if they are to remain unexhausted.

Take one instance. Between 1890 and 1945 the population of U.S.A. multiplied very fast; its demand for organic products multiplied still faster, and thirty-one million acres were turned to non-agricultural use and became unproductive.

If a higher standard of living and the population both continue to grow, the resources must grow less. A time must come when the resources would be in short supply. Industrial expansion will be arrested. The social order built on it will then crumble.

There is enough on earth to supply all human needs, only if wants are curbed; if the philosophy of life is *Yuktaharaviharasya;*—if food and enjoyment are kept under reasonable control, not otherwise. The philosophy which worships un-

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limited expansion and ever-increasing standards of living is dangerous; it must give way to a truer faith.

The standard of living in India is abnormally low. It has to be raised and raised well. But that is not the same thing as adopting the philosophy of the West. We must nurture our soil, our forests and our water-supply; raise the level of living, but only to a point where we can lead ample, but austere lives.

We should not enter the mad race for higher and more complicated living; we should keep to the traditions of simple-living, so characteristic of India. We should not consume more than we produce.

Security lies in working with Nature and producing more than man consumes. This is applicable to all countries; more particularly to India.

But this would involve the development of moral qualities without which no self-restraint on the scale required would be possible.

We must realise that total welfare cannot be related exclusively to economic progress. In the long struggle for economic security, social, cultural and spiritual values are more important than the monetary expressions of the individual and of society.

Without the development of moral qualities, how can the will to work be evoked in a Welfare State if everyone looks to the State—that is, to all others except to himself—to raise the standard of life; when the paternalistic structure tends to destroy the initiative and incentive on which progress depends; or when coercion to extract work by regimented processes is excluded by the very nature of the freedom to which we are pledged?

These qualities can be fostered only by the leadership of that small class of men to whom the faith in moral values and self-dedication comes easily. The artists, the scholars, the teachers, the poets, the men of conscience, the dedicated men, are not made by monetary operations; nor by the trade-union bargaining; nor by economic and sociological analysis.

These men are the spoon-fed, defenceless babies of the economic community. You can easily destroy their class. You cannot create it in a generation or two. It cannot be developed in the spiritual hothouse set up by economic or social experts.

These qualities are the cumulative effect of generations of cultured forbears. It takes more than one generation of education to produce such men.



Sterilisation is an imperative duty which society owes itself only when thoughtless parents threaten to burden the earth with diseased progeny. I can also understand planned parenthood resorted to by the weak, the diseased, the over-maternalised mother, or

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for those who have an unnatural horror of children. But these are vital problems of domestic life which are to be solved in the consulting room of the physician or the surgeon. They are no remedy for a spectacular arrest of over-population.

Even if the neo-Malthusians carry on hysterical propaganda, it is not likely to make any appreciable difference to the growth of population in Japan and India.

On the other hand, if planning aids are advertised with the same gusto as are Cocacola or Kolynos, moral disaster will follow. The sanctity of marriage will tend to disappear. Domestic life will disintegrate. Promiscuity will have no dangers. Farm-yard morals will acquire the odour of respectability, and self-restraint, the basis of the happy home, will be in jeopardy.

But family planning propaganda has a pruriency of its own. It appeals to those of us who suffer from a sort of schizophrenia. We are anxious to provide means—however amoral—to control the population; yet, in spite of the encouragement to indiscriminate self-indulgence so given, we are keen to preserve that moral basis of life which only comes from the sanctity attached to sexual life by self-restraint.



Let me, therefore, pose the problem of the age.

Peace is the first essential of mankind.

Peace will not be maintained if population and the standard of living both continue to grow.

Peace will not be maintained if the State becomes so omnipotent as to invade by legislation or propaganda, the sanctum of domestic life and destroy the spiritual super-structure of individual life, from which alone love of peace and human virtues spring.

Peace will not be maintained if the State anchors its faith on ever-increasing standards of life and assumes powers of universal control, and at the same time, arouses an irrepressible desire for more and more comforts.

Peace will not be maintained unless the State teaches population control and austere but ample standards of living by self-imposed restraint, drawn from spiritual strength.

Peace, therefore, will not be maintained unless the spiritual stature of man is raised by purging his heart of narrow creeds, dividing cults and debasing hunger for material comforts, which can only be done by restoring it to God.

Yours sincerely,



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Swami Vivekananda

CONQUEST OF THE WORLD BY INDIA

Armies when they attempt to conquer armies only multiply and make brutes of humanity. Spirituality must conquer the West.

THERE have been great conquering races in the world. We also have been great conquerors. The story of our conquest has been described by the great Emperor of India, Asoka, as the conquest of religion and of spirituality. Once more the world must be conquered by India.

Up, India, and conquer the world with your spirituality! Aye, as has been declared on this soil first, love must conquer hatred, hatred cannot conquer itself. Materialism and all its miseries can never be conquered by materialism. Armies when they attempt to conquer armies only multiply and make brutes of humanity. Spirituality must conquer the West. Slowly they are finding it out that what they want is spiritually to preserve them as nations. They are waiting for it, they are eager for it. Where is the supply to come from? Where are the men ready to go out to every country in the world with the messages of the great sages of India? Where are the men who are ready to sacrifice everything so that this message shall reach every corner of the world? Such heroic workers are wanted to go abroad and help to disseminate the great truths of the Vedanta. The world wants it; without it the world will be destroyed. The whole of the Western world is on a volcano which may burst tomorrow, go to pieces tomorrow. They have searched every corner of the world and have found no respite. They have drunk deep of the cup of pleasure and found it vanity. Now is the time to work for India's spiritual ideas penetrating deep into the West. We must go out, we must conquer the world through our spirituality and philosophy. There is no other alternative; we must do it or die. The only condition of national life, of awakened and vigorous national life, is the conquest of the world by Indian thought.

[Courtesy : *Ramakrishna Ashram*]

I shall consider myself blessed if I am able to burn like a candle and give a bit of light of service to the public.

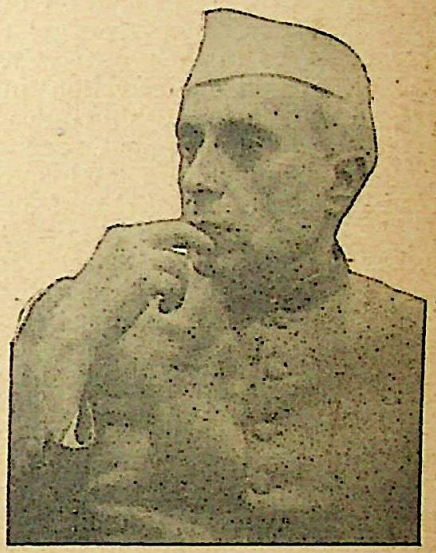
—Sane Guruji.

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Jawaharlal Nehru

ASIA MUST HOLD HER OWN

AFTER some hundreds of years a great change is taking place in the countries of Asia. The period of European domination, political, economic and cultural, has ended both good and bad. We are on the one hand, powerfully influenced by the spirit of nationalism and freedom, and, on the other, by our conscious or unconscious attempts to follow European models. There is no reason why we should not follow foreign ways and customs, provided they are good and suitable. But a country and a people cannot be stale imitations of others. They have to stand on their own feet and on their own soil. Mahatma Gandhi once said that he welcomed the winds from the four corners of the earth to blow into his country, but he refused to be blown off his feet.



Asia is thus engaged now in finding herself again. We pick up old threads and, at the same time, we naturally add to them what the modern age has brought. That modern age is essentially an age of science and technology, and probably the biggest world problem today is how to adapt human beings to this amazing growth of technology. The atomic and hydrogen bombs are the final culminations of this technological progress, if progress it can be called. They may destroy the world, or perhaps, as we hope, lead to a better life. This generation of ours will have to decide how to use these tremendous powers which have been placed at man's disposal for good or ill.

★

In the realm of politics, the spirit of Asia inevitably seeks an avoidance from a line-up with the two great power blocs. It does so partly because that lining up itself necessarily means limiting our

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independence, which we prize so greatly. But does it mean something infinitely more, for it means also the giving up of the standards and cultural values that we claim to possess? There can be no progress for the countries of Asia if they become mere hangers-on of other countries, however great these might be in their own way. We have to find our salvation in our own way, in friendship and co-operation with others, but retaining our individualities and our broad human and cultural outlook. We shall learn from the West, and we have to learn a great deal, but that learning will be of little value if we are uprooted from our backgrounds and our soil.

Thus we have to build up anew the free countries of Asia and Africa, in co-operation with each other and without hatred or malice for any country in the world. Mahatma Gandhi taught us many things but perhaps his basic message was that means govern ends. We cannot attain the right ends if we adopt the wrong means. Today, in our world, there is much shouting about freedom, liberation, equality, democracy etc., all good objectives, but people seek to attain these objectives through methods of hatred and violence. However good those objectives might be, and they are good, I am certain that they can never be attained through violence and hatred. The hydrogen bomb is the ultimate symbol of violence. If that symbol represents the spirit of the age, then there is little to hope for.

Man survived many dangers in the course of his perilous journey since the dawn of civilisation. That gives us hope for the future also, and it may be that he will ultimately control not only the hydrogen bomb but, what is more important, the spirit that lies in this engine of vast destruction.

We, in the countries of Asia, are weak in this atomic age, weak in military power, weak in financial strength. We are poor countries, struggling against this curse of poverty and trying our utmost to raise the level of our millions of human beings. However weak and poor we might be in these symbols of material power, there is no reason why we should succumb to them or lose that dignity and cultural inheritance which has given us strength.

[*Courtesy: JANA.*]

I do not want my house to be walled in all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any of them. Mine is not a religion of the prison-house. It has room for the least among God's creations, but it is proof against insolent pride of race, religion or colour.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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C. Rajagopalachari

"THESE POOR DEVILS"

THE passage extracted below from Benjamin Franklin's autobiography deserves to be read by all those who have a mind open to conviction in spite of the daily doses of alcohol taken in some form or another.

Benjamin Franklin was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of England on account of his contributions to science. This was before the American Revolution of which he was one of the fathers. He went as Ambassador to the Court of France on behalf of the new Government of America and secured that Government's alliance in the battle against England. For the cause of Independence, France's own Revolution was a later event.



Benjamin Franklin

Benjamin Franklin began life as a compositor workman in a small press and the following extract refers to that period of his life. There was no honester man among the known people of the world, barring of course the great sages of all times. There was no more consistently benevolent person among men who have had to struggle hard for existence. He represents the American spirit and "way of life" more truly than many other notable figures in American history. His autobiography deserves to be read in full although I draw attention here only to one passage.

What the peculiar spirit of America is can be best gathered by reading Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. It is certainly not the loud claims that hurt one's sense of delicacy or the inferiority complex that finds shape in obstinate and unalterable suspicion and fear of Russia's intentions and the po-

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pulation of communist countries. Nor is it to be confounded with the unfortunate desire to wage war without soldiers and through mechanical and diabolical devices.

"At my first admission into this printing house, I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large forme of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see from this and several instances that the "water-American", as they called me, was stronger than themselves who drank strong beer. We had an alehouse boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer that he might be strong to labour. I endeavoured to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made, that there was more flour in a penny-worth of bread, and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under."

Nothing but ruin stares a nation in the face that is prey to the drink habit. History records that empires have been destroyed through that habit. We have it in India that the great community to which Sri Krishna belonged was ruined by that habit. This monstrous evil was undoubtedly one of the contributory factors in the fall of Rome.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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Arnold J. Toynbee

IS THIS AGE UNIQUE ?

THE atom bomb is not the first new weapon, of greater destructiveness than any weapon known before, that mankind has added to its armoury; the atom bomb is in the same series as the airplane, gun-powder, the cross-bow. The present Communist states, again, are not the first states that have been dedicated by their rulers to the militant propagation of some particular ideology or religion. There have been militant Protestant Christian, Catholic Christian, Islamic and Jewish states in the past. So there is a sense in which neither of the new factors mentioned in this question makes our present period unique.

At the same time, a difference in degree, when it is very great, can become a difference in kind; and I do think that the difference, produced by the invention of atomic weapons, in the degree of the destructiveness of war is a difference that has produced a change in the nature of the institution of war as known and practised hitherto.

In the past, war has seemed to "make sense" because it has seemed reasonable to make two assumptions: (a) that the soldier, by risking and, if need be, sacrificing, his life at the front, has at least a chance of being able, at this price, to defend something behind the front effectively; (b) that it is better to win a war than to lose it. But the invention of atomic weapons looks as if it may have obliterated the formerly valid distinctions between soldier and civilian, front and rear, victor and vanquished. If so, then our present period would be unique in seeing the historic institution of war turn into something new and different: mass suicide. We have already coined a new word, "genocide", to describe this new possibility.

A second difference in degree that has perhaps become a difference in kind is the improvement of means of communication to a degree at which we have come near to "annihilating distance". With atomic weapons in our hands we are now within pointblank range of one another. We can use this "annihilating of distance" to destroy ourselves. Alternatively, we can use it to make the world a common home for mankind to live in as one family. Both these alternatives have become possibilities in our present period for the first time in history.

A third difference in degree that has perhaps become a difference in

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kind in our present period is the acceleration of the pace of social change. The revolution through which we are living is not the greatest in human history up to date. It cannot be as great as the revolution through which our pre-human ancestors passed when they were becoming human. But that earliest revolution must have been spread over so many successive life-times that no single individual will ever have been aware of the mutation that he was undergoing.

By contrast, in our time the pace of change has become so fast that the individual is now conscious of being kept on the run in trying to keep up with it. This, too, is something new, but it is also not quite without precedent; for something like this breakneck acceleration of the spread of change has sometimes overtaken human beings in the past when people with widely different ways of life have suddenly run into one another

Conclusion: Our present period is in some sense unique, and this in important ways. But it is not unique in being unique. Other periods, too, have been unique in ways of their own.

[Courtesy: *New York Times*]

INDIA—SHAKTI

India of the ages is not dead nor has she spoken her last creative word; she lives and has still something to do for herself and the human progress. And that which is now awake is not an Anglicised oriental people, docile pupil of the west and doomed to repeat the occident's success and failure, but still the ancient immemorable Shakti recovering the deepest self, lifting her head higher towards the supreme source of light and strength, and turning to discover the complete meaning and a vaster form of her Dharma.

—Sri Aurobindo.

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Swami Sivananda

MEDITATION



THERE is a place where you will neither hear any sound nor see any colour. That place is *Param Dhama* or *Padam Anamaya* (painless seat). This is the realm of peace and bliss. There is no body-consciousness here. Here mind finds rest. All desires and cravings melt away. The *indriyas* remain quiet here. The intellect ceases functioning. There is neither fight nor quarrel here. Will you seek this silent abode through silent meditation?

Rishis of yore attained this place by melting the mind in this silence. Brahman shines here in His native effulgence.

Forget the body; forget the surroundings; forgetting is the highest *sadhana*. It helps meditation a great deal. It makes approach to God easier. By remembering God, you can forget all these things.

Taste the spiritual consciousness by withdrawing the mind from the sensual objects and fixing it at the lotus feet of the Lord, who is ever shining in the chambers of your heart. Merge within, by practising silent meditation. Plunge deep, swim freely in the ocean of *Sat-Chit-Ananda*, float in the divine river of joy, tap the source; march direct towards the fountainhead of Divine Consciousness and drink the Nectar; feel the thrill of Divine embrace and enjoy Divine Ecstasy. You have attained the state of immortality and fearlessnss.

Practise regular systematic meditation in the same hours daily. You will get the meditative mood easily. The more you meditate the more you will have inner spiritual life, wherein mind and *indriyas* do not play; you will be very close to the source, *Atma*. You will enjoy the wave of bliss and peace.

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All sensual objects will have no attraction for you; the world will appear to you as a long dream.

Jnana will dawn in you by constant, deep meditation. You will be fully illumined. The curtain of ignorance will drop now. The body idea will vanish. You will realise the significance of the *Mahavakya, 'Tat Twam Asi'*. All differences, distinctions, dualities will disappear. You will see everywhere one infinite, illimitable *Atma,* full of Bliss, Light and Knowledge. This will be a rare experience, indeed. Do not tremble with fear like Arjuna. Be bold. There is nothing to see or hear now. There are no senses. It is all pure consciousness only.

Thou art *Atma*. Thou art not this perishable body. Destroy the *moha* for this filthy body. Do not utter in future "my body". Say, "this instrument".

★

The sun is setting now. It is drawing all the rays within. Sit for meditation. Again have a dip in the sacred *Atmic* Triveni within. Collect all the rays of the mind and plunge within quite deep into the innermost recesses of the heart.

Give up all sorts of fears, cares, worries and anxieties. Rest in the ocean of silence. Enjoy the eternal peace. Your old Jivahood is gone now. All limitations have disappeared. If the desires and old cravings try to hiss, destroy them by the rod of *Vivek* and sword of *Vairagya*. Keep these two with you always for some time till you get *Brahma-Sthiti* (fully established in *Atma*).

Om is *Sat-Chit-Anand*. *Om* is Infinity, Eternity. Sing *Om*. Feel *Om*. Chant *Om*. Live in *Om*. Meditate on *Om*.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good.....Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly.

—Marcus Aurelius.

No man need fear Death; he need fear only that he may die without having known his greatest power—the power of his free will to give his life for others.

—Dr. Schweitzer.

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Immortal India—14

SRINGERI

J. H. Dave



H.H. Sri Jagadguru Abhinava Vidya Ti the present Head of the Mutt.

★

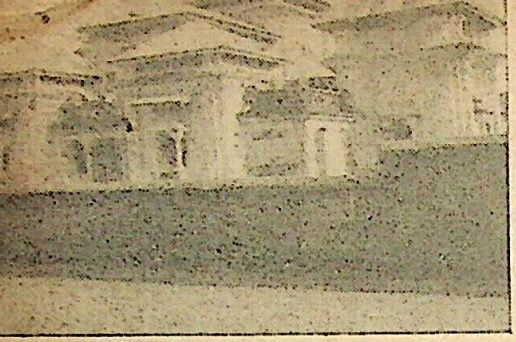
कटाक्षे दयार्द्रां करे ज्ञानमुद्रां
कलाभिर्विनिद्रां कलापैः सुभद्राम्।
पुरस्त्रीं विनिद्रां पुरस्तुङ्गभद्रां
भजे शारदाम्बामजस्रं मदम्बाम्॥
—*Sri Sankaracharya.*

"I CONSTANTLY worship my Mother, the Saradamba,—Goddess of Learning—who is soft with compassion in her glances, who is having the *jnana-mudra* in her hand, who is full-blown or expanded in all the digits of knowledge, who is blessed in her long flowing hair, who is the waking and watchful presiding deity, and in front of whom flows the river Tungabhadra".

Sringeri is situated about 60 miles west of Birur in the Kadur district of Mysore on the left bank of river Tungabhadra. About 9 miles from this place is the hill called Sringa-giri or the Rishya-sringagiri of the Ramayana fame—and from which the name Sringeri is derived. It was the birth-place of Rishyasringa.

Sage Rishyasringa was the son of Sage Kashyapa Vibhandaka. The legend says that once while Sage Vibhandaka was having his river bath he saw the heavenly figure of Urvasi. The sage was moved. A female antelope had then come to drink water and along with water she took the sage's *virya* and gave birth to a manlike child with a horn, who later came to be known as Rishya-sringa, i.e. having the horn of an antelope. The antelope who was a Deva-kanya with a curse died soon after giving birth to this child. The boy was brought up exclusively by his father Vibhandaka who imparted him all knowledge. Being born of an antelope, the boy was very shy and timid and never came in contact with anyone, particularly a female, till he attained manhood. Once during the reign of King Romapada of the Angas, there was a terrible drought and the population was in distress. The king was advised that if the pious Rishya-sringa came to his country, the rains would fall in plenty. Roma-pada arranged a stratagem to

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Sringeri Mutt.

entice away Rishyasringa from his father's hermitage. A damsel was entrusted with this work. She constructed a floating hermitage on a boat. Innocent Rishyasringa took her to be a Muni-kumar, went on the boat and was abducted to the country of Angas. On his very arrival the heavens thundered and bursted with plenty of rains to the utter amazement and satisfaction of Romapada. In gratitude the sage was married to Santa, the adopted daughter of Romapada and the natural daughter of King Dasaratha. The latter having no sons invited the sage to Ayodhya to officiate over the Putra Kameshti Yajna. That having been done, Dasaratha had four sons, Rama and three others.

The story of Rishyasringa is narrated in Vanaparva of *Mahabharata* and Balakanda of *Valmiki Ramayana.*

On this hill which is considered as the birth place of Rishyasringa, there is a Saiva temple of Mallikarjuna. Tradition says that sage Vibhandaka was absorbed in this Mallikarjuna-linga. Another tradition says that Rishyasringa was absorbed in the Sringeshvara-linga at Kigga, and that by worshipping this Sivalinga people never suffer from want of rains and there is no disturbance of a drought.

☆

The town near this hill, called Sringeri, has since the 8th century A.D. become sacred on account of the famous and leading monastery of Sri Adya Sankaracharya, who established three other Maths at Dwaraka, Badari, and Jagannath Puri.

The great Advaita Philosopher Sankaracharya (788 to 820 A.D.) was born on Vaisakha Sukla 5th at Kaladi in Malabar on the bank of river Poorna, the son of Sivaguru and Shri Ambika, being a Nambudri Brahmin of Black Yajus, Taittiriya Sakha. His father died in his childhood. The mother brought him up and had performed his sacred thread ceremony. Within a short time, he proved a prodigy and acquired all knowledge. He desired to be a Sanyasin but out of intense love and regard for his mother he could not disregard her wishes. Once he was held by a crocodile in a river and the mother permitted him to take sanyasa with a hope that he might still survive even as a Sanyasin. He promised to come to her at her death and perform her funeral rites which he did in spite of the opposition of local Nambudri brahmins. He then went on the bank of Narmada to Govinda Yati, disciple of Gaudapada, and got initiated in yoga and Advaita philosophy. He came to Banaras and had his *digvijaya.* He composed *bhashyas* on Upanishads, Brahmasutras, Gita, Vishnusaha-

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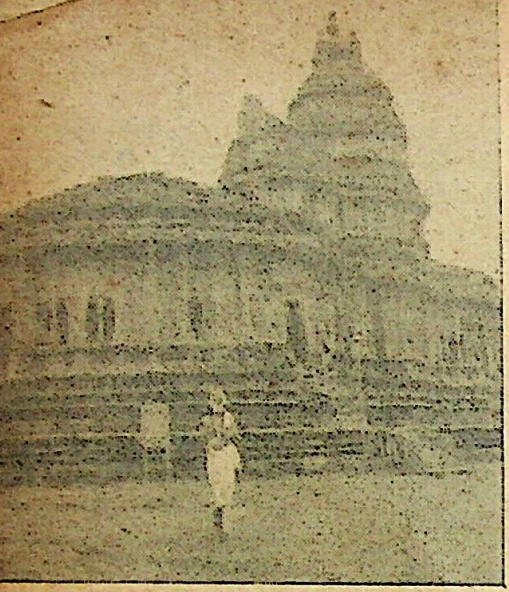
sranama and numerous *stotras*. At Prayag, he met the great Mimamsaka Kumarila Bhatta who was about to give up his body by entering into fire. He therefore went as directed by Kumarila, to Mahishmati and defeated the famous Mimamsaka Mandanamisra and also expressed his readiness to answer delicate questions asked by Mandana's wife Bharati who presided over the debate. It is said that Sankara acquired this knowledge after entering the dead body of King Amaruka. Mandana became his pupil, and as sanyasin was known as Sureshvara Acharya. Sankara's chief disciples were Padmapada, Hastamalaka, Trotaka, and Sureshvara.

Then Sankara came to Sringeri on the bank of Tungabhadra and established his chief monastery. The reason why he selected Sringeri is stated thus. Sankara saw a cobra spreading out its hood like an umbrella over a pregnant frog in mid-sun, forgetting their natural enmity. This induced the great Sankara to select it as the site. It is said that Sankara was the incarnation of Siva, Mandana of Brahma, and Mandana's wife, Bharati, of Sarada. Sankara established at Sringeri Sarada's image with a Shri chakra in front of her, bound her down with Mantra, prayed her to remain there constantly and started the Bharati Sampradaya there for the propagation of the Advaitavada, reforming the *vamacharas*, purging Hinduism of incoherent elements, defeating non-vedic faiths, co-ordinating the worship in the Panchayatana system and preaching the doctrine of ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन्मिथ्या जीवो ब्रह्मैव नापरः।

Sri Saradamba



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ıple of Vidya Shankar. The sun's rays on each of twelve pillars each month

"Brahman alone is the Absolute Truth; the multiplicity of the world from the relative point of view of this Highest Truth is unreal, the Individual soul is Brahman and none else." He co-ordinated all Sruti-vakyas, on Saguna and Nirguna Brahman, by expounding the doctrine of Avidya or Maya and its Adhyasa or superimposition. He carried on similar work from Dwaraka, Badari and Puri Maths. He went even to Kashmir and received the highest honours and ovation. In Assam, one defeated Pandit practised black magic on him which though immediately averted by his powerful disciple, Padmapada, ultimately told upon the health of the desireless and indifferent Acharya. He came to Kedar and at the age of 32 or according to another view at the age of 38, this topmost and illustrious philosopher, saint, Bhakta, far-sighted organiser, and dynamic religious reformer finally entered a cave, never to return. Another tradition says he had his Samadhi at Kanchi.

Padmapada undertook to write a full commentary on Sankara's Sutra-bhashya. After completing it he went on the Rameshvara pilgrimage, leaving the manuscript with his Mimamsaka uncle. The latter destroyed it to the utter disappointment and shock of Padmapada. His *Panchapadika* and *Atmabodha-Vyakhyana* alone have survived. He was in charge of the Dwaraka-Peeth according to tradition.



Sureshvara was installed on the Sringeri Peeth. Tradition identifies him with Mandana and Visvarupa. Mandana is the author of *Brahma-Siddhi* in 4 chapters. As Sureshvara, he is the author of *Naishkamya-siddhi* and *Vartika* on the Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad-Bhashya. In further explaining Sankara's theory, Sureshvara resorts to *Abhasa-vada,* Vachaspati to *Avachchheda-vada,* and Sarvajnatmamuni (author of *Samskhepa Sariraka*) to the *Pratibimba-vada.*

After Sureshvaracharya, this Sringeri Peeth has been occupied till now by an uninterrupted succession of learned Swamis. The present Swami, H.H. Sri Jagadguru Abhinava Vidya Tirtha is the 35th in the line.

In the 14th century A.D. Sringeri saw one of the greatest Gurus on the Gadi, the profound Yogi and Scholar, Swami Vidyasankar or Vidyatirtha, who was consecrated

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in 1228 A.D. and who had his Samadhi in 1333 A.D. i.e., who was the head for more than 100 years. After Vidyatirtha Swami, Bharatikrishnatirtha Swami became the head from 1328 to 1331 A.D. and was succeeded by another famous Guru, Vidyaranya Swami who was consecrated in 1331 A.D. and had his Samadhi in 1386 A.D.

Vijaynagar city came into existence in 1336 A.D. Tradition says that Hakka and Bukka, officers of Pratapa Rudra, ruler of Tailangana, came to Swami Vidyaranya, sought his divine help and on Magha Sukla 7th Saka 1258, Thursday, in the midday's Abhijin-muhurta established the city of Vijaynagar. Bukka was appointed the King.

Vidyaranya who was then at Banaras was specially invited to help in founding the Vijaynagar kingdom and to take charge of the Sringeri Math. The Vijaynagar rulers, needless to say, paid special homage to Vidyatirth, Bharatitirtha, and Vidyaranya and made several grants to the Math.

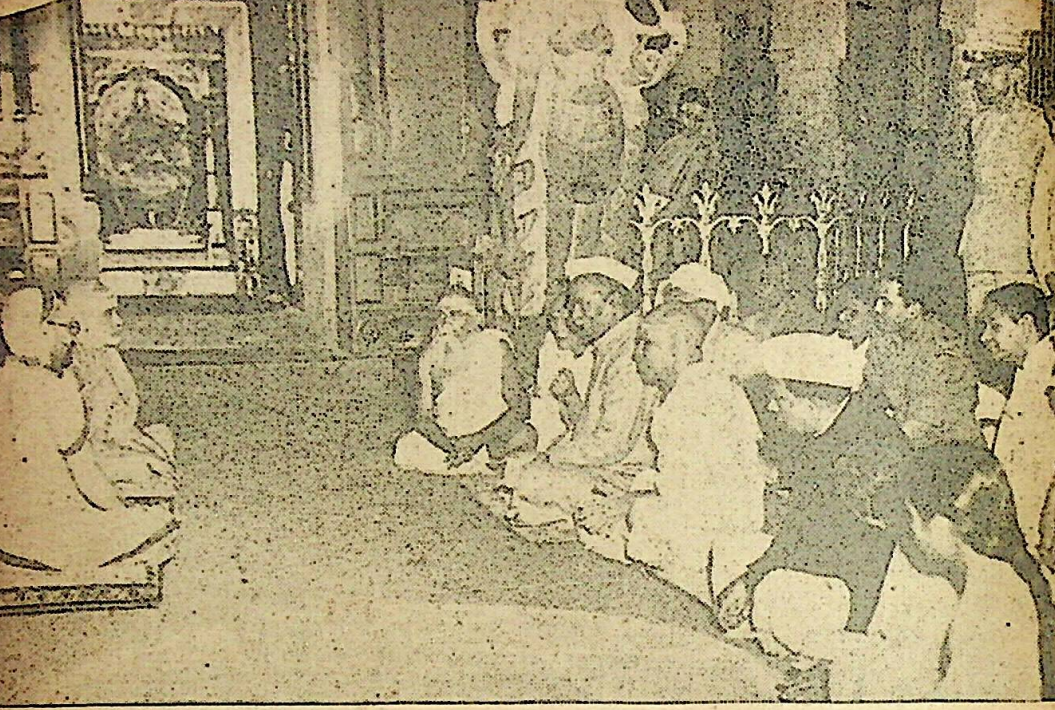
The pious Vidyatirtha Swami gave up his body according to tradition, in a special way. He practised the *Lambika Yoga* and entered an underground cellar which was to be opened after 12 years. It was promised that in 12 years his body, by occult powers, would become a Sivalinga; but curious people opened the pit in 3 years and found only a linga in formation.

Vidyaranya is usually identified with Madhava. Madhava was the son of Mayana and Srimati, of Bharatwaja Gotra, black Yajus, Baudhayana Sutra and the minister of Bukka. He and Sayana are sometimes identified while others describe them as brothers. As Madhava, he is credited with having composed Bhashyas on 4 Vedas, on the Brahmanas of 4 Vedas, commentary on *Parasara Smriti, Jaiminiyanyayamalavistara, Sarvadarshanasangraha,* etc. and as Vidyaranya he composed *Vivaranaprameyasangraha, Jivamuktiviveka,* and *Panchadashi.* Madhava is a great polymath and has written on almost all branches of knowledge and has done immense service to Sanskrit literature, Dharmasastra and philosophy. Some scholars do

Students of the Veda Pathsala attached to the Math along with their instructor.



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Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad in conversation with His Holiness the present Sankaracharya and his predecessor when he paid a visit to Sringeri Mutt.

not accept these identifications of persons. Dr. Kane has pointed out that *Viramitrodaya* treats Madhava and Vidyaranya as one. Vidyaranya appears to have three Gurus, Vidyatirtha, Bharatitirtha and Sankarananda.

In sacred memory of his guru Vidyashankar or Vidyatirtha, Vidyaranya got built through the Vijaynagar Ruler the extant and famous Vidyashankar temple of Siva at Sringeri. He also got installed a golden image of Sarada in place of the sandalwood image installed by the Adi Guru Sankara. Successive rulers paid homage to and donated villages for the upkeep of the math and the temple which is unique in construction and is apsidal at both ends. The doorways have fine dwarapalakas and the outer walls have various animal figures and puranic scenes. Among the other temples at Sringeri is that of Janardana and in a niche there is a stone figure of Sankaracharya 1¼ feet high. There are also figures of Vyasa and Brahma with labels giving their names.

Jewels of Goddess Sarada are very costly; there are ruby figures of Venugopal and Srinivas, Nandi of a large single pearl and several other precious articles of worship.

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Sringeri records have numerous grants and communications from various rulers. There are about 20 inscriptions of the Vijaynagar

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period. One grant of Harihara II records the death of Vidyaranya. There is a letter dated 1800 A.D. addressed by Peshva Baji Rao Ballal, Pradhan, to the then Guru Sachchidananda Bharati Swami (1770 to 1814 A.D.) conveying the decision of the Peshva to pay Agra-Puja or first honours to Sringeri Math in all the assemblies that met for religious purposes and requesting the Swami to send his representatives to Poona and other places to receive that Pooja.

There are three respectful communications of Hyder to the Sringeri Math. In one of them Hyder says that as Raghunath Rao Peshva had desired the then Swami to visit his place, Nabab Hyder Ali Khan Bahadur had sanctioned 10½ thousand Rupees for journey expenses of the Swami and an elephant, five horses, a palanquin and five camels, with gold cloth for the Goddess, five silk pieces for standards and a pair of shawls.

There are about 30 records of Tippu. Some brigands had looted the Sringeri Math and displaced the Goddess Sarada. Angry Tippu reverentially writes to the then Swami "People who have sinned against such a holy place are sure to suffer the consequences of their misdeeds at no distant date in this Kali age in accordance with the verse:

हसद्भिः क्रियते कर्म रुदद्भिरनुभूयते ।

"people do evil deeds smiling but will suffer the consequences weeping." (Mysore Archaeological Department Annual Report, 1916, p. 74).

Tippu has repeatedly requested the Sringeri Guru to offer prayers to the God and to send his holy blessings so that there might be peace in the country and his armies might be victorious. In one of the letters he expresses great pleasure at the *Sahasrachandijapa* performed under the Swami's guidance for the welfare of the country and ordered to supply all necessary materials for the performance of religious rites according to Sastras, making money gifts to the Brahmins engaged and feeding 1000 Brahmins a day for 40 days, and as stated in a subsequent letter Tippu says that the Japa was really very effective. When Sringeri Guru had been out on a tour Tippu wrote to him "In whatever country holy personages like yourself may reside, that country will flourish with good showers and crops. Why should you live so long in a foreign country? Please finish your work soon and return." (Mysore Arch. Dept. A.R. 1916, p. 75).

H. H. Sambu Chhatrapati, the Peshvas and other Maratha States like Scindia, Holkar, and others, also paid homage and respect to the Sringeri Gurus who have been venerated by a very large population of South India and the Maratha country as the great spiritual guides and whose influence has been immense in the whole of India.

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The great spiritual organisation established by Shri Sankara has made a cultural conquest of the country without an army and has stood the test of time and gained veneration, respect, help and patronage even from Sultans like Hyder and Tippu. Sringeri had a line of highly philosophical saintly and scholarly Swamis succeeding to the Peeth, and the farsighted organising ability of the Adi Guru Sankara proves itself to be collosal and amazing.

Shri Sankara was not only a philosopher expounding a dry Maya-vada but a great Bhakta as well. When he had the Darsana of Lord Visveshvara at Kasi, he prayed:

यात्रा मया सर्वगता हता ते
ध्यानेन चेतःपरता हता ते।
स्तुत्याऽनया वाक्परता हता ते
क्षन्तव्यमेतत् त्रयमेव शम्भो ! ॥

"In having your Darsana here in Kashi, Oh Siva! I have committed three great sins. One is to have Your Yatra, the other is to have Your thought, the third is to pray You—by having the Yatra I have sinned in imagining the Omnipresent as limited in space to Kasi only; in thinking about and praying You, I have sinned in imagining that the Infinite can be grasped by the finite mind and speech. Kindly forgive my said three sins."

He thus prays to Vishnu:

सत्यपि भेदापगमे नाथ !
तवाहं न मामकीनस्त्वम् ।
सामुद्रो हि तरङ्गः
क्वचन समुद्रो न तारङ्गः ॥

"O Lord! even after realising that there is no real difference between Jiva and Brahman, I beg to state that I am Yours and not that You are mine. The wave belongs to the ocean, not the ocean to the wave."

Sankara presents to us the true ideal of philosophy, which is not so much knowledge as wisdom, not so much logical learning as spiritual freedom. For Sankara, as for some of the greatest thinkers of the world, Plato and Plotinus, Spinoza and Hegel, philosophy is the austere vision of eternal truth, majestic in its freedom from the petty cares of man's paltry life. Through the massive and at the same time subtle dialectic of Sankara there shows forth a vivid, emotional temperament, without which philosophy tends to become a mere game of logic. A master of the strictest logic, he is also master of a noble and animated poetry which belongs to another order. The rays of his genius have illumined the dark places of thought and soothed the arrows of the most forlorn heart. While his philosophy fortifies and consoles many, there are, of course, those to whom it seems to be an abyss of contradiction and darkness. But whether we agree or differ, the penetrating light of his mind never leaves us where we were.

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

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K. M. Munshi

VEDAS: ROCK OF THE AGES

THE Vedas have been the rock of our ages, the symbol and the source of the cultural continuity of India; and preserved through ages in immaculate accents, they have been the source of inspiration of all that India stands for. One of the greatest achievements of India has been the preservation of the Vedic Samhitas through ages and I hope modern India will not ignore its responsibility of keeping alive the torch of Vedic knowledge.

Nations and races cannot be kept together, nor their continued existence in effective strength be maintained without a chain which binds their past to the present and the future. The Vedas have provided this chain. And it would be a disaster indeed if, in our love for modernity, we forget to preserve all that is best in our past.

Even the methods of learning and preservation of ancient knowledge require to be modified in the light of modern times. There will be few *Samhita-pathis* in this generation who will preserve the purity of accents in the Vedas. It is necessary therefore that we should take advantage of scientific means by getting the whole of the Vedas recorded on discs with proper accents.

Vedic learning is a vast subject. There have been many commentaries and many views. Many European countries have specialised in Vedic learning. It is unfortunate that there are few institutes in this country which specialise in the comparative study of the Vedas.

If Sanskrit in which the Vedas have come down to us has to be preserved, it cannot be treated as a mere religious asset. Sanskrit is the store-house of all that is best in man. We have not merely to preserve Sanskrit in the old way, but we have to do what Bhagirath did to bring down the Ganga from Gangotri to the plains, so that ordinary men can drink its waters and our fields could be irrigated to produce plenty.

Similarly, if Sanskrit has to play its proper role in the modern world, we must not only maintain the study of Sanskrit in the old way, but make of Sanskrit a living, spoken language which might prove a useful vehicle of modern thought and expression.

This requires that all our old Vidyalayas and Pathshalas must insist upon Sanskrit as the living medium of imparting education, may be to a select circle, and must include in the courses of their studies subjects which might be useful to the student in his future career.

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KRISHNA ON KARMA

Dilip Kumar Roy



[Sanjaya, Dhritarashtra's emissary, comes to the Pandavas who are staying with King Virata and lectures them on the advisability of peace against war, stressing what is expected of spiritual aspirants. He admonishes Yudhishthira that 'karma' (action) is a 'maya' and leads one away from the Goal which can only be attained through 'jnana' (knowledge). Thereupon Krishna flares up and corrects him.]

YOU hymned inaction as the end of wisdom.
But tell me: would not such a perilous gospel
Lead to stagnation? Who would find on earth
The last clue to the Goal of life through mere inaction?
Teaches not all experience that action yields
Welcome results which never could accrue
Were we all to sink in deep inaction's slough?
Some claim, indeed, that man can only arrive
When, shunning all activity, he treads the path
Of knowledge alone. But have you ever met
A man, however wise, whose hunger or thirst

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Was appeased through the perfect stillness of inaction?
Nay, my friend, and so we find in this world
That even the Illuminates have been prescribed action.

And then reflect: why have the sages praised
Learning? Because it leads to a deep fulfilment
Through action and so we laugh at pedantry
That thrives but at the expense of fruitful action.
Also remember: only action can
Supply our urgent needs which must ever dog
Even the man of knowledge. And so we find
That the highest sages all enjoin right action
Guided by knowledge, and discerning men
Condemn that barren gospel, as of the weakling's,
Which extols mere knowledge, divorced from illumined action.
Friend, read the Book of Life for the lesson it teaches:

Winds spread their message of joy because they blow.
The sun brings day, alternating with night,
Because of sleepless movement. So the moon
And stars and planets bring to bear their deep,
Beneficent influence because of motion.
Could tongues of fire ever fulfil their function
Were flame to cease to will to glow and burn
Untiringly? Behold: our mother earth
Yields fruits and harvests and bears the burden of life,
Moved by the unflagging energy of her love.
Rivers appease the thirst of sentient creatures,
Transforming arid tracts into fertile fields,
Because they flow on ever pauselessly.
The clouds dissolve in healing, fecund showers
To fulfil their function all the time. And lastly,
Even the high Gods earned the title to reign
In the radiant Heaven because they had first attained
Their envied Godhood through an arduous
Discipline of stupendous aspiration.

—Mahabharata, Udyoga Parva, Canto 29.

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Fulton J. Sheen

PRAYER

HAPPINESS is conditioned upon the vision of a larger world. Hardly anything in this world lives by itself. Coal needs oxygen to burn; fish needs water to swim; birds need the air to fly; plants are in communion with the sun, which is over 92 million miles away from the earth. Every animal organism demands the whole of nature as its complement. It is too obvious to need development to remind man that his sufficiency is not from himself. We are not creators of energy; we are transformers of energy. It is a simple lesson in dynamics that the power that we expend is due to the power that we take in from without. As Alexis Carrel has said, "All beings seek to augment finite strength by tapping infinite reservoirs of power." This contact is achieved by prayer. Nature is to the body what God is to the Soul.

As the deaf are dead to the great environment of harmony and sound, such as the laughter of a child and the sigh of a waterfall; as the blind are dead to the environment of beauty, such as the first spring flower and the radiant glow of the sunset—so there are those who were Deity-blind. This condition they have imposed upon themselves as if they had plucked out their own eyes. Some call themselves humanists, boasting that they can lift themselves by their own bootstraps or be healthy by breathing in the same air they breathe out. Others are atheists, who have well been defined as those "who have no invisible means of support." Human nature has the unfortunate tendency often to depreciate what is unknown, such as a love of poetry or good music. One of the reasons why many are unhappy in this world is because the body is going too fast for the soul.

The great difference between the contact of lower creation with nature, and the contact of the soul with God is that the first is automatic and the second is free. Respiration, digestion, circulation, vision are reflex actions. It is harder to hold the breath than to breathe. This suggests that some positive effort of restraint is made to shut out an environment which is helpful to our well-being.

At any moment of our lives there are floating round in our environment sound waves bearing music, comedy, political discussions, operas, and other radio programmes. In like manner, the Divine energy of peace and joy is floating through this world, but many are not receiv-

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ing it because they choose not to tune in by an act of the will.

It is for free men to accept or reject the favours and blessings of God. Man must *will* to receive. Prayer is an opportunity to let in what would otherwise be left out. Air is there if we breathe, light is there if we open our eyes, and the gifts we receive from heaven depend on our trust. Prayer opens possibilities. House plants cannot live without water; the flowers will give us their blossoms only if we give them water. Windows will let in light, if we clean them. Our hearts will let in God, if we purify them. Blessings come to those who put themselves in an environment of love.

A sick man who was brought to a hospital said to the good nun in charge, "I haven't prayed in thirty years. Pray for me." She said, "Pray for yourself. Sometimes the strange voice is the one most quickly heard."

Prayer may be briefly treated under the three titles of petition, worship, and action.

In petitionary prayer, we do not tell God our needs, for He knows those before we begin. Rather we give Him an opportunity to bestow them on us. Prayer is helplessness casting itself on Power, infirmity leaning on Strength, misery reaching to Mercy, and a prisoner clamouring for Relief.

God has two kinds of gifts—those He gives us whether we pray or not, and those He gives us on condition we put ourselves in the area of His Love. God may want to give us something but cannot, because our hands are full of tinsel. Many regard God as an aviator regards a parachute. They hope they never need Him, but if they do, He may come in handy.

Prayer does not change God's will, but it may change ours, that we become receptive to His blessings. A father wishes to send his son to college. During high-school days the boy becomes recalcitrant and disobedient, steals, has a police record, and becomes a juvenile delinquent. He is finally sent to reform school. Has the father changed his will about sending him to college? The father still wills it, but the boy does not go to college even though the father wills it. It is because the boy has not fulfilled those conditions which were necessary for the father's giving him a college education. Prayer, in like manner, is the fulfillment of conditions which make greater blessings possible.

God does not need praise; we need to give it. In many homes at springtime, little girls about three and four years of age go out to the lawn and gather up bunches of dandelions. The mother is presented with them very solemnly.

The mother does not need the dandelions. But the child needs to give them. By accepting the dandelions, mother is training the child in love, kindness, and goodness. God does not need our praise; we need to give it.

[Courtesy: *Omnibook*]

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U. Ba Nyunt

CULTURE AND FREEDOM

U Ba Nyunt is the Mayor of Rangoon. In this article which is a condensation of his inaugural speech at the Conference of Cultural Freedom in Asia at Rangoon last month, he draws attention to the dangers of over-emphasising technology and economic planning over traditional philosophy and culture.

CULTURE is the precious possession of man. It is what distinguishes him not only from the beast but distinguishes one individual from another. Man is moved not merely by material needs. He is equally moved by intellectual and emotional needs. These intellectual and emotional needs of man have created the cultural growth of mankind. That is why they say that man does not live by bread alone.

It is true that it is bread that makes living possible, and that to a starving man God appears in the form of food. But the moment man's basic material needs are satisfied his spirit is released and it starts roaming over the entire expanse of thought and imagination.

★

When it is said that culture is the fruit of leisure it only means this. It means that the possibility of culture arises only when the minimum basic needs of man are satisfied. But these needs are what man shares with beasts. He does not share with them, or rather the beasts cannot share with man, culture. That is one thing which is man's peculiar glory. It is entirely the creation of man. It is the fruit of this spirit.

This spirit cannot be caged without destroying its most fine and valuable elements. Its operations cannot be confined to a set pattern. Culture fixed to a set pattern is like a pool of stagnant water, which might, for a moment, create an impression of serenity and tranquillity, but which ultimately must create an atmosphere of disease and death.

Developing culture is like a running stream whose rhythm symbolises the rhythm of life. The mind of man is the most sensitive instrument of culture and unlike stomach or sex, its needs are not fundamentally physical. Nor are they limited. They are limitless both in quantity and quality. That is why culture cannot grow without freedom—freedom to expand and freedom to explore. Unless man's mind is left completely unfettered in its innate quest for variety, for newer experience, for experience for its own sake, it would not function fruitfully.

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Culture and cultural freedom are identical things. There is no culture without freedom and freedom is meaningless without culture. A man whose needs of the spirit are not satisfied, who, therefore, lives on the level of beasts, cannot be called free.

But the necessity for freedom itself imposes certain obligations. Rabindranath Tagore wanted the winds of all cultures to blow freely on him, without, of course, being swept away by any one of them. It is indeed a tragedy that so many division walls have arisen in the modern world that the free flow of cultural winds has become almost impossible.



Another point we should not forget is that in the wake of political emancipation from alien rule, the peoples of Asia today are trying to bring about better economic conditions. Some of our governments lean towards the principles of the modern Welfare State. In this endeavour there is the danger of the State becoming absolute, unless, of course, the principles of democracy are strictly adhered to.

In some parts of the world the implementation of the Welfare State principles requires the suppression of all opposition. The governments become insensitive to public opinion. In fact the individual exists for the State and not *vice versa*. And the State authority is vested entirely in the hands of one or a few selected individuals. These are done all in the name of the all-powerful State. Eventually the iron grip of such a State extends beyond its own frontiers and a new form of imperialism appears.

As long as all of us do not lose hold of the traditional cultural values in our economic or any kind of the State planning, the danger of totalitarianism can be kept off.

We in Asia can fall easily into the grip of totalitarianism, if we rush carelessly for the "get-rich-quick" technology and economic planning without paying due regard to the traditional philosophies and cultures. A spiritual vacuum, resulting from rejection of traditional philosophies, poverty from lack of equitable economic planning and "technical know-how", illiteracy, are factors which pave the way for totalitarianism.

Culture is indeed the best means of solving such problems and I believe that men of culture are best fitted to wield this weapon. For, unlike the politicians, they deal in humanity. They are concerned with the basic values of human experience. They are concerned with men's minds, and thoughts, and emotions which are the basic factors of human understanding.

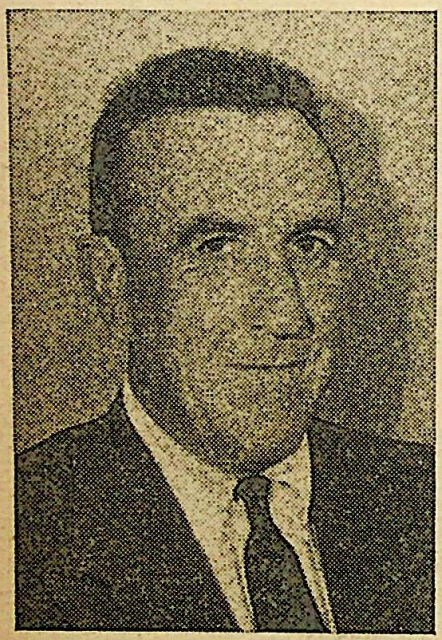
Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains.

—Carlyle.

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Chester Bowles

THE REAL OBJECTIVE



ON India I was often asked, "Would America be concerned about our poverty if she were not afraid of our going Communist?" My answer was that I believed we would. I fervently hope I am right.

There is an apocryphal story going the rounds of Asian capitals which by indirection says something which we should take to heart.

It seems that when the Prime Minister of the tiny state of Monaco heard about the Marshall Plan, he flew to Washington to apply for aid. His modest request was viewed favourably until an official happened to ask. "By the way, how is your Communist problem?"

The Prime Minister replied proudly, "We have no Communists in Monaco. We are a poor but sensible people."

Our official was embarrassed and explained reluctantly that if there was no Communist problem it would be nearly impossible to get Congress to vote the necessary funds, however sound the projects.

Not to be so easily daunted, the Prime Minister went home by way of Paris, where he called on the French Foreign Minister. "Please be good enough to loan me some of your surplus French Communists," he requested, after presenting his problem. "Just enough to break some windows and put on a good demonstration for the American newsreels."

The Frenchman said he would like to help Monaco get its aid, but after some hesitation he is supposed to have replied, "I'm sorry, my friend, we would like to be good neighbours, but we need every Communist we've got."

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Here is a point worth remembering. How silly we must sometimes seem reducing every question to the Communist equation. Some of the questions are bigger than Communism. World development, symbolized by the concept of Point Four, is potentially far bigger than Communism. If all the Communists on earth disappeared overnight, the need for foreign aid to assist new struggling peoples to achieve stable democratic societies would still be there.

The challenge is to do what we ought to have done without the Communist challenge. But can we do what needs to be done out of fear or negation? We did not build our own country in order to oppose some foreign ideology but because we had a positive faith of our own. Only in that way can Asians build their new countries, and only in that spirit can our presence be of any real assistance.

It is essential that we should ask ourselves some blunt questions about our real objective in extending Point Four aid in Asia and Africa.

Is it to make America popular?

Is it to buy the people's gratitude?

Is it to win allies in the Cold War?

Is it to increase the acceptance of Capitalism abroad?

Most of these objectives, like stopping Communism, are desirable by themselves, but if we make them the direct essential goals of our foreign aid I am confident that we will achieve none of them.

As I see it our primary objective is to strengthen democracy in the new free nations of Asia for its own sake, without regard to occasional disagreements with them which are certain to rise. Democracy presupposes disagreements, and it is democracy to which we as a nation are above all committed.

If these new nations are successful in creating governments which are strong, democratic and solidly supported by their people, we can stop worrying about the spread of Communism in Asia. Then we can surely expect to see many of the other objectives which I have listed achieved as by-products.

If we ask for thanks we will get none. But if we concentrate on the work that needs to be done we will be embarrassed by all the thanks we will get.

[From *Ambassador's Report.*]

Have love; not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities to all.

—Schiller.

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G. L. Mehta

OUR PROBLEM OF THE BLIND

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.

—Milton.

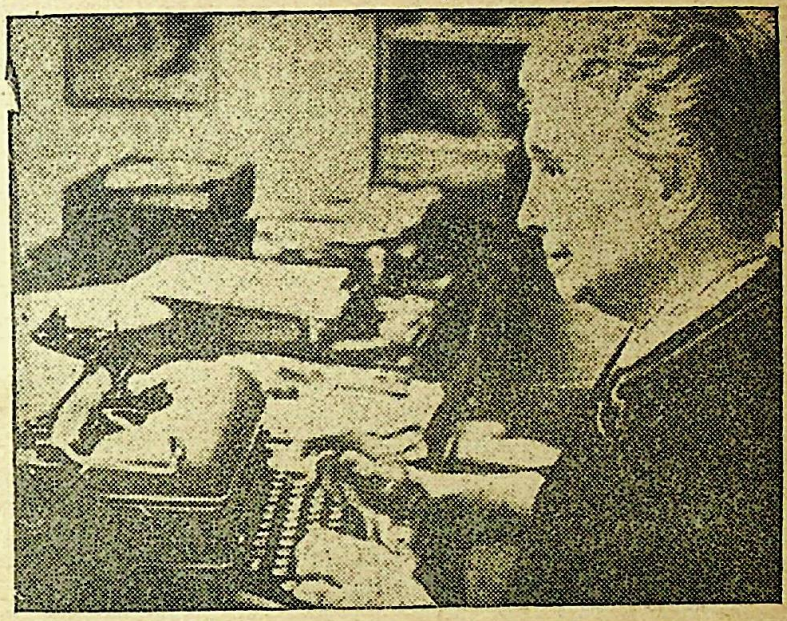
WE have a tremendous problem in respect of our blind who number two million, or nearly one-fifth of the world's total; the incidence of 500 out of every 100,000 individuals in India is, with the possible exception of Egypt, unfortunately the highest in the world.

The earliest homes for the blind were established in India in the reign of Emperor Asoka in the third century B.C. We had blind poets and singers who are famous through the ages.

In modern times, the first school for the visually handicapped in India dates from 1887. We have now fifty such schools, mostly of the elementary kind, where instruction is provided free. Recently, a large-scale blind welfare centre has been established at Dehra Dun comprising a kindergarten school for blind babies, an elementary and secondary school for blind boys and girls, a training centre for the adult blind, a sheltered workshop, a teachers' training department, a central Braille Press and a Braille circulating library. Training is to be free at this Centre and Government are providing board and lodging and clothes to the students.

Voluntary effort in India as elsewhere has played an important part in educating the blind, while Governments at the Centre and in the States have given financial and other aid to charitable organizations. Now, happily, the emphasis is shifting from charity to a recognition of the right of the handicapped individual to live and to enjoy life like other normal citizens. This right involves a corresponding obligation on the part of society. Councils on Blindness are being established in various States and at the Centre, not merely to provide education but also to create opportunities for rehabilitation and, as far as possible, to eradicate the causes which lead to blindness. In addition to these measures, the Government of India remit customs duty on all apparatus and appliances imported by recognized

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Miss Helen Keller, the well-known deaf-blind author who is touring India now at the invitation of the Government of India.

public institutions for the blind and permit travel on the Indian railways of the blind student with his sighted companion for the payment of a single fare. Reduced postal rates for Braille literature have been in existence for a long time. The Ministry of Education at New Delhi also awards to blind students 30 scholarships a year for higher education and advanced professional training.

India has been playing an important part in the evolution of a uniform Braille script for the world. It was at the suggestion of the Indian Delegation in 1949 that UNESCO undertook this study and a substantial measure of international uniformity has been achieved as a result of various conferences. In accordance with UNESCO's recommendations, we have evolved a common Braille Code for the principal Indian languages, which in itself is no small achievement; fortunately, this Code can also be used in our neighbouring countries like Ceylon and Malaya. The Central Braille Press at Dehra Dun has already produced a number of Braille books in Hindi and some regional languages and it is now experimenting with the production of special games for the blind.

[*Condensed from his speech in New York.*]

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V. A. K. Ayer

THE HOLI

THE *Holi* is an ancient festival celebrated on the full-moon day of Phalgun all over India in one form or another. Tradition has it that Lord Krishna ordained it on request in commemoration of the demoness Holika whom he killed. But having regard to the fact that the festival occurs in the harvest season and the commencement of the spring season, scholars opine that it is of astronomical and pastural significance which, by long usage, has become conglomerate at the present date.

The word *Holi* is derived from the Sanskrit *Sol* meaning sour or *Solika* meaning coldness. It is therefore quite reasonable to presume that the ancient people celebrated the disappearance of bleak winter and the emergence of green spring by lighting bonfires and making merry as is done even today in *Holi*. Again, wheat, gram and sugar, as against other eatables, which are used for *naivedya* etc., on this occasion, lead us to conclude that the crops which are harvested at this time, are naturally dedicated to God by a grateful people.

In Western India, people light bonfires and make a peculiar noise by beating their mouths briskly with the back of their hands, mumbling some words. The fire so lighted is propitiated as the goddess, and in a native state the fire used to be lit first by the Ruler. The fire was relayed to others by means of torches lit from the first fire.

The warrior clan among the Marathas dance round the fire singing till they become delirious. They throw red powder on one another and play outdoor games all through the night. When over, they bathe in the water heated on the bonfire. Next morning which is called *dhulvad (dhul* means dust) they throw the dust on one another and make merry. Women dare not move out of the house on this occasion, lest they be booed by the menfolk.

In Bengal, *dolas* or cradles, professedly for Lord Krishna, are hung and worshipped with *naivedya* of wheat, gram and raw sugar. Bonfires do not figure there. Is it too much to presume that the cradle and Krishna signify the spring season?

Strangely enough in the south, there is no bonfire; the festival is celebrated by the rural folk to the accompaniment of Rati's lamentations in songs over the demise of her husband Manmatha at the hands of Lord Shiva to whom the prayers are thus directed. In some places mock-fights between men

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and women take place where the woman runs away with sheafs of grains and the man gives her chase.

In some of the erstwhile native states the festival is rounded off on the fifth day called the *Rangpanchami* when the rulers used to hold grand *durbars* and coloured powders or liquids used to be thrown on officials. At home too, this throwing of colour is indulged in. Since bright colour is a visible manifestation of innate joy, the early folk naturally indulged in them freely.



Young revellers besmearing Rashtrapati Rajen Babu's forehead with coloured powder during Holi festivities.

There are some variations of this practice in *Puranic* accounts too. *Jaiminiya* for instance says that the bonfire should be worshipped in front of a bower inside which a *dola* or cradle for Lord Gopala (cow-herd literally) should be hung. Indra-dyumna, the warrior-saint, was the first to celebrate this festival in the forests of Brindavan. The *Patalkhand Purana* advocates the cradle but not the fire, and the use of red, yellow and other auspicious coloured powders. *Garuda Purana* mentions both fire and powders. *Haribhakti Vilasa* mentions *Chaitra* as the proper time for the performance of the cradle-ceremony.

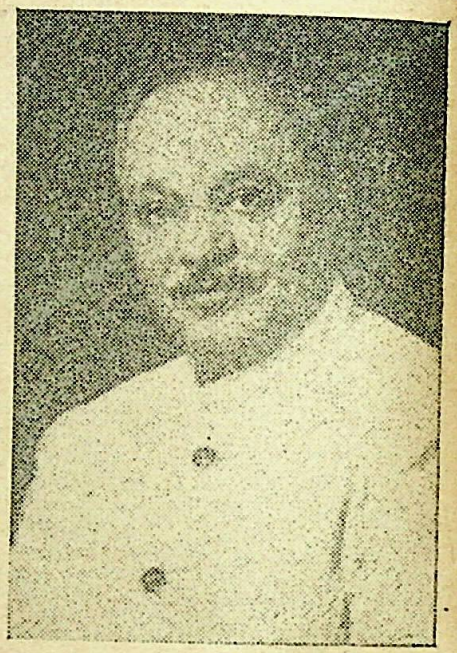
It would thus appear that the *Holi* was originally connected with the astronomical seasons and the harvest of the ancient people who celebrated it to express their gratefulness to the Almighty for bounties received. This practice has come down to the present in differing ways due to long and extensive usage. Environment had much to do with the variant forms. It is not too much to expect that in the changed circumstances and outlook of our country and the world, the festival may assume a newer and more appropriate shape. That could not be unless the intelligentsia of the country understood the meaning and spirit behind it and cultivate a passion for perpetuating it in a manner suitable to the times.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—16

THE JAM SAHEB

V. V. Baxi



RULERSHIP is a superimposition forced upon an individual by birth or a combination of fortuitous circumstances. The manifestation of the personality of the individual, however, is a process of growth, of the evolution of the better instincts in him. The change, therefore, from one to the other, in a highly evolved soul connotes merely the shuffling off of the crust; it brings out the essential character of the individual in bold relief. This is what exactly has happened in the case of the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, the Rajpramukh of Saurashtra after the merger, for, for all the changes, he continues to be the friend and solace of the people of Saurashtra.

Between the terms Jam Saheb and Rajpramukh lies the historic link between the old and new order. Shri Digvijayasinhji forms, as it were, the bridge between the two which is now a *fait accompli.*

Think of it, it is amazing that this distinguished personage with ancient historical traditions, combining in himself the indelible characteristics of the princely order of old, the intellectual strength, tact and foresight of a statesman, should metamorphose with effortless grace from an autocrat to a Constitutional Head functioning in a complete democratic frame-work. Indeed to a casual observer who knew him as the Leader of the Kathiawar Princes and as the creator of the Joint Central Organization, this overnight transformation might have caused a little diffidence. But to those who knew him intimately and have had occasion to watch the qualities of his head and heart at close quarters there was little surprise. And time has vindicated their stand.

The Jam Saheb is a keen student of national and international poli-

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tics. He keeps astride of all political events that make history. This has given him the clarity of thought and power of discernment by which he foresees and adapts himself to the shape of things to come. When the fortunes of the country were in the melting pot and with it, the future of the Princely order, this leader among the Saurashtra Princes was the cynosure of the entire Princely India. At that crucial moment he saw with rare clarity where the good of the country lay and did not hesitate to throw his lot, along with his colleagues, with Independent India and the late Sardar Patel whom he affectionately calls his brother. Indeed, his was the most substantial contribution in the integration and creation of the Saurashtra State.

The Jam Saheb's is not a complex personality. He has a strong individuality. Having experienced it once, it is hard to forget its force. His talks, particularly in Gujarati, are characterised by clarity and intelligence; they are punctuated by witty observations hard to find in persons of his cadre. He is a good mixer. An excellent host, his table is always sumptuously laid. Although his lunch and dinner hours are late, he offers you delightful food and companionship regaling you across the table with endless anecdotes.

The Rulers of Nawanagar are traditionally accessible to their people with ease, and love to have their people near them always. This is particularly so in the case of the present Jam Saheb. Since becoming Rajpramukh this contact which had been confined to his old State, has now extended to the whole of Saurashtra. It is a pleasant sight to see the Head of the State pat the peasant on his back, talk to the tiny tots of the village-school with a twinkle in his eyes, say hello to the fashionable schools-girl or greet the decrepit old woman of the farm affectionately.

When Saurashtra was affected by famines and floods, the Jam Saheb did not spare himself and toured the affected areas radiating cheer and encouragement to the sufferers. By his character and example he inspires loyalty and respect in a large measure from the people of Saurashtra.

His utter informality is charming. At the time of the installation of Sri Somnath, he stripped himself of all his princely robes and participated in the function in the robes of a *pujari*, which incidentally, points to his *bhakti* to the Lord.

The Jam Saheb is a great connoisseur of art. His art collection contains some very valuable works which are the envy of the world connoisseurs of art.

As a Constitutional Head, he is fully alive to the working of his Government and works hard for the progress and prosperity of his State which is always at his heart.

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NOTES & NEWS

MAHABHARATA AND RAMAYANA RECITAL

H.H. Sri Shankaracharya Swami of Kanchi desires that the following portions in *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* may be read in any suitable language during the period commencing from 25th March, 1955 to 28th April, 1955.

In *Mahabharata,* the Chapter in Shanti Parva in which the Pattabhisheka of Yudhishthira is narrated, be read on 25th March, 1955.

In *Ramayana,* the first half of Kishkindha Kanda, from the first Chapter upto and including Sugriva Pattabhisheka Chapter be read commencing from (Punarvasu) 31-3-55 and concluding on the next (Punarvasu) 28-4-55. On Sri Rama Navami day 31-3-55, the Chapter on Sri Rama's Birth may be read by all.

Persons who read *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* as mentioned above may expound in the evenings or at nights, whenever convenient the purport of the chapters they read that day to such of those devotees as may assemble at their house or some other convenient place for hearing the exposition. This should be attempted even if the audience consists of one or two individuals.

Readers of *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* as indicated above are requested to intimate their decision to the Manager, Sri Shankaracharya Mutt, Camp, Kancheepuram. Mantrakshata Prasada sanctified by the recital of the name of "Sri Rama" will be sent to them at the time of Sugriva Pattabhisheka.

Those who are in the habit of reading *Ramayana* daily may not disturb their daily programme and continue to read *Ramayana* according to their original procedure even during the above period. In addition to their regular reading, the chapter on "Sri Rama's Birth" may also be read on Sri Rama Navami Day, 31-3-55.

THEY DON'T DRINK OR SMOKE

Speaking in Bombay the other day, M. Moshkarkin, leader of the Russian Football Team touring India, said that in the Soviet Union, there were one million football players, and no special treatment was given to them. Those working in factories were allowed to leave their factories two hours earlier for practice. None of the players in his country were addicted to drinking. They only drank lemon juice and soda water. Only a small fraction of the players smoked. Indian players can well take a leaf out of their example.

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Vetala Pachchisi—13 *Serial*

THUG AND THE DAMSEL

SAID the ghoul:
O king! There is a city named Chandra-hriday, and a king named Randhir ruled there. In the city there was a merchant named Dharmadhwaj, who had a daughter by name Shobhani. She was very beautiful.

It so happened that robberies became a nightly occurrence in that city. When the merchants experienced much vexation at the hands of the thieves, they all went to the king in a body and said, "Your majesty! Thieves have committed great outrage in the city; we can no longer dwell in the place."

The king replied, "Well; what has happened, has happened, but henceforth you shall suffer no annoyance; I will take vigorous measures against them."

After saying this, the king summoned a number of watchmen and ordered them to keep guard, and directed them how to keep watch, and commanded them to slay the thieves wherever they found them, without asking any questions.

Guards began to keep watch over the city, by night, and yet robberies continued to take place.

All the merchants proceeded in a body to the king, and said, "Your majesty has sent watchmen, and yet the thieves have not decreased in number, and thefts occur daily."

The king replied, "You take your leave now; from tonight I will go forth to watch over the city." On hearing this, they left the king, and went each to his own home.

When it was night, the king took his sword and shield, and began his watch over the city on foot and alone. Having advanced some distance in the course of his watch, and looked closely, he perceived a thief coming towards him. On seeing him, the king called out, "Who art thou?"

He replied, "I am a thief; who art thou?"

The king said in reply, "I also am a thief."

He was pleased on hearing this, and said, "Let us commit a robbery together."

Settling this matter between them, the king and the thief, conversing with one another, entered one of the quarters of the city, and after committing thefts in several houses, carried off the articles, and came to a well outside the city, and having descended into it, ultimately reached the chief city of the nether regions.

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The thief stationed the king at the gate, and took the money and treasures to his own house.

In the meantime a woman-servant came out of his house, and, seeing the king, began to say, "Your majesty! What a place you have come to with that miscreant! Well will it be if, ere he return, you fly hence as fast as you possibly can; otherwise he will kill you as soon as he arrives."

The king replied, "But I do not know the road! In which direction should I go?"

Then the servant showed him the road, and the king came to his palace.

On the following day the king, with all his forces, went to the chief city of the nether regions by the road down the well, and surrounded the entire household of the thief; but the thief, escaping by some other road, went to the ruler of that city, who was a demon, and said, "A king has led an attack against my house with a view to kill me; at this moment either you must aid me, or I will give up dwelling in your city, and take my abode in some other place."

On hearing this, the demon said, graciously, "You have supplied me with food; I am well pleased with you."

Having said this, the demon went where the king was with his army, surrounding the house, and began devouring the men and horses. And the king fled on beholding the form of the demon; and all such as were able to run away, escaped; and the rest the demon devoured.

The king was running off alone, when the thief came and cried out, "Art thou, a Rajput, flying from the battle?"

On the instant of hearing this, the king halted again, and the two confronted each other, and began to fight. At length the king overcame him, and bound his hands behind his back, and brought him into the city. After that, having him bathed and washed, and clothed in fine apparel, and mounted on a camel, he sent him all round the city, accompanied by a crier, and ordered the impaling stake to be erected for him. Whoever among the people of the city saw him said, "This same thief has plundered the whole city, and the king will now impale him."

When the thief arrived near the house of the merchant Dharmadhwaj, the merchant's daughter hearing the sound of the crier's drum, asked her handmaid, "What is this proclamation about?"

She replied, "The king has brought captive the thief who used to commit robberies in the city. Now he will impale him."

On hearing this, she also came running to the lattice to see. No sooner did she behold the thief's comely figure and manly form than she became fascinated, and coming to her father, begged "Go to the

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king this moment, and return with that thief released."

The merchant protested, "How can you expect the king to release the thief who has robbed his whole city, and on whose account his whole army has been destroyed?"

She again urged, "If you have to give up even all you possess for the king to release him, bring him away free; and should he not come, I too will sacrifice my life."

On hearing this, the merchant went to the king, and said, "Your majesty! Receive five lacs of rupees from me, and set the thief at liberty."

The king replied, "This thief robbed the whole city, and my whole army was swallowed up through him. I will not on any account let him go."

When the king did not heed his request, the merchant returned home in despair, and said to his daughter, "I said all that it was possible to say, but the king did not consent."

In the meantime, taking the thief round the city, they brought him to a stand-still near the impaling stake.

The thief, hearing of the predicament of the merchant's daughter, first laughed aloud, and then wept bitterly.

The people in the meanwhile pulled him down on the stake.

The merchant's daughter, receiving intimation of his death, came to the same place to sacrifice herself to death for his sake.

She had a funeral pile erected, and sitting thereon, had the thief taken off the stake, placed his head on her lap, and quietly seated herself to be burnt. She was on the point of having the torch lit, when Devi instantly came out of Her temple and said, "Daughter! I am pleased with thy courage; request a boon."

She asked, "Mother! If thou art pleased with me, restore this thief to life."

Thereupon the Goddess said, "So shall it be."

Having said this, She brought nectar from the under-world, and restored the thief to life.

Having told so much of the story, the ghoul inquired, "Say, O king! why the thief first laughed, and why he wept afterwards?"

The king replied, "I know the reason why he laughed, and I know also why he wept. Attend, O ghoul! The thief thought within himself,—'Now that she is giving up all that she possesses to the king for my sake, what return can I make?' He wept at the thought of this. Again, however, he reflected, 'She loved me when I was about to die: the ways of God are inscrutable; He bestows wealth on the unlucky, knowledge on one of low origin, a beautiful wife on a fool, and He causes rain to fall in showers on the mountains.' Thinking of such things, he laughed."

[To be continued]

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Read

NAVANEET
(Hindi Digest)

✶

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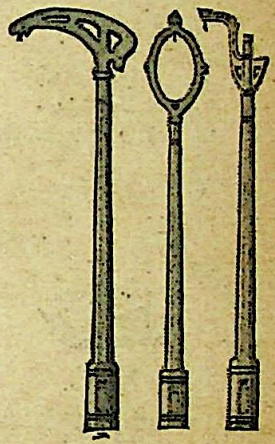
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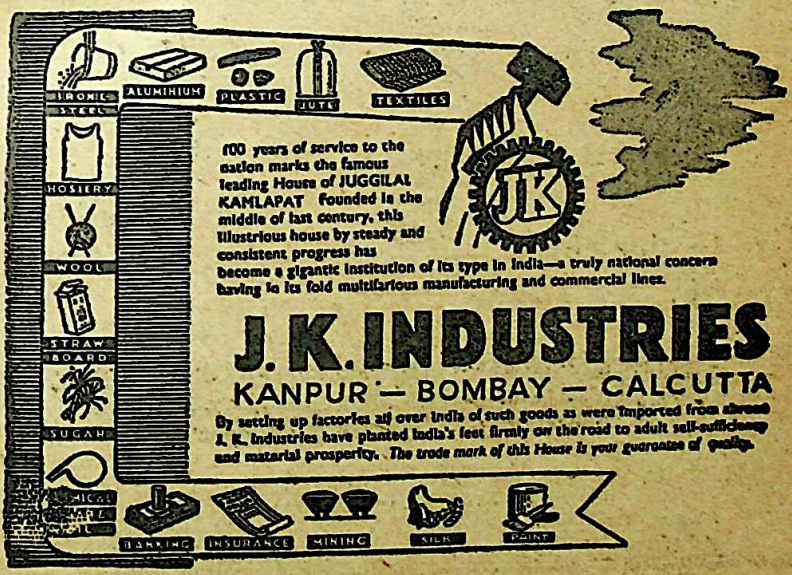
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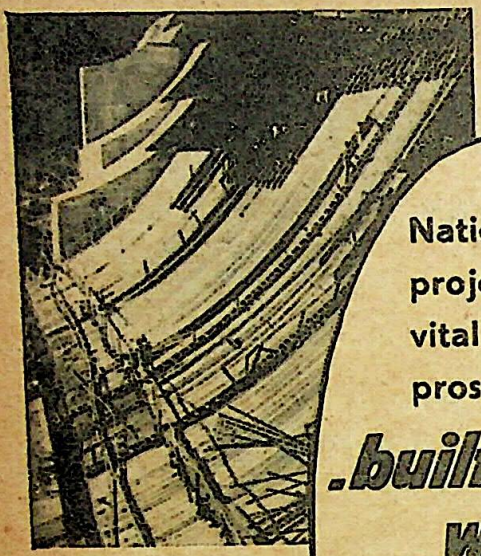
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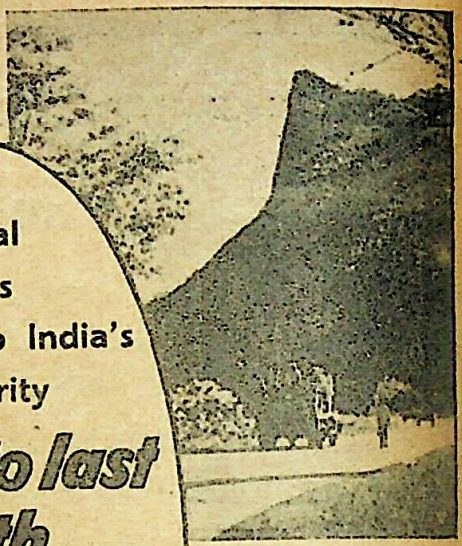


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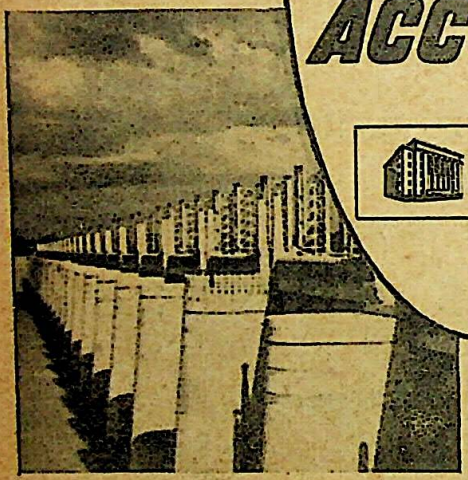
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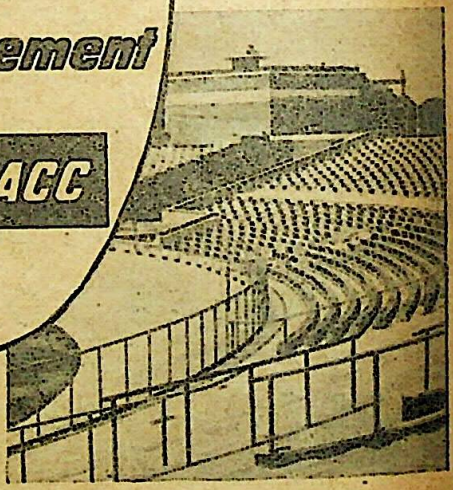
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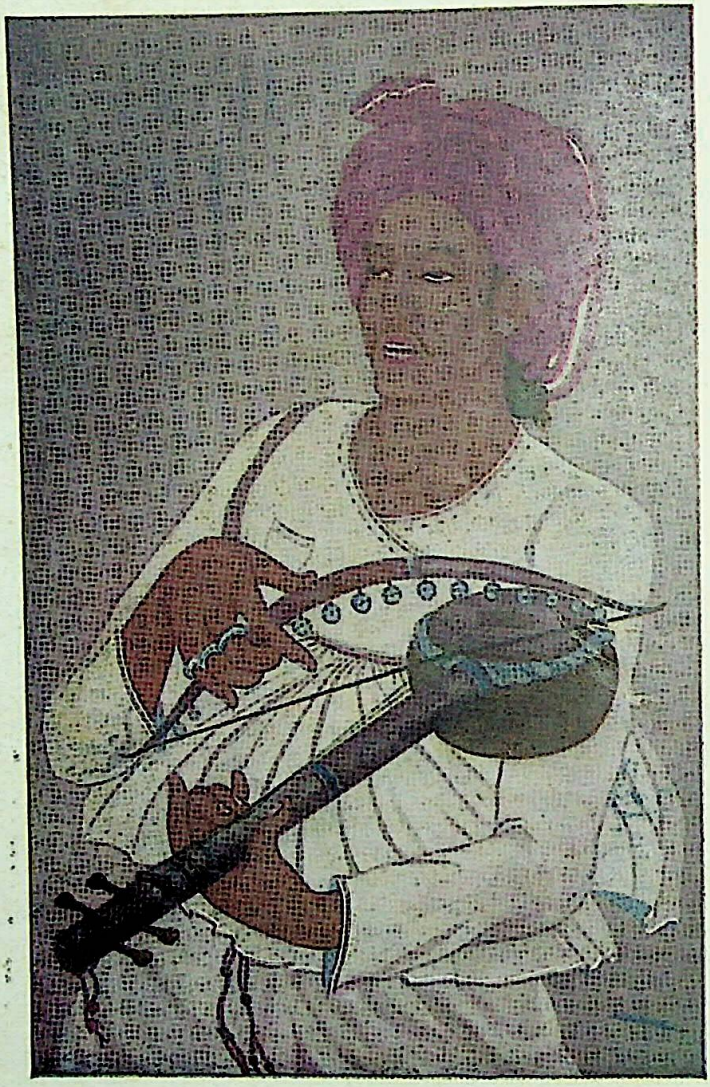
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March 27, 1955

Bhavan's

BOOK UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

Vol. I (Fortnightly) No. 17

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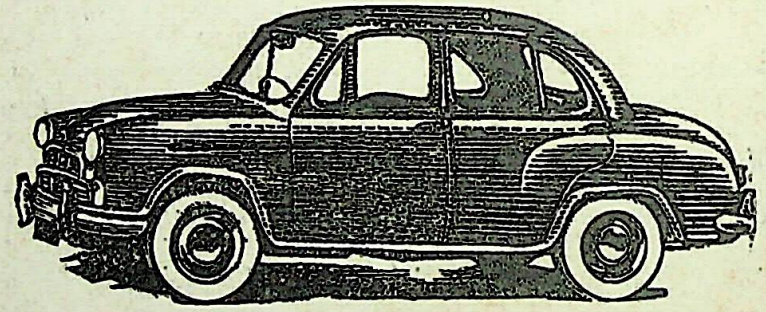
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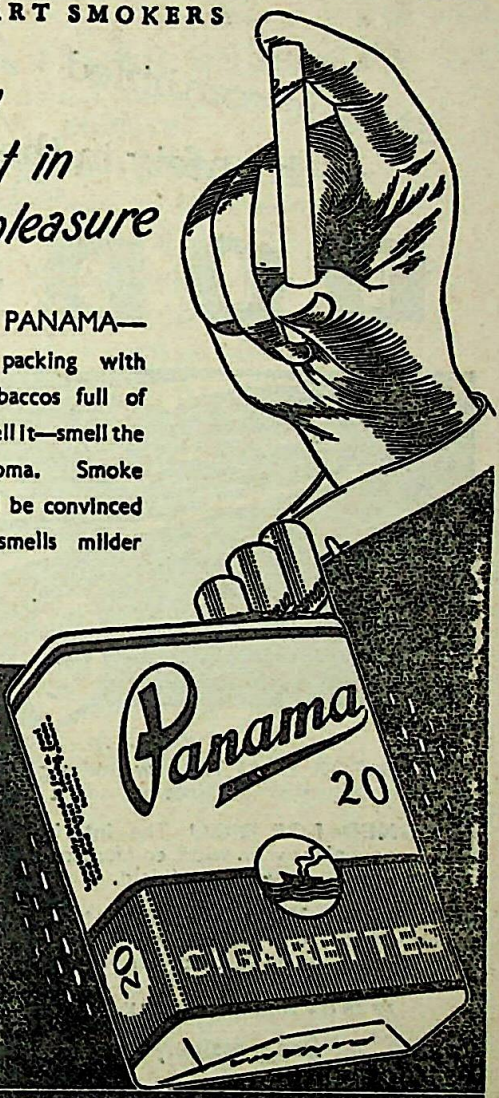
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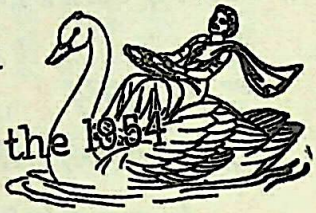
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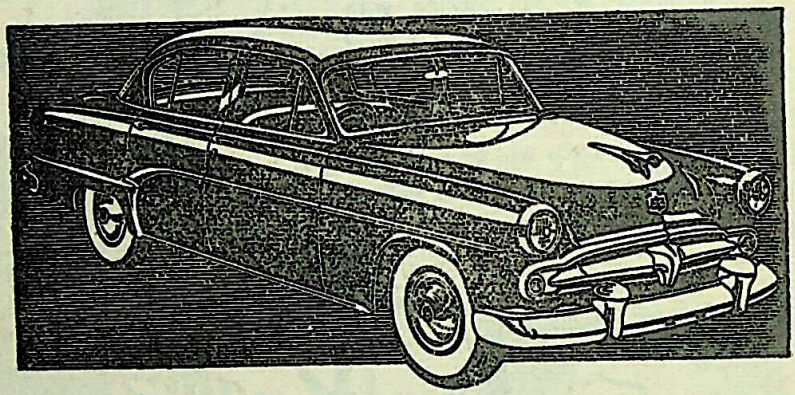
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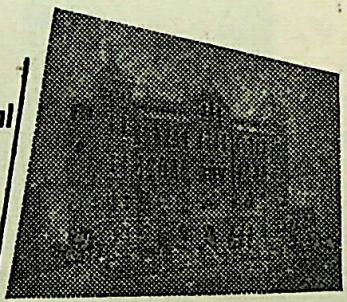
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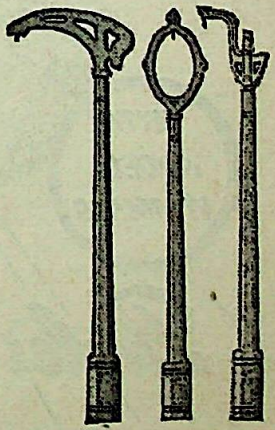
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 17] [MARCH 27, 1955

OUR GREATEST NEED

The world's great need is Fellowship,
When all, as Comrades true,
Will live, not only for themselves,
But for their fellows too.

While Nature sheds her gifts around,
The aim of all should be,
That these, and labour's due reward
Are shared with Equity.

"Do as you would be done unto"
For long has firmly stood,
With meaning clear—to will, and do,
To others, only Good.

To "love our neighbours as ourselves", to try to helpful be,
Will banish discord, pave the way
To human harmony.

To "Love our enemies" is hard.
Yet kindly action may
Change enemy into a friend,
And be the only way.

To men and nations this applies,
And may, in time, give birth
To what we mostly need to-day—
Goodwill, and Peace on Earth.

—E. C. Ratcliffe.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 71

★ The Portrait Of An Aristocrat ★ The Baroda Khatput
★ Our Gateway To Heaven

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
March 27, 1955.

My Young Friend,

In my Letter No. 61, I referred to Kishandas, my great grandfather, and his two sons: Kashiram and Anupram. The true aristocrat of the century, however, was Narberam Munshi, the youngest son of Kishandas, my grandfather.

A photograph and a portrait of him still survive to give me an idea of how he looked. He is short and stout. His chin ends when his throat begins and, no one can say where that is. His two small eyes look at you with pride and defiance. His ears stand out at right angles. His face, full but not flabby, bears the stamp of irascibility and an authoritarian temper. He wears the old-fashioned *jhaga* with Kashmiri embroidery and his huge turban is placed on his head at a rakish angle. The *dhoti* he affects is elegant, with broad Nagpuri borders. His socks are brightly coloured and the points of his *nawabi* shoes curl up haughtily.

This is, indeed, an irascible, generous man, full of self-importance and of the love of life, who could hate and love well.

At eighteen my grandfather found employment as a Persian writer in the Broach court—a sort of ancestral zamindari. In 1842 Anupram, his elder brother, then Native Assistant to the Resident of Baroda, died. The Resident himself supported Narberam's application to succeed him, saying, "His late brother served the Honourable Company faithfully, but did not flatter the Guickowar Government, which was the cause of his death owing to enchantment." The application was rejected.

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Narberam knew both Persian as well as English well and the Assistant Judge thought him to be "a very clever and talented man, who bore a high character among the inhabitants of the town." In 1848—at twenty-nine—he was appointed Shirishtedar—a permanent assistant—to one Andrews, the District Judge of Surat. It was with this appointment that grandfather was to step into a most intriguing episode which was described in two of the voluminous blue-books of the East India Company and that was entitled "The Baroda Khatput."

*

Haribhakti was the owner of one of the rich firms of Baroda, then the capital of the Gaekwads. On his death he left two widows, the younger of whom—Joita Shethani—claimed to have given birth to a posthumous child.

The *munim* of the firm, Baba Nafra, sided with the elder widow and insisted that the child was spurious. Owing to his great influence with the Gaekwad he was able to have Joita Shethani arrested. The child was handed over meanwhile to the Arab guards, who murdered it.

Joita Shethani escaped from jail and fled to Bombay where she placed herself under the protection of the Company's Government. With the unlimited funds at his disposal, however, Baba Nafra was powerful with the Gaekwad, the Resident and the Governor of Bombay and the complaint of the helpless young widow remained unheeded.

During this time Andrews had been serving as Resident of Baroda, but he was now transferred to Surat as District Judge and Captain Outram, later to be Colonel and of the Mutiny fame, succeeded him.

Outram was an aggressively honest man. It was his sincere belief that the East India Company had embarked on a righteous mission in India. On taking charge of his office, therefore, he at once secured the arrest of Baba Nafra and started an enquiry into the *munim's* intrigues against Joita Shethani.

In the course of the enquiry a memorandum was found among the papers which ran: "Rupees three thousand and one paid to Saubhagyavati Bai Saheb and rupees hundred given to Saheb for being handed over to Ladkoba." On seeing this the so-called Native Assistant to the Resident had a whispered conversation with Shambhuram, the Kotwal of the Gaekwad, who was present. Outram overheard the name of Andrews while they talked, grew suspicious and asked indignantly: "How dare you refer to the British ex-Resident in this matter?"

Shambhuram Kotwal replied: "This is an account of the bribe given by Baba Nafra to one Saubhagyavati Bai Saheb, who is no

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other than Dulhin, the mistress of Andrews. Ladkoba was his clerk and this money was evidently passed on to Andrews."

Outram was outraged. On August 31, 1850 he wrote to Andrews, asking him to say whether or not he had taken a bribe.

Andrews was a trained lawyer, and knowing well the distinction between suspicion, charge and proof, he asked Outram how he had come to the conclusion that "Saubhagyavati" was the same person as his mistress, Dulhin and that the memo referred to himself.

Outram hated lawyers and everything to do with law. He had come to India to establish the rule of righteousness and was prepared to stand no nonsense. He sent back the strong rejoinder: "I am not an Old Bailey attorney; I am a British officer."

On September 28th, my grandfather accompanied by his lawyer uncle, arrived at Baroda where he had been sent by Andrews to take inspection of the documents involving the ex-Resident. This Outram allowed him to do but in the presence of the Native Agent and the Kotwal, who, as ill-luck would have it, happened to be a relation of the Munshis, and their enemy.

Grandfather did not behave like an inspection clerk; there could be no doubt about that. He spread his net far and wide in the interests of his chief. The Kotwal, the family foe, carried tales to Outram. Grandfather's presence in Baroda became unsafe, his arrest was imminent. Without ado promptly he wound up his work and hurried back to Andrews at Surat.

A vigorous correspondence between Andrews and Outram ensued. Andrews complained "You did not help my Shirishtedar properly; you prevented him from taking a proper inspection of the papers; Shambhuram Kotwal and your Native Assistant conspired to ruin Narberam's attempts to vindicate my character."

Outram's reply was equally aggressive. "Narberam, he was a wily native" he said. "He started taking copies of papers not relevant to the case; he engaged persons to spy on my Native Assistant. He also went about telling people that I was a mere soldier; that I did not understand my business; that I was likely to be transferred; that if a civilian officer came in my place, all the opponents of Andrews would be punished. And this native went further: he alleged that I—Outram—had been won over by cheats and that a committee had already been appointed to inquire into my conduct. This wicked Shirishtedar of yours even insulted me and the Gaekwad ...."

The whole matter went up in appeal to Lord Falkland, then Governor of Bombay. Falkland

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severely censured Outram for indulging in an unwarranted attack on a British officer, but he also blamed Andrews for sending his Shirishtedar to inspect the books. Outram, in brief, was foolish, but Andrews was innocent and the only guilty person was the native, Narberam. The Governor issued orders that grandfather should be punished.

Outram was furious. He wrote an angry letter to the Governor and resigned his post. The matter went up to the Directors of the East India Company in London. They held that though Outram had no doubt been foolish, he should be re-employed when a suitable vacancy occurred. As Andrews had died in the meantime, nothing could be done about him. Narberam was the villain of the piece and should be debarred from further promotion.

A fine example of British justice, this! Two British officers quarrel and, as a result, an Indian's career is ruined.

But the 'Baroda Khatput' was to have a curious finale. Baba Nafra was sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment. Joita Shethani returned to Baroda, her honour vindicated and grandfather, having resigned his post in indignation, returned to Broach to become the undisputed monarch of the Munshi Heights. He was only thirty-two at the time.

☆

Grandfather was an old-world Indian aristocrat to his finger-tips. In the morning, after his bath, he went to the family shrine, performed *sandhya* and did *puja* to the family deity Mahadeva. Mondays were, of course, reserved for the ceremonial known as *rudri*.

One morning in 1856, says the family tradition, grandfather was performing his *puja* in the little family shrine when Nana Saheb, the leader of the Great Revolt of 1857, came to see him in the guise of a sadhu, who was busy collecting money for the campaign he was planning. After a whispered conversation it is said that grandfather gave him Rs. 5,000.

This incident was not a thing to be advertised; it was only mentioned in the family circle in whispers and even as forty years later when I was a boy. It certainly was not very safe to let it be known that a Munshi of the Heights had helped the leader of the Anti-British Revolt, but it shows what ostensibly pro-British Indians felt about the new foreign rulers. This incident came into my mind when people privately placed thousands at the disposal of the Congress leaders during the Bombay *satyagraha* of 1930.

Grandfather was held in tremendous awe by everyone who knew him. When he sat down to his morning meal, the only persons who dared serve him was grandmother, Daya Ma. If someone else

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happened to be there he was most unhappy; anything might go wrong and grandfather was apt to explode in a leonine roar.

After a little rest, grandfather would put on clean white garments of the finest *mulmul*. He was rather fastidious about his clothes. Every week they were sent to fashionable Surat by bullock cart to be washed, for the dhobis of Broach were reckoned to be no good.

Grandfather's favourite place was near the window facing the public road and no one could pass by it without making him a low *salaam* or reverential *Namaskar*, and without offering an excuse for not being able to come in to pay their respects. Presently friends would drop in and a *darbar* would be held. Discussions were held on all sort of topics: affairs of the caste or of the town; astronomy, Ayurveda, the *Shastras*, even alchemy. Among the few papers of his which I came across half a century later, I found recipes in Sanskrit and Persian, magic incantations, even a few notes in English, all indited in a firm, elegant hand.

There was always a resident musician in the house to enliven the tedium of an uninteresting evening and sometimes a visiting musician would come to pay his respects, to sing a couple of songs and to receive a suitable gift. Often an intimate friend—say, for example the Desai of Broach, another leading man of the town—dropped in. According to the fashion of the times, they had a common interest, and a live one too, in the person of a Muslim dancing girl, who was almost a member of the family. I was told, indeed, that she was in the habit of visiting the household, of chatting with the ladies, and of teaching the children a tune or a song.

In my early days, grandfather was remembered by elderly people for a unique service he had rendered to the ancient town of Broach. The British Collector of the District decided to shift the cremation ground, and the townspeople were shocked. It was a sacrilege, for the *Puranas* had sung of the sanctity of *Dasasvamedh* for centuries. Grandfather was requested to intervene, whereupon he met the obdurate Englishman. "The site is sacred; you cannot change it", he said. Ages ago the demon Bali performed the ten horse-sacrifice here to win the rulership of the gods. Here it was that God, as the Divine Dwarf, pressed him down to the nether world. Since then the spot is the gateway to heaven. How then can you change it?"

I have little doubt that this argument went home, whether the British Collector could make any sense of it or not, for good fellow that he was, he rescinded his order. Up to now our gateway to heaven stands exactly where it was since

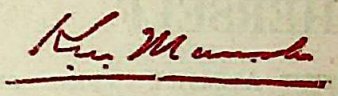
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the days of the Divine Dwarf and I hope it will continue so to stand, that all the residents of Broach may take a direct flight to the land of our ancestors.

To grandmother, a saintly woman, her husband was a god to be worshipped with the rare devotion of the old-world Hindu wife. When grandfather was dying, she refused in the spirit of a true *sati*, to contemplate the fearful prospect of surviving her husband. She therefore went into the family shrine and begged Mahadevji, our family deity, to take her away before her husband joined his forefathers. Her prayers were answered. She suddenly fell ill and died, and a few days later, grandfather joined her.

All this happened in 1869, when my father, Maneklal, grandfather's third son, was only sixteen.

Yours sincerely,



A CORRECTION

We regret that a mistake had crept in the last Kulapati's Letter No. 70. On page 11 of BUJ, first column, it was stated that the population of America showed the "phenomenal increase to 2,80,000,000". It should be read as "phenomenal increase by 28 lakhs."

Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man, a rope over a precipice, dangerous over, dangerous on the way, dangerous looking backward, dangerous shivering and making a stand.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge, and not a goal. What can be loved in man is that he is a transition, not a destination.

—Zarathustra.

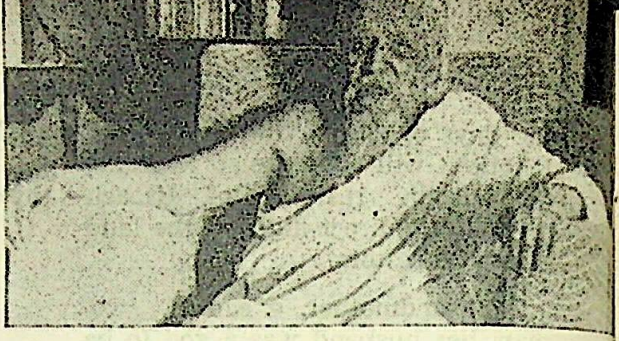
To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.

—Shaika Saudi.

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Sri Aurobindo

INDIA MUST REASSERT HERSELF



VALMIKI, Vyasa and Kalidasa are the essence of the history of ancient India; if all else were lost, they would still be its sole and sufficient cultural history.

Their poems are types and exponents of three periods in the development of the human soul, types, and exponents also of the three great powers which dispute and clash in the imperfect and half-formed temperament and harmonise in the formed and perfect. .

At the same time their works are pictures at once minute and grandiose of three moods of our Aryan civilisation, of which the first was predominatingly moral, the second predominatingly intellectual, the third predominatingly material.

The fourth power of the soul, the spiritual, which can alone govern and harmonise the others by fusion with them, had not, though it pervaded and powerfully influenced each successive development, any separate age of predominance, did not like the others possess the whole race with a dominating obsession.

It was the supreme misfortune of India that before she was able to complete the round of her experience and gather up the fruit of her long millenniums of search and travail by commencing a fourth and more perfect age in which moral, intellectual and material development should be all equally harmonised and all spiritualised, the inrush of barbarians broke in finally on her endless solitary *tapasya* of effort and beat her national life into fragments.

A preparation for such an age may be glimpsed in the new tendencies of spiritual seeking that began with Shankara and continued in later Vaishnavism and Shaivism and in new turns of poetry and art, but it found no opportunity of seizing on the total life of the nation and throwing it into another mould. The work was interrupted before it had well begun; and India was left with only the remnants of the culture of the material age to piece out her existence.. .. ..

Yet even the little that was done afterwards, proved to be much; for it saved her from gradually petrifying and perishing as almost all the old civilisations of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, petrified and perished, as the material civilisation of Europe, unless spiritualis-

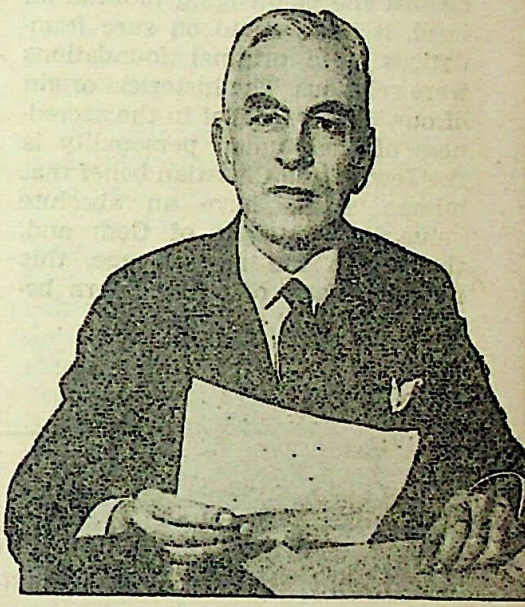
(Continued on page 50)

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Arnold J Toynbee

WEST MUST REVIVE RELIGION

I WOULD define true religion as being right belief and right feeling taking effect in right action. Without right action, right feeling and right belief have no virtue in them. By right belief I mean recognizing that (a) we human beings understand and control only a tiny fraction of the universe and (b) that there is a presence in the universe which is spiritually greater than we are and which is Absolute Reality. By right feeling I mean awe in face of the mystery of the universe and humility in the presence of Absolute Reality. By right action I mean trying to bring one's self-centered self into conformity with this spiritual presence behind the phenomena.



I have tried to put my definition in terms that hold good for the religions of the Indian family (Buddhism and Hinduism), as well as for those of the Palestinian family (Judaism, Christianity and Islam), with which we in the West are better acquainted so far.

If there were to be no religious revival, the outlook for the West, as I see it, would be unpromising. I believe our modern Western way of life is the expression of a belief in the sacredness of the personality of the individual. This high valuation of the individual personality in the West is being challenged today by communism and other totalitarian ideologies which deify the human community and maintain that the individual human being exists for the sake of the community, as the ant exists for the sake of the ant-heap and the bee for the sake of the beehive.

If this totalitarian exaltation of the community were to prevail

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over our liberal Western belief in the sacredness of the personality, that would, I should say, be the death of the distinctive ideal for which the West stands. If our Western ideal is to hold its own against the challenging totalitarian ideal, it must stand on sure foundations. Its original foundations were religious. The historical origin of our Western belief in the sacredness of the human personality is the Jewish and Christian belief that human souls have an absolute value in the sight of God; and, though, in the modern age, this religious basis of our Western belief has been forgotten or even repudiated, I cannot see any other foundation on which our belief can stand.

For this reason I think the outlook for the West would be unpromising if there were to be no religious revival. In looking forward to a religious revival I do not, however, expect to see us return to our ancestral religions in the traditional forms into which they had set in the age before the beginning of the modern Western scientific movement.

[Courtesy: *New York Times*]

Freedom is an indivisible word. If we want to enjoy it, and fight for it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone, whether they are rich or poor, whether they agree with us or not, no matter what their race or the colour of their skin.

—W. L. Willkie.

The war between Shiva and Rama may terminate, but their followers will go on everlastingly making faces at one another—the monsters on the one hand and the monkeys on the other.

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

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Harekrushna Mahtab

Reorientation of Indian Culture

CULTURE is an expression which can hardly be defined precisely but we all understand what it means. It means the process of refinement of the mind which expresses itself in tastes and manners. The refinement of the mind means its control over passions which, as you know, are six in number. The more these passions are controlled the more the mind is refined and the more the man is cultured. The control of the mind over the passions can be judged from one's tastes and manners which again are known from art, literature, etc.

According to Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, four distinct races of four distinct civilizations have acted and reacted upon one another in India from very ancient times. Unlike in almost all other countries, no race in India has been completely extirpated. Civilizations have perished in Mexico, Peru and in many other places; but here in India, since the most civilised and the most powerful race was also the most cultured race, it did not think in terms of extirpating other races and civilizations, but always absorbed them by exercising influence over others and also by allowing others to influence. There are still many regions in India where give-and-take of various civilizations is visible even today.

If a historical date is to be found as to when the maximum give and take took place, we have to go back to the period of Asoka. It is Asoka who tried his utmost to bring the whole of India under one culture through the process of non-violence and by prescribing only codes of conduct for every human being. Unfortunately, that period did not last long.

Then we have a long period of cultural disintegration as a result of which India became politically weak and at last came under foreign domination. After Asoka the whole of India did not remain ever under one political authority. The Moguls tried their utmost but they miserably failed. It was only under the British that the whole of India came under one political authority. But since it was a foreign power, it was not helpful in the cultural integration of India.

Here, I may say that cultural integrity and political sovereignty go together. If the culture of a nation has disintegrated, then poli-

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Dr. Hare Krushna Mahtab delivering the Ninth Convocation Address of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on 19th March. L. to R.: Sir C. V. Mehta, Justice Shri S. R. Tendolkar, Sir H. V. Divatia, Dr. Mahtab, Justice Shri D. V. Vyas, Shri J. H. Dave and Sir C. B. Mehta.

tical subjugation is bound to follow. Cultural disintegration results in spiritual degradation which brings about political downfall. In order that a nation may stand erect in the world, it must have spiritual support buttressed by political power.

That these two go together is forcefully expressed in the last verse of the *Bhagwad Gita*. The last verse says:—

यत्र योगेश्वरः कृष्णोयत्रपार्थो धनुर्धरः ।
तत्र श्री विजयोझलिः ध्रुवा नीतिर्मतिर्मम ।।

Alone Shri Krishna, the symbol of spiritual strength, cannot bring about victory, prosperity and stability; nor even the warrior Arjuna, alone, the symbol of political authority, can do the job. It is the combination of both Shri Krishna and Arjuna which brings about victory, prosperity and stability.

It is, therefore, wrong to think that political subjugation brought about India's cultural degradation. On the contrary it is cultural disintegration which brought about India's political downfall.

Gandhiji will no doubt go down in history as the political liberator of India and at the same time, be regarded as one in hundreds of years who successfully tried to bring about cultural integration of India. Historically, therefore, the Gandhian period is really the continuation of the period of Asoka after a long lapse.

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It is tolerance which means preparedness to influence and also be influenced, which is the catalytic factor which will produce strange effects all-round bringing about reintegration of Indian culture.

It has to be admitted that the Aryan culture is not the only culture which has been existing in India. True it is that its influence in India is very great but still there are some other cultures also even though their influence may not have been as great as that of the Aryan culture. The Dravidians and the Adivasis divided in several groups such as Kiratas, etc. had something of their own. They are even today proud of their past. The Aryan culture has absorbed in itself much of the culture which was pre-Aryan With regard to the philosophy, method of worship, language, etc., there has been absorption on a very large scale and that has produced the Indian culture. But it has to be remembered especially now when the new political set up with the adult franchise is in operation that there are large numbers of people who are still not fully within what is known as Indian culture.

Here, I think I should say what constitutes Indian culture. It means control of the mind over the passions, which is to be manifested in the feeling of oneness with the universe. This is the spiritual ideal of Indian culture. The other side is the political strength. Political strength based upon material background is not the Indian culture. Similarly, mere spiritualism is not Indian culture. Spiritual and political strength combined together is the Indian culture which has to be spread throughout. Those who are still outside it, I mean, large sections of the tribal population, have not yet grasped the spiritual side of the Indian culture but at the same time they have been given equal political rights. Here the conflict arises, and that conflict has to be resolved by methods which Asoka and Gandhi adopted.

In the words of Asoka, "सद्धर्म" has to be spread throughout the length and breadth of the country. I would remind you of one of the instructions which Asoka issued to his officers and which has found a prominent place in all his rock edicts; that is intended for the *Pratyantavasin* i.e. tribal people who were then outside the limits of civilization then existing. Asoka has enjoined upon all his officers to bring down all the tribes to the path of SADDHARMA which means really good conduct. Each Indian has to be brought under this cult which knows no barrier of caste, race or religion. It is a missionary work of the greatest national importance.

[*From his Convocation Address at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.*]

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Indira Devi

THE PLEDGE

This life thou gav'st us, Holy Ind,
We will fulfil by serving thee
And, undismayed by hostile hordes,
Thy glory sing everlastingly.

False are the lovers who vaunt their love
Unmeeting it on bended knees:
Vain are the darts that cleave the skies,
But in the end their target miss.

We'll sport with fire as with irised foams
And even as tempests pervade all:
We live for thee, O Mother! and will
Die gladly, strongly, at thy call.

O Mother of might! we, thy true sons,
Are no weeping weaklings, born in sin.
Great India's peak and plinth are we:
Her honour and pride, her soul serene.

Wherever thy beacon gleams we'll hie,
Nor back to siren phantoms hark:
May the vibrant voice of Truth be ours
Whose radiance shall quell the dark.

We'll sport with fire ..... at thy call

May we, like moths, aspire to burn
And merge in thy love's mystic flame,
Our eyes still fastened on the Goal
And hearts on thine inviolate Name.

Dread Night's deep barricades trampling, we
Will march on forward dauntlessly,
Defying the iron laws of Doom
And the grim decrees of Destiny.

We'll sport with fire ..... at thy call.

[*Translated from Hindi by Dilip Kumar Roy*]

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Richard Miller

HOMAGE TO INDIA

O India, nurse of love divine,
Great builder of traditions, founder of dharma!
A lonely acolyte with no claim to strength,
I worship thee
For what thy mercy sheds
In thy vast plan of world-redemption
Through the soul's own inspiration.

O resplendent Truth, thy lustre reigns supreme
As the heart-throb of the primal Fire in life.
Thy ancient voice leads evolution's soul
To pinnacles undreamed.
Thy sons are the champions of the world's call to peace:
Thy daughters of the Lover's song of bliss.

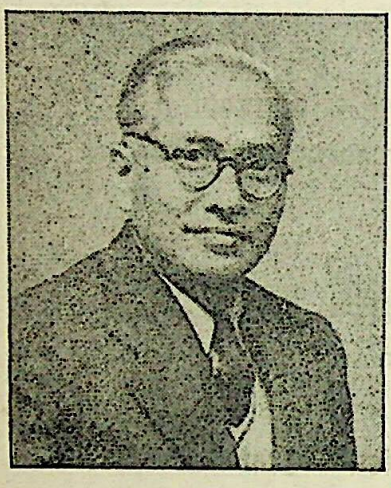
Hail, O hoary unfathomed wisdom's light,
Mother and daughter of celestial rapture!

[*Inspired by Indira Devi's* Hymn to India]

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Abinash Chandra Bose

Vedic Universalism



ALL the instruction and exhortation of the Vedas are addressed to humanity at large. It is repeatedly asserted that the Deity is common to all:

Samanam Indram avase havamahe:
We invoke for succour Indra who is common to all.
(*Rg.* VIII 99.8)

Indra sadharanas twam:
Indra, Thou art common to all (*i.e.* the common Lord of all).
(*Rg.* VIII 65.7)

Twam vishwe manusha yugendra havante:
Thee all races of mankind, Indra! with uplifted ladles invoke.
(*Rg.* VIII 46.12)

The sages preached the Vedas to all, at home and abroad. A sage in *Yajur Veda* says:

So may I speak these blessed words
to the people at large *(janebhyah)*
to the Brahmana and the Kshatriya,
to the Shudra and the Vaishya,
to my own people *(swaya)* and to the foreigner (*aranaya*).
(*Y.* VS. 26-2).

Progressing on the way of Brahman—the Vedas and spiritual knowledge—one grows more and more liberal and the vision is widened. The Vedas proceed from fellowship with men to the fellowship with all living beings, insisting on the reciprocity of the feeling:

O Strong One! make me strong.
May all the living beings look on me with the eye of a friend,
May I look on all living beings with the eye of a friend.
May we (all) look on (one another) with the eye of a friend *(mitra)*.
(*Y.* VS. 36.18).

In his final realisation, the sage, who is described as Vena, the Loving One, sees all reality united in the Supreme Being.

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The loving sage beholds that
mysterious Existence *(Sat)*....
Wherein the universe comes to
have one nest.

(*Y.* VS. 32, 8).

★

India has followed the Vedic religion for at least three thousand and five hundred years. Qualitatively very great success has been achieved throughout the ages, including the one in which we are living. Men remarkable for their spiritual power, wisdom, and universality of outlook have been thrown up from different parts of the country. Quantitatively, too, the results are not negligible; the masses of Hindus even today show certain essential traits of behaviour which are in conformity with some of these principles and they often present a contrast to similar classes of people at home and abroad.

The order of the six principles, considered above, has remained qualitatively much as the Veda put them. The one that created dissent earliest of all was the last—ritual *(Karma-kanda)*. The Vedic text, *Sabda Brahman* (which is last but one) is still being learnt orally by scores of people in different parts of India. And it is to the eternal credit of Western savants that they published authoritative texts of the Vedas. Valmiki compares Hanuman's quest of Sita to the search for a lost Veda *(Nashtam Veda-srutim iva)*; these devoted scholars have performed the task of cultural volunteers in the present times. Consecration and self-dedication (*Diksha* and *Tapah*), the third and fourth principles, are found to have remarkable parallels in the wholehearted pursuit of knowledge among Western scholars and scientists.

The physical and cultural value of the sublimation of the reproductive energy has been newly recognised by modern analytical psychology. *Rita* (Order) in the wide *(Brihat)* Vedic sense is still to be realised by the world, torn asunder by manifold forces of disorder; and the harmony of the introverted Yogic path has to find its parallel in the concrete, external relations of men, communities and nations. Finally, the first principle is ever first; *Satya* as integrity, for every moment of life; and *Satya* as *Sat* or Reality for those exalted moments when man "feels greater than he knows" or those exalted men who live "on the peak of existence" *(Kutastha)*. There have been leaders of thought in different ages who have asserted that religion is synonymous with truth—that God is Truth.

India, however, has lost much of the spiritual energy and the joy of the soul, characteristic of the Vedic outlook.

Nowadays we come across apologists for the aboriginal culture superseded by the Vedic. It is difficult to decide if much of Dravidian culture is really non-Vedic. But the cultures of aboriginal tribes like Bhils, Kols, Santals, Kukis, Todas and Oraos are evidently non-Vedic.

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It is interesting to find how these tribes have lived their simple picturesque lives in the jungles without a change for the last three or four millenniums, while in their immediate neighbourhood the grand drama of the main body of the Indian people was being enacted with its rise and fall, climax and catastrophe, from age to age. Simplicity and picturesqueness are good enough in their own way—and that is why these aboriginal people need not be disturbed and should be given protection against over-zealous evangelists—but the intellectual adventure and the spiritual quest of the Vedic sages, their attempt to break the barriers of tribe and group, and unite men through ideals of harmony and order, of justice and universal fellowship, which won for them the title, *"bhutakritah"*, world-fashioners *(Ath.* VI 133.4)—these will ever lure the spirit of the awakened man, and endless efforts will be made to achieve the uplift and progress of the race.

It is the essence of the Vedic outlook to be progressive. "Go forward, fear not, fight," says the Vedic spirit of Kshatra (*R.* I. 80.3). *Prehi abhihi dhrishnuhi.* "He goes forward, instructed by one who knows," says the spirit of Brahman: *sa praiti, kshetravidanushishtah (R.* X. 32.7). To return, then, to the Vedas is to return to the dynamic view of life characteristic of the Vedic age—the Age of Truth (Satya Yuga).

One who lies down is Kali,
one who awakes is Dwapara.
One who stands up becomes Treta,
and one who moves on realises
the Satya Yuga. Therefore move on!
(Aitareya Brahmana).

"Indra (the Supreme Vedic Deity)," says the *Aitareya Brahmana,* "is the friend of those who move on."

The Vedas, however, do not contemplate movement without a purpose, a mere form of life without a content. They conceive movement as the progress on the path of Truth and Eternal Order, consecration and self-dedication to a noble ideal, of prayer and wisdom, and of ritual and sacrifice.

Man has to grow to the fullest stature of his being so that he may live in a broad, free world in the joy of the spirit. The *Atharva Veda* which lays down the six principles of *Dharma* contemplates such a world too:

Truth, Order that is great and stern,
consecration, austerity,
prayer and ritual—these uphold the earth.
May that Earth, Mistress of the past
and the future, make a wide world for us.
(Ath. XII. I. I)

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Our Vedic Seers : T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE VASISHTHA

OUR culture may be likened to a giant and venerable banyan tree, with its roots deep down in the bowels of the earth, spreading its branches far and wide. The seers or the Rishis form its basal roots. They are the torch-bearers of wisdom of a very high order. Our culture is informed with their living inspiration. In the realm of the spirit, they have made lasting and distinctive contributions to the human weal. Several treatises on such widely differing topics as astronomy and botany, politics and medical jurisprudence have been composed by them.

They have founded clans or *gotras*. Even today, a Hindu can trace his ancestry, to one or the other of the Rishis by reciting the *Pravara*. Is it not a proud thought that through the veins of every Hindu there courses the blood of the venerable Rishis?

Several of the Rishis are referred to as having envisioned the Vedas by intuition. Hence the saying मन्त्र द्रष्टा:—seers of hymns. The Vedas themselves abound in references to such seers or sages. They praise them for their wisdom, vision and occult powers. The *Puranas* contain numerous stories about such seers.

These sages are the only practical friends, philosophers and guides to man's journey through Godmindedness. If properly approached they can vouchsafe to all, the vision of God. We stand to benefit a great deal by knowing the deeds of such holy men. With this end in view, it is proposed to depict and describe many illuminating anecdotes in the lives of our Rishis in these columns.

There is an impressive galaxy of Rishis in our Indian lore. Of them, however, Vyasa is the central figure. He is reputed to have classified and codified the Vedas. Besides, he is the author of the *Puranas* and the *Mahabharata*, the *Brahma Sutras*; the basis of every school of Indian metaphysicists sprang from him.

Sage Vyasa is the great grandson of Vasishtha. This can be inferred from the following verse:

व्यासं वसिष्ठनप्तारं शक्तेः पौत्र मकल्मषम् ।
पराशरात्मजं वन्दे शुकतातं तपोनिधिम् ॥

"My prostrations to Vyasa, the treasure-house of penance, the

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great grandson of Vasishtha, the grandson of Shakthi, the son of Parasara and the father of Sukha."

Sage Vasishtha, is referred to as कुंभसंभव or pitcher-born. He is reputed to have had a vision of the whole of the seventh Mandala of the *Rigveda.* A hymn in the *Rigveda* goes so far as to extol him as "the seer of all the hymns". He was the chief state-priest of the King Sudasa. The same *Rigveda* adverts to a deep-seated enmity between him and Viswamitra, on the issue of the above covetable position as the priest enjoyed by Vasishtha.

★

Vasishtha was born to Urvasi by Mitra-Varuna. He had two hermitages. One of them was situated on the banks of the Vipasa and the other at Krishnasila. This is described in the *Gopatha Brahmana.* Of the ten Manasa sons of Brahma, he was one. Arundhati daughter of Kardama Prajapati and Urga were two of his wives. The latter bore him as many as six sons. He was the son-in-law of Daksha and, therefore, Lord Sankara's brother-in-law.

Tradition has it that because of his rivalry with Daksha, Sankara had to kill him but that he was created again by Brahma from the centre of the fire. He is said to have married Akshamala and officiated as the priest of Nimi. But as they fell out, each was the victim of the unmitigated wrath of the other. In the end, on account of mutual curses, both had to die. It was then that he assumed the form of the wind and went to Brahma. Then he married Arundhati, sister of Narada.

Sage Vasishtha's greatness as a sage and master of the *Mantras* is proverbial. We have already referred to his priesthood under King Sudasa. To this King he imparted the secrets of the Soma sacrifice in all its traditional majesty. The *Aiteraya Brahmana,* referring to this incident, describes that after the sacrifice was over, the King rose to a very eminent position. The *Satapatha Brahmana* speaks of his having officiated as Brahma-priest in the Rajasuya sacrifice of Harischandra the True. In fact, Vasishtha had established such a name in *mantra* lore, that, initially, only those born in the Vasishtha *gotra* were considered eligible for officiating as priests, especially as Brahma-priests as evidenced by the text

तस्माद्वासिष्ठो ब्रह्मा कार्यः

Vasishtha is also described as helping the Savrana King to regain his kingdom he had lost. His potency as a great *Mantra-Drashta* is also seen as when famine threatened the land, he caused fruits and flowers to grow in plenty and thus saved the country.

This power of Vasishtha was too much for other sages like Jamadagni and Viswamitra to bear and became the bone of contention between them and Vasishtha. The

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Taitireeya Samhita refers to this enmity between the sages.

Vasishtha was a great charmer too. He is spoken of as silencing even fierce dogs of करूणा and lulling them into sleep by his power.

His tuft of hair on the head was parted downward, we are told. He was vehemently opposed to the system of adoption of heirs by childless parents. To Vasishtha was vouchsafed the founding of the great *Mrityunjaya Mantra. Yekonapanchadasa Tatra,* kind of Sattra sacrifice, is named after him.

He was primarily responsible for the propagation of the group of *Mantras* known as *Stoma Bhagas.*

Vasishtha had a profound knowledge of almost everything and he is the author of many important texts. To him is attributed a Smriti, running to thirty chapters. Several other texts quote the views of Vasishtha with respect. Of *Puranas* and *Siksha,* he has written profusely. Even of *Vastu Sastra* (architecture), he is believed to have written a very learned treatise. We have it on the authority of *Yoga Vasishtha* that Sri Ramachandra was taught both the Yoga and Vedanta systems in their entirety, by Vasishtha, in answer to sage Viswamitra's prayers.

It is said that once Viswamitra went to the forest a-hunting. Quite fatigued, he entered Vasishtha's hermitage to quench his thirst. Sage Vasishtha then threw him a grand party with the aid of Kamadhenu, the Divine Cow. Coming to know the power of the Divine Cow, Viswamitra wanted it at all costs. He requested Vasishtha to give it to him, but Vasishtha refused. Then followed a terrible fight between them. A hundred sons of Vasishtha were killed in the battle. In the end, however, Viswamitra and his army were routed.

It is said that Vasishtha was armed with *Brahma Danda* (wooden stick, sanctified by Brahmic penance.) This made Viswamitra yearn for Brahminhood. With this end in view, he made such a terrific penance that even the Gods trembled. All of them, including Brahma, appealed to him to refrain from further penance and Brahma conferred on him *Brahmatva.* But this did not satisfy Viswamitra. He wanted the fact of his Brahminhood recognised by Vasishtha and the latter did. *Valmiki Ramayana* makes a reference to this episode.

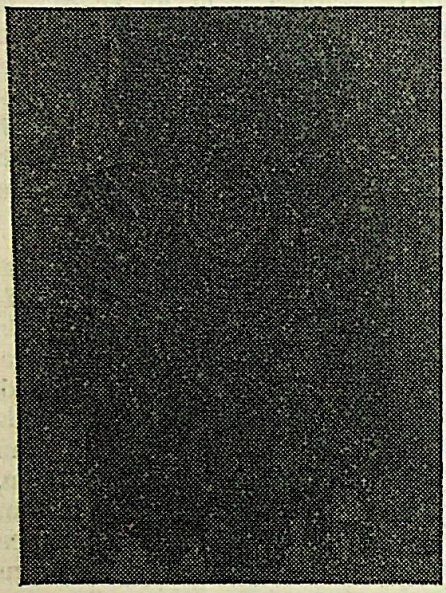
Vasishtha is stated to have initiated the vow of *Paksha Vardhini Eakadasi.* He worshipped Lord Siva under the Bakula tree.

Not only Vasishtha, but the clan *(gotra)* founded by him came in course of time to enjoy great veneration. Even today when blessing youngsters, we say "Be like Visishtha the rich".

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Immortal India—15 **J. H. Dave**

AMBIKA OF ARASUR



Sri Ambika

देव्या यया ततमिदं जगदात्मशक्त्या
निःशेषदेवगणशक्तिसमूहमूर्त्या ।
तामम्बिकामखिलदेवमहर्षिपूज्यां
भक्त्या नताःस्म विदधातु शुभानि सा नः ॥

—Markandeya Purana, Sakradi Stuti.

"We bow with devotion to Ambika the Goddess who has created the universe with her Atmic power, who is the embodiment of the collective energy of all Gods put together, and who is worshipped by Gods and sages one and all—may she shower her graces on us."

THE celebrated shrine of Ambika is situated on the Arasur Hills near Mount Abu (Arbuda) on the south-west end of the Aravali range in the north of Gujarat. It is near the source of the river Saraswati which flows from this place, and passing by the town of Sidhpur, disappears in the desert of Kutch. Near this source of Saraswati is the temple of Kotesvara Mahadev. It is a famous place of pilgrimage visited by lacs of people every year.

According to *Puranas,* the river Saraswati is described as flowing in three parts. The first at her source in Plaksha Prasravana in the Siwalik range of Himalayas and disappearing at Vinasana near Kurukshetra; the second when she rises near Mount Abu on the Arasur Hills by the side of the temple of Kotesvara Mahadev, goes past Sidhpur and disappears in the desert of Kutch. The third is when she rises in the jungles of Gir in Saurashtra and meets the western sea near Prabhas Patan.

In *Rigveda,* the river appears to be a mighty one rising from the Himalayas and meeting the western sea, but the Brahmanas note the disappearance of Saraswati near Vinasana and the *Puranas* describe her in three parts as stated

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above. This phenomenon is explained as due to volcanic eruptions.

The presence of Saraswati near Mount Abu and collecting at this place of Ganga and other *Tirthas* on account of the fear of the Kali age are recorded in *Skanda Purana* (Prabhasa-Khanda, Arbuda-Sub-Khanda, ch. 10)

तेषां वासश्च संजातः पर्वतेऽर्बुदसंज्ञके।
एवं तत्र समापन्ना गंगा चैव सरस्वती ॥

Saraswati is treated as one river from Himalayas to Prabhasa with her above-stated three parts also in *Mahabharata* (Salya Parva), *Padma Purana* (Srishti) and *Saraswati Purana.*

Saraswati Purana (ch. 9) records a story of Krishna coming to Sage Tanda at this place (Arasur) and asking him questions about obtaining a son. The sage gave him an *asana* or seat and thus the area is known as Arasan. Tradition also says that the tonsure ceremony of Krishna was performed here (Bom. Gaz. Vol. 5, p. 432). The spot is pointed out on the Gabbar hill about three miles from the Ambika Temple.

Bhagavata (X-34-1, 2) says:

एकदा देवयात्रायां गोपाला जातकौतुकाः।
अनोभिरनडुद्युक्तैः प्रययुस्तेऽम्बिकावनम् ॥
तत्र स्नात्वा सरस्वत्यां देवं पशुपतिं विभुम्।
आनर्चुरर्हणैर्भक्त्या देवीं च नृपतेऽम्बिकाम् ॥

"Krishna came in bullock carts with Gopas to Ambikavana for a pilgrimage and sight-seeing, had a bath in Saraswati and worshipped Siva and Goddess Ambika". In this forest a serpent caused trouble to Nanda, and Krishna liberated him.

It is further stated that when Krishna carried away Rukmini at her request, when she was about to be married to Sisupala, Rukmini worshipped the Goddess Ambika here. This legend is recorded in the *Anand Garba* of Vallabh Dhola (1640 to 1751 A.D.)

नृप भीमकनी कुमारी तम पूजे पामी मा।
रुक्मिणी रमण मुरारि मनगमतो स्वामी मा ॥

"Rukmini, daughter of King Bhima, worshipped you and thereby secured Krishna, the husband of her choice."

Bhagavata refers to Rukmini's Ambika worship in X-53.

The Aravali range of mountains of which Abu or Arbuda is a part is considered very ancient and much older than the Himalayas. Worship of Pasupati and Mother Goddess is as old as and even older than the Indus Valley Civilization. Mother Goddess has been worshipped in India since time immemorial and every village worships her as Mata, Amba, Gramadevata, Kali and under myriad other names. In the *Rigveda* also she is Ushas, Prithivi, Rivers, Sraddha, Aditi, Vac, etc. *Kena Upanishad* specifically mentions Uma Haimavati.

Mount Abu or Arbuda is famous on account of the hermitage there of Sage Vasistha. The cow Nandini of the sage is said to have fallen in a pit here. The sage then

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contemplated on River Saraswati; the river Goddess was pleased; she came down, filled the pit with water, and enabled the cow to come out.

On and near about Abu, the *Skanda* (Arbuda Khanda) describes the various *Tirthas* like Vasishthashram, Saraswati Sangam, Katyayani, Achalesvara, Kotisvara, Shrimata, Kotitirtha, etc. As most of them are very vaguely described, it is difficult to identify all of them. Whether Ambika and Kotesvara of Arasur are included in these vague allusions it is difficult to say.

Tirthakalpataru p. 237 and *Viramitrodaya, Tirthaprakasa,* p. 605 quoting *Vamana,* mention the Kotitirtha on the bank of Saraswati which appears to be the same Kotitirtha mentioned in Arbuda Khanda of *Skanda* or the Kotesvara of Arasur on the source of Saraswati.

There are two manuscripts of Ambika Khanda of *Skanda Purana* noted by Eggling in the India Office Catalogue VI (p.1321) and also by MM. Hara Prasad Shastri in the Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. V, Nos. 3921-22. This Ambika Khanda has 12,000 verses.

★

In the Ambika temple at Arasur there is no image of the Goddess—there is only a *Yantra* and with the help of dress and other equipment, an appearance of an image is made out for Darsana. The Goddess is the consort of Siva, Durga, the daughter of Himalaya and Mena. As Bala at Chunval in North Gujarat she is a Kanya, at Arasur she is the consort of Siva and the affectionate mother and at Pavagadh near Champaner she is Bhadrakali, the liberator.

In the Arasur temple there are several inscriptions of the 16th century A.D., one being a record of the grant made by the Queen of Rao Bharmall. On Mansarovar there is an inscription of Maharana Maldev of 1359 A.D. The Jain marble temples at Kumbharia near the Ambika Temple were constructed by Vimalshah. The legend is that as Vimalshah did not acknowledge the grace of Goddess Ambika, she burnt 355 out of 360 temples and left in tact only five. Vimalshah then prayed the Goddess Ambika when he built the Delwara temple of Adinath on Mount Abu in 1032 A.D. In Kumbharia there is an inscription of 1200 A.D. of Dharavarshadev, Ruler of Arbuda, recording that he had built a *Vav* in Arasur. *Rajkalanirnaya* mentions Raopalji as ruling in Nagarthattha in 809 A.D. and his 15th descendant Jasraj having shifted to Gujarat and established his capital at Gabbargadh. (Ranchodbhai's Translation of *Rasmala* p. 249). It is also recorded that when the city of Valabhi fell in 746 A.D. queen Pushpavati of King Siladitya of Valabhi was on a pilgrimage of Ambika (Bom. Gaz. V, p. 443). These records take back the Ambika Temple of Arasur to a

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period prior to the 8th Century A.D.

Devi Bhagavata 7-30 records the legend that Daksha once performed a *Yajna,* and invited there all Gods and sages except Sankara. Sati, Daksha's daughter and Sankara's consort, came to the *Yajna,* felt insulted and burnt herself in the sacrificial fire. Sankara came to know about it, was terribly upset and in delirium started a destructive Tandava with the half-burnt body of Sati on his shoulders. All were terrified; to save the universe and dissuade Sankara from his resolve, Vishnu with the help of his bow-end, or according to another version, of his *Chakra,* cut the dead body of Sati into pieces; all such pieces of Sakti's body fell at different places and became pieces of stones. When Sankara was pacified all those places then became the sacred Peeths of the Sakti. *Kalikapurana* Ch. 18, records a similar story.

These Saktipeeths are variously described as 52, 72 or 108 in number and the places or the various parts of Sakti's body falling at such spots are differently described in *Devigita, Devibhagavata, Kalikapurana, Tantrachudamani,* etc. It is recorded that the breasts of Sakti fell at Jalandhara जालन्धरे स्तनयुगम् । *(Kalika* 18-43). Another version says:

आरासनेऽर्बुदाङ्गे तु क्षेत्रे जालन्धरे तथा ।
क्रमशः पतितौ तस्याः कुचौ तु वामदक्षिणौ ॥

"In Arasan (Arasur) which is a part of Mount Abu and at Jalandhar respectively fell the left and right breasts of the Sakti."

This shows that the Peeth of Arasur Ambika is one of those ancient and sacred Peeths recognised by hoary tradition.

The worship of Sakti has been very closely associated with that of Siva. The principal places of Siva worship in Gujarat were at Somnath and on the Narbada banks. Soma is *Sa* plus *Uma,* i.e. Siva along with his consort Uma. Gujarat is considered as the birthplace of the Pasupata cult of Lakulisa who was born at Kayavaroha (Karvan) in the Lata country in about the 2nd century A.D. and who established his Pasupata Math at Somnath. From about the 10th to the 14th century A.D., Gujarat was the stronghold of the Saiva and Pasupati cults. Numerous learned Acharyas flourished during that time. Many of the Kshatrapa, Valabhi and Solanki Rulers were Saivas and the Solankis described themselves as

उमापतिवरलब्धप्रसाद.

Ambika worship was specially in vogue during the Valabhi period as is evidenced by the record that when Valabhi fell in 746 A.D. Siladitya's Queen Pushpavati was on the *Yatra* of Ambika. The temple of Arasur was situated in the Danta Territory and is very much connected with Nagar Brahmins who were then in political ascendance and it is said that the present temple was built by them (Bom. Gaz.

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V, 433). These Brahmins take out special Sanghas in Sravan and Bhadrapad, the latter being the birth-month of the Goddess; and their claim for prior worship has long been recognised. Garbas are held in the *chachar* or outer open space in front of the temple. The marbles on the steps and the floorings are worn out, hollowed and smoothened and thus establish the antiquity of the place.

Devi Bhagavata mentions several Sakti Peeths in Gujarat—at Dwaravati, Someshvara, Prabhasa, Saraswati and Samudra Tira. *Saraswati Purana* says that Siddharaja Jaysinha established 1000 Sivalingas around the Sahasralinga lake which was filled with waters of river Sarasvati and also established 108 temples of Sakti representing the 108 Peeths with Goddess Harsiddha in the centre (Ch. 16, verses 136 ff.). There is a reference to the worship of Goddess Kshemarya in an inscription dated 625 A.D. of Pindwara near Sirohi.

At present the three main Peeths of Sakti in Gujarat are of Ambika at Arasur, of Bala (Bahuchara) in Chunval in north Gujarat and of Kali at Pavagadh near Champaner. There are other places also—Ashapura in Kutch, Harsiddhi at Kolgiri or Koyla, Sundari in Halvad, Arbudadevi on Mount Abu, Anasuya on Narmada and others.

Pavakachal Mahatmya is a part of *Skanda.* Shri Narmadasankar Mehta notes that the shape of the Pavagadh hill is like the *yantra* of Kalika. (Sakta Sampradaya p. 108.) Regarding Bala Bahuchara, there is a reference in *Shrimad Bhagavata* X-4-12 stating that Yogamaya when she was about to be dashed to the ground by Kamsa disappeared and was thereafter known by the name of Goddess Bahu, i.e. Bahuchara.



In Gujarat, the main aspects of the Sakti which are worshipped are of Shrikula—Ambika, Lalita, Bala, Tulja and others. Kali in Gujarat is of Dakshina Achara and is not the fierce Kalika but is known as Bhadrakali. When Sankaracharya established four *maths* at Dwarka, Badari, Puri and Sringeri, the four presiding Goddesses were respectively Bhadrakali, Poornagiri, Visala and Sarada. Bhadrakali is not associated with fierce or Vamachara practices.

Many people even now have the tonsure ceremony of their children performed following the traditional practice of Krishna, at the shrine of Arasur. The devotees of Ambika include not only Hindus and Jains, but even Parsis and Muslims. Many take a vow to visit the Arasur shrine and a *vrata* to do something if their desires are fulfilled and the faithful have their desires fulfilled.

There are four *sanghas* in a year in Kartik, Margasirsha, Sravan and Bhadrapad. After the morning Darsana upto 12 noon, there is a spectacular Arati (waving of lights) in the evening with chanting of prayers from the Durga

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Saptasati and the ringing of numerous bells and drums. Use of ghee alone is enforced in the temple and its vicinity and celibacy is strictly observed. Any kind of impurity is said to enrage the Goddess.

About 3 miles from this shrine is the hill of Gabbar in the inner chambers of which the mother Goddess is said to be seated on a swing. Once a cowherd boy while tending cows is said to have found a cow of the Goddess mixed up in his own herd for a few days; he then went after that cow to locate her owner, came to this hill chamber of the Goddess, demanded his remuneration and was given some Yavas (Barley) for his having tended the cow; in disappointment he threw them away; a few had yet stuck to the cloth in which he received them; on returning home he found that they were made of gold and was again disappointed. On a fresh search he found neither the cow nor her owner.

The sword in the hand of the Goddess is said to have been presented by Rana Pratap. He once resolved to see his Idar Rani; Akbar came to know of that and besieged Idargadh; Pratap had scent of it but was determined to see the Rani. He started on a rainy night but his horse got entangled in a flooded river. Pratap prayed to the Mother and pledged to place his sword before the feet of Goddess Ambika if he succeeded in carrying out his resolve. In spite of strict vigilance of the Moghul army, Pratap went in the Idargadh, saw the Rani, came back unhurt and there lies the same sword, says tradition, placed by the Rana at the feet of Ambika in token of his devotion and surrender.

★

Among those in Gujarat who have written on the greatness of the Goddess, Poet Someshvaradeva (1179 to 1262 A.D.) stands out preeminent. He was a Nagar Brahmin of Anandpur or Vadnagar, son of Kumar and Lakshmi, and was the Rajya Purohit of Solanki Rulers. This eminent poet is the author of several Sanskrit works like *Surathotsava, Kirti Kaumudi, Kavyaprakasha-tika, Kavyadarsa, Ramasataka,* and *Ullagha-raghava.* In the 15th chapter of his *Surathotsava* he has given his life in detail. In *Kirti Kaumudi,* he has praised the liberality of his patrons Vastupal and Tejpal. His style is flowing, simple and elegant. In *Surathotsava* he depicts the story of King Suratha on the same lines as in the *Markandeya Purana*—how king Suratha was deprived of his kingdom, how he heard about the greatness of Devi who had killed Dhumralochana, Sumbha and others, how Suratha performed penance, worshipped the Devi, pleased her, and regained his kingdom with Her grace.

The last verse says:

कुमारपुत्रेण कुमारमातुः काव्यं
तदेतज्जगदेकदेव्याः।
श्रुतिस्मृतिव्याकृतियज्ञविद्याविशारदेन
क्रियते स्म तेन॥

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"This *Mahakavya* has been composed by (Someshvaradeva) the son of Kumara, who is adept in Veda, Smritis, grammar and rituals, in praise of Mother of Kumar or Kartikeya (Ambika) who is the One Goddess of the entire universe."

Vallabh Dhola (1640 to 1751 A.D.) is another outstanding author who has composed numerous *garbas* on the Mother-Goddess. He lived for more than 110 years. He was not much educated but it is said that on account of the *siddhi* of the Navarna Mantra he acquired great poetic abilities.

The famous *tantric* authority of the 17th century, Bhaskara Raya, also called Bhasuranandnath, who was the author of *Lalitasahasranamabhashya, Varivasya rahasya, Setubandha* and about 15 other works, had his *Diksha* through his worthy and learned Guru Sivadatta Sukla of Surat, Cf

यश्च श्रीशिवदत्तशुक्लचरणैः पूर्णाभिषिक्तोऽभवत्। ल. स. भा.

The *Navaratras* of Asvin and Chaitra, the full-moon and new-moon days and the Ashtami are specially sacred to the Goddess. Establishing *Kumbhas,* growing *Javaras,* performing *Bhavais,* and singing *Garbas,* are the special features of Navaratras. Asvin Navaratra and the Sarad Poornima are famous for the melodious *garba* dances sung all over Gujarat and in Bombay by ladies in gay colourful dress in praise of the Goddess when a lamp is placed in a painted and perforated earthen jar and ladies sing in a circle moving around it.

Poet Someshvaradeva describes the realisation of king Suratha, after his penance, in these words:—

मुदितेन तेन मुनिना निवेदितं यदचिन्त्यच्चिरमनन्यमानसः।
पुरतः स्फुरन्निरुपमं महन्महस् तदवेक्ष्य स क्षितिपतिर्विसिस्मिये॥
भुवनैकमातरमवेहि वत्स! मां मुदितामनेन महता व्रतेन ते।
तदरं वरं वद यदर्थमर्थिता भवताऽहमित्यभिदधे तमद्रिभूः॥

Surathotsava Ch. 14, 2-3.

(Kavyamala Series, Bombay).

"King Suratha contemplated for long upon the deity without thinking of anything else, and as directed by the sage whose mind was filled with delight. Having visualised the same great and unequalled lustre throbbing in front of him, the king was struck with wonder.

The daughter of Himalaya then said to him: "Know Me, O Vatsa! as the One Mother of the entire universe. I am pleased with this thy great penance. Now speak out why thou hast sought me and my abundant grace is for thee for the mere asking."

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Bhabes Chandra Chaudhuri

ART-MOTIFS OF INDIA

ON the realm of ancient Indian art and archaeology what strikes us most is the symbolic ideals representing the particular epoch to which the art belonged, embossed in them.

These ideals, after a certain time and process of assimilation, are embodied in the people's art, and become the art-motifs for that age.

Ancient Egypt brings the colossal pyramids and mysterious Sphinx before the mind's eye. Renascent Europe glorified the symbol of love and sacrifice—the Crucifix; Japan the Dragon. These symbols recall the common experiences and ideals of the race that gave them birth.

The ideals of life of any particular age influence both the layman and the artist, but the imagination of the latter is kindled by them until they result in mental images. These mental images are then transcribed into concrete art forms.

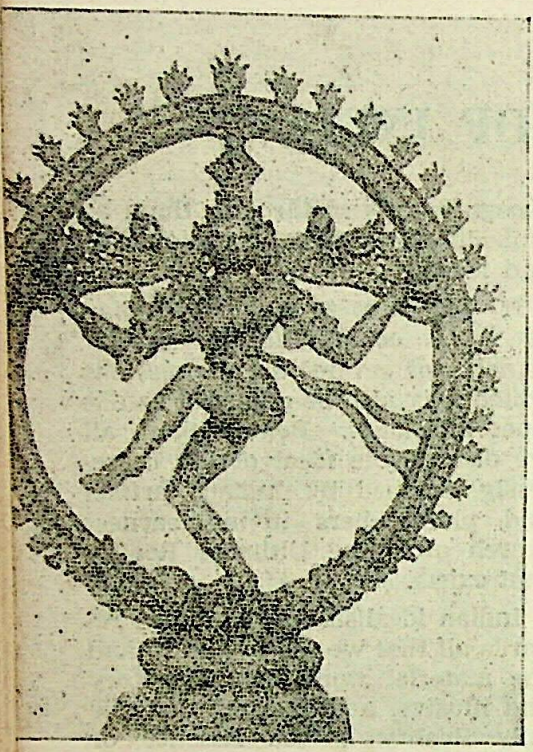
But it is not every creation of an artist's imagination that becomes an art-motif! It is only the rarer visions which when transcribed answer to the vague desires and unformed longings of a whole people that may aptly be termed art-motifs. For, the people recognise in and through them an embodiment of racial consciousness and ideals.

If we turn to ancient Indian art, we come across prolific remains of several art expressions which may also be regarded as distinct art-motifs. Behind them all we discern the ideal of life ceaselessly pursued by Indian artists and philosophers in an earnest search after the Ultimate Reality that exists.

Indian idealism, as we know, regards all that we see in nature and the material world as transitory and illusive, and declares that the only Reality is the Essence or Spirit behind illusion or 'Maya'. Hence in the power, the beauty, the infinite sympathy of that Essence which the people of Aryavarta felt all around them, they sought a glimpse of that Reality which was their objective in life, and made its interpretation the object of all Indian art.

The second ideal assiduously pursued by Indian art, is the stress on the essential unity of all existence, animate and inanimate, being itself a manifestation of the Divine Essence. In his infinite sympathy the "Buddha" unfolded in his creed, love for all manifestations of the spirit, however humble. Maha-

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Nataraja

vira taught the same doctrine and "Vaishnavism" carried on the same idea under "Ahimsa". The "Vedanta" has taught of the Universal Self manifesting itself into various aspects which must needs be equal and inviolate *inter se.*

Hence the ultimate aim of life or existence has been to realise and achieve once again that Unity, be it Nirvana, Siddhi, or Moksha!

★

The Vedic and the Epic ages were the formative periods of Indian art, philosophy and idealism. First, the Aryans, the Dravidians and the aborigines had to mix; then their cultures had to fuse; and finally a new philosophy developed. This process commenced and progressed during the Vedic and Epic periods. The first generic embodiment of the fused racial genius is seen in the peoples of Aryavarta, who appear to have recognised a synthesis of their varied cultures and experiences.

When Buddhism preached a new universal creed and impressed on the people, they readily took it to their hearts. Philosophers thought upon it and the ritualists amplified it. The monks spread it, the artists drank in its inspiration, and the people attempted to live it. What attracted all, in fact, magnetised all —is the majestic pose of the Prince of self-abnegation who left the world to save it from all pangs and suffering to which the flesh is heir! The love and devotion with which his disciples and artists were filled, found their expression in a new way to salvation, the "Bhakti Marga". Amidst this atmosphere full of spirituality, love, tenderness and devotion, emerges the first distinct motif of the Buddhist age, just as Laxmi emerged from the Cosmic Ocean to gladden the hearts of the gods and demons alike. What external form did this motif assume? The form of the Buddha at the most crucial moment of enlightenment as he sat as a Yogi meditating under the sheltering shade of a spreading pipal at Gaya seeking to be in tune with the un-

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known and the Infinite Cosmic Consciousness in Samadhi.

This immutably serene attitude of the Yogi, had been known to spiritual aspirants ever since Aryan consciousness found concrete expression in the plains of the Sapta Sindhu. Being so indissolubly woven in their spiritual context it easily and universally became the outstanding motif of the post-Buddhist age. So completely did it embody the ideals of the people that the Jains, Brahmins, and all other non-Buddhists also adopted it.

Then the pilgrims and missionaries carried it with them to the Far East, Ceylon, Java, China, and Japan, where also it was adopted and nationalised as all the images of the Buddha in Tibet, China and Japan show.



Buddha

★

Buddhism waned in India by the end of the 17th century and Brahminism revived under the new cult of the Saivaism from the south, militant and aggressive as a reaction against the Buddhist doctrine of Ahimsa and mercy, and Vaishnavism, a later development, designed perhaps, unconsciously by its author to reconcile the Buddhist creed by absorbing its essential tenets without offending its resurgent faith!

The Buddha then becomes one of the Avatars of Vishnu, the Preserver and Redeemer of mankind. What art-motif this traditional period gave us and what aspect or idea of the divine Essence did it convey to realms of historical art? Among themselves, the several forms of the Brahmanic renaissance had very little essential difference in their ideals or philosophy. They all found a common expression in this age in the motif of Trimurti.

Ishwara as it is recognised is the first manifestation of the Universal Spirit or Brahma—not unknown even in the earliest Vedic hymns and the Hindu cosmogony through the principle of Purusha and its divine consort Shakti or the negative counterpart, makes nature a living phenomenon. Hence in the

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matter of Prakriti it is supposed that there are the triple aspects of Creation, Preservation and Destruc-



Trimurti

tion symbolised by Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva which form the Hindu Trinity and are metamorphosed into a three-headed male divinity in the sculptured Trimurti, which seems therefore to be the cardinal motif of that age.

This motif initiates us into the era of thought when the conception of Reality or the Divine Essence, had become transcendental and all-embracing.

In process of time when people found it almost difficult to carry that ideal into practice they sought to recast it rather ingeniously by exceeding human limitations. The result is the image of Trimurti with one body and triple-face! This as the ideal appears therefore to be the salient motif of this particular age. Its artistic representation, obviously seeks to make this an all-pervading aspect of the Deity.

Following the epoch of the Trimurti we have the classical period of Indian art, under what may be called the complete Brahmanic supremacy. Instead of the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Divine Essence being embodied in such triple Divinities, we have all three activities congealed together into one of the gods of the Trimurti, and Shiva is transformed from the Destroyer into the Creator, for does not the former, according to the principle of conservation of cosmic energy, begin where the latter ends?

As in the process of time the practice of fashioning durable images became increasingly popular, more handy bronzes of them were cast typifying these motifs in a variety of attractive designs, of which the figures of 'Nata-Raj', 'Kala-Samhara', etc. etc. came gradually to be recognised as models of contemporary art-motifs.

Of them again, the culmination of Saivaite art specially lies in the inventive formulation as well as visualisation of 'Nata-Raj'—the Dancing Lord of Creation. It is the indwelling spirit of this image which made the name and fame of Indian art in Europe and America and drew the admiration of the connoisseur to the beautiful appeal of its motif. Hence, the French sculptor Auguste Rodin, remarked:

"The Indian NATA-RAJ can well contest for superiority in gracefulness with the gesture of the Venus de Medicis"!

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Our Fortnightly Profile—17

ALBERT EINSTEIN

ALBERT Einstein is considered as the father, or rather grandfather of the modern atom bomb, for it was his famous equation $E=mc^2$ which made its manufacture possible in the theoretical sense.

Shy, almost child-like in his simplicity, Einstein lives in a wooden house with a porch covered by vineyards in Princeton in New Jersey. Leading a Galsworthian way of life, he reminds us also of Spinoza in many respects for he believes in the harmony of nature. He lives in utter forgetfulness of his family; for although he is twice married and has children, they mean nothing to him apparently.

Einstein is 76 this month. With growing age he has put on more flesh and his magnificent forehead has taken more deep lines, from below which sparkle soft brown eyes. He floats a riotous mass of unkempt silvery hair. Despite the atmosphere of bonhomie he throws around him, you cannot help breathing his spiritual grandeur while standing before him.

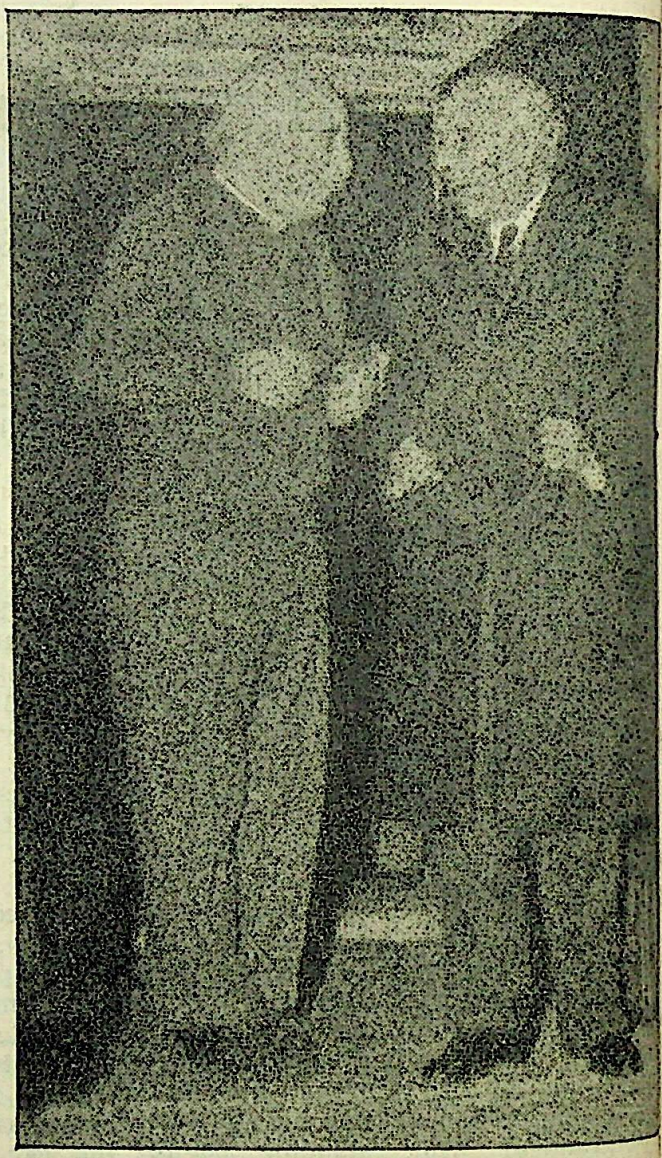
It is not an uncommon sight to see the great man shuffling down the streets of Princeton in carpet slippers licking his favourite ice-cream cone in summer, or padding along in bright tan slippers from his home in Mercer Street, wearing a turtle-shaped blue-striped brown sweater sporting a wing collar and a pair of shorts in the direction of his Institute right at 9 a.m. If he does not put on socks or he uses the same soap for washing as well as shaving, it is no idiosyncracy, but an effort at simplifying his mode of life. Unlike our proverbial Professors, however, he is not absent-minded.

Einstein was born on the 14th March, 1879 in a Jewish family in Germany. His father had an indifferent business. At school the boy Einstein fared no brighter than Peter Pan, or for that matter Newton. He ran away from school! However he finished his degree course in Switzerland with difficulty. Having no further university prospects before him, he took a minor job in the Swiss Patent Office. There, in the evenings he did his thinking and writing and the result was the publication of his papers in 1905 which paved the way for his greatness. The world of science which till then swore by Newton was taken aback by the startling correctness of the stripling's conceptions.

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In substance Einstein said that the world and its phenomenon should be understood not in terms of events but relations. He put this idea in equations and physicists found that it accounted for the discrepancy in the behaviour of the planet Mercury and also the bending of light rays. His papers thus established a link between energy and mass and that has ultimately brought about the atom bomb.

We know Einstein as the author of the Theory of Special Relativity, the Unified Field Theory, expansion of the Quantum Theory, Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Physical Institute, Hitler's enemy number one and Professor Emeritus of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study which was endowed by millionairess Mrs. Felix Fuld.



Prof. Einstein and Jawaharlal Nehru at Princeton

Einstein's ideas extend much wider than science, for they are basic in conception and universal in application; indeed, they apply to the relation between man and man and man and nature. In other words, they are philosophical in content. His ideas have revolutionised human thinking as a whole and won the admiration of

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all the countries of the world.

Gentle but formidable in his ways, his entire life has been shaped in the mould of irony. His very choice as the symbol of modern science is ironical, for he is essentially a man of thought and ideas which have been put into mathematics by his secretary and yet he has been hailed as a great mathematician. His thinking has been in terms of philosophy of the Spinoza variety, the harmony of nature, yet he is termed the greatest physicist. He is the greatest pacifist by nature but begot the enfant terrible,—the atom bomb! And yet there could not have been a better choice to symbolize modern science. He is a Nobel Laureate and an Hon. Doctor of the Oxford University.

Einstein is happiest in the company of children when he sheds his shyness completely and regales them with jokes. He is Uncle Remus to them. One little kid used to take advantage of his kindness to get her homework in arithmetic done by him!

A favourite pastime of Einstein is music. He is fond of playing on the violin, his favourite composers being Bach and Mozart. He likes boating, smokes a pipe but is a tee-totaller.

Asked about the future of mankind which has inherited the atom bomb, he said characteristically "The Lord God is subtler; but never mischievous."

Bhakti is supreme Love of God. It is the Kohinoor in the crown of devotees. It blossoms afterwards into gyana. It leads to immortality or God realisation. Cultivate it through sat-sang, japa, kirtan, prayer, meditation and service of Bhaktas. Life without devotion is real death. Remember Prahlada, Dhruva. You will draw inspiration.

Worldliness, vasanas, cravings, pride, attachment, egoism and lust are enemies of devotion. Kill them. Do total self surrender unto the Lord.

—Sivananda.

Toleration is the homage which the finite mind pays to the inexhaustibility of the Infinite.

—Dr. Radhakrishnan.

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Vetala Pachchisi—14 Serial

THE DILETTANTE LOVER

ATTEND, King Vikramaditya! There is a city named Kusmavati, of which one Subichar was king, whose daughter's name was Chandraprabha.

When she became marriageable, she went out one spring day, along with her companions, to stroll about in the garden.

Before the garden had been cleared of all strangers and others not permitted to set eyes on the women, a Brahman's son, named Manswi, of twenty years or so, very handsome, had come into the garden in the course of his wanderings, and seeking the cool shade under a tree, had fallen asleep there.

The king's attendants came and made arrangements for the ladies of the seraglio in the garden, but it so happened that none of them saw the Brahman's son sleeping there; and so he continued sleeping under that tree, and the princess entered the garden with her attendants.

Strolling about with her companions, where does she come but to the place where the Brahman's son was sleeping!

She no sooner arrived there than he also awoke at the sound of the people's footsteps.

This is the most ingenious of all the tales related so far and Balzacian in its facetiousness. In its pentangular periphery, it rolls up Casanova and Delilah into a riotous poser fit only for Vikramaditya's rapier intellect to adjudicate.

The eyes of both met; and to such a degree did they come under Cupid's power, that on the one side the Brahman's son fell upon the ground in a swoon, on the other, she too was so beside herself, that her legs began to tremble.

Her companions, however, quickly laid hold of her on the very instant. At last, they laid her down in a litter, and brought her home.

And the Brahman's son was lying in so complete a state of insensibility in the garden that he had no consciousness whatever of his body or mind.

During this interval two Brahmans, named Shashi and Muldeva, from the country of Kanvru, where they had studied the occult sciences, happened to pass by there. Muldeva, seeing the Brahman's son lying, said, "Shashi! How is it

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that he is lying in such utter unconsciousness?"

He replied, "A damsel has shot forth the arrows of her eyes from the bow of her eye-brows; hence he is lying insensible."

Muldeva said, "We ought to rouse him."

He replied, "What need is there for you to rouse him?"

He did not heed Shashi's words, but sprinkled water over him, and restored him to consciousness, and asked, "What has been the matter with thee?"

The Brahman said, "One should relate his troubles to him who can remove them; for what is to be gained by relating your sorrows to him who, on hearing of them, is unable to remove them?"

He replied, "Well, tell me your troubles; I will remove them."

On hearing this, he said, "It was but now that the princess came here with her companions; and it was through seeing her that I have fallen into this state. Should I obtain her, I will preserve my life; otherwise I will abandon life."

Then Muldeva replied, "Come to my abode; I will exert myself to the utmost to obtain her; and, if I should not succeed, I will bestow great wealth upon thee."

Thereupon Manswi said, "God has created many a jewel in the world; but the jewel, woman, surpasses all; and for her sake it is that man treasures up wealth. When I have lost the woman, what will I do with the wealth? Beasts are better off in the world than those who do not possess handsome wives. The fruit of merit is wealth, and the advantage of wealth is ease, and the consequence of ease is taking a beautiful wife; now, what happiness can there be where there is no wife?"

On hearing this, Muldeva said, "I will give thee whatsoever thou may'st ask for."

Then he replied, "O Brahman obtain that same maiden's hand for me."

Muldeva thereupon said, "So be it; come along with me; I will have that very maiden bestowed on thee."



Ministering much comfort to him, Muldeva took him to his house; and when he reached there, he prepared two magic pills. One pill he gave to the young Brahman, saying, "When thou puttest this into thy mouth, thou wilt be turned into a girl of twelve years; and when thou takest it out of thy mouth, thou wilt become the self-same man thou wert before."

He said further, "Put this into thy mouth."

On his putting it into his mouth, he became a girl of twelve years. And Muldeva having put the other pill into his own mouth, became transformed into an old man of

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eighty years; and taking that young girl with him, he proceeded to the king.

The king, seeing the Brahman, saluted him, gave him a seat, and another to the young girl also.

Then the Brahman gave him his blessing in verse, saying, "May He whose glory pervades the three worlds; and Who, taking the form of a dwarf, deceived King Bali; and Who, taking monkeys with Him, bridged the ocean; and Who, supporting the mountain (Govardhan) on his hand, protected the cowherds from the bolts of Indra, —may the same Vasudeva protect you!"

On hearing this, the king inquired, "Whence has your holiness come?"

The Brahman, Muldeva, replied, "I have come from the other side of the Ganges, and my home is there; and I had gone to bring away my son's wife, and in my absence, a general flight from the village took place; and so I know not whither my wife and son have fled to. And now, with this girl with me, how shall I seek them? It is, therefore, advisable that I leave this girl with your majesty. Keep her with the greatest care until I return."

On hearing these words of the Brahman's, the king began thinking to himself; "How shall I take charge of a very beautiful young woman? And if I do not take her, this Brahman will curse me, and my dominion will be overthrown."

Having thought this over in his mind, the king said, "Your holiness! The command you have given me shall be obeyed."

On this, the king summoned his daughter, and said, "Daughter! Take this Brahman's daughter-in-law and keep her with you, with all care and attention; and whether sleeping or waking, eating or drinking, or moving about, do not let her be away from you for a moment."

On hearing this, the princess took hold of the hand of the Brahman's daughter-in-law, and led her away to her own apartment.

At night, the two slept in one bed, and began conversing with each other.

In the course of conversation, the Brahman's daughter-in-law said, "Tell me, O princess! To what trouble is it owing that you have become so worn and feeble?"

The princess said, "I went one day in the spring, accompanied by my female friends, to stroll about in the garden, and there beheld a very handsome, Cupid-like Brahman, and our eyes met. He swooned away on one side, and I became unconscious on the other. Then my companions, seeing my predicament, brought me home. And I am totally ignorant of both his name and abode. His image fills my eyes, and I have not the least desire for food and drink. It is through this trouble that my body

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has been reduced to the state you see."

On hearing this, the Brahman's daughter-in-law said, "What wilt thou give me if I bring thy beloved and thee together?"

The princess said, "I will remain thy slave for ever."

Hearing this, he took the magic pill out of his mouth and became a man again; and she was abashed at beholding him.

After that, the Brahman's son married her after the fashion of Gandharv marriages; and used constantly to convert himself thus into a man at night, and to remain a woman by day. At length, after six months, the princess became pregnant.

★

One day, the king went with his whole family to a marriage festival at his minister's house. There the minister's son beheld that Brahman's son disguised as a woman, and fell in love as soon as he saw her (or him), and began to say to a friend of his, "If this woman does not become mine, I will sacrifice my life."

In the interval, the king having partaken of the feast, returned to the palace with his family.

But the condition of the minister's son became most painful through the anguish of separation from his beloved, and he gave up food and water.

Seeing this state his friend went and informed the minister. And the minister, on hearing the story, went and said to the king, "Your majesty! Love for that Brahman's daughter-in-law has brought my son to a wretched state. He has given up eating and drinking. If you would kindly give the Brahman's daughter-in-law to me, his life would be saved."

On hearing this, the king said angrily, "Thou fool! It is not the nature of kings to do such a wrong. Hearken! Is it right to give away to another that which is given in trust, without the permission of the person making over the trust, that you mention this matter to me?"

On hearing this, the minister returned home in despair. Perceiving the suffering of his son, the minister also gave up meat and drink.

★

When three days passed without the minister's eating and drinking, then, indeed, all the officials combined, and said to the king, "Your majesty! The minister's son is in a precarious state, and in the event of his dying, the minister, too, will not survive. And on the minister's dying, the affairs of the state will come to a standstill. It is better that you consent to that which we state."

Hearing this, the king gave them permission to speak. Then

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one of them said, "Your majesty! It is long since that old Brahman left this, and he has not returned; God knows whether he is dead or alive. It is therefore right that you give that Brahman's daughter-in-law to the minister's son, and so uphold your kingdom; and should he return, you can give him villages and wealth. Should he not be satisfied with this, get his son married to another maiden and let him depart."

On hearing this, the king sent for the Brahman's daughter-in-law, and said, "Go thou to the house of my minister's son."

She said, "The virtue of a woman is destroyed by her being gifted with excessive beauty, and a Brahman's character is lost by his serving a king, and a cow is ruined by grazing in remote pastures, and wealth vanishes on meeting with abuse."

After saying so much, she added, "If your majesty would give me to the minister's son, settle this matter with him, viz., that he will do whatever I tell him; then will I go to his house."

The king said, "Say what should he do."

She replied, "Your majesty! I am a Brahman woman, and he is a Kshatri by caste; hence it is best that he first perform all the prescribed pilgrimages, after that I will marry him."

When he heard this speech, the king sent for the minister's son and said to him, "Go thou, first, and visit all the places of pilgrimage; after that I will give the Brahman's girl to thee."

On hearing these words from the king, the minister's son said, "Your majesty! Let her go and take up her abode in my house, and then I will go on pilgrimage."

After hearing this the king said to the Brahman's girl, "If thou will first go and take up thy abode in his house, he will set out on pilgrimage."

Having no alternative, the Brahman's girl went at the king's bidding and took up her abode in his house.

The minister's son was already married to another girl; so he said to his wife, "Do you both live together in one place, on terms of the greatest affection and friendliness, and on no account quarrel and fight with each other, and never go to a stranger's house."

Having given them these instructions, he, for his part, set out on a pilgrimage; and at home his wife, whose name was Saubhagyasundari, lying at night on one bed along with the Brahman's daughter-in-law, began conversing on various topics.

After some time the wife of the minister's son spake as follows:— "O friend! At this moment I am consumed with the flame of love;

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but how can my desire be attained?"

The other said, "If I accomplish thy desire, what wilt thou give me?"

She replied, "I will be thy humble and obedient slave for ever."

On this he took the magic pill out of his mouth and became transformed into a man. Thus he regularly transformed himself into a man by night, and into a woman by day. After that, indeed, great love existed between the two of them.

In short, six months passed away in this manner, and the minister's son returned.

★

When people hearing his arrival, began to rejoice, the Brahman's daughter-in-law, having taken the magic pill out of her mouth and transformed herself into a man, came out from the house by way of the wicket, and went off for good.

After some time, he came to the same Brahman, Muldeva, who had given him the magic pill, and told him his whole story from beginning to end.

Then Muldeva, after hearing all the circumstances, took the magic pill from him and gave it to his companion, Shashi, and each of them put a pill into his mouth. One was transformed into an old man, and the other a young man of twenty. After this the two went to the king's.

The king saluted them on the instant of seeing them, and gave them seats.

And they, too, gave the king their blessings.

After inquiring after their health and welfare, the king spake to Muldeva, saying, "Where have you been detained for so many days?"

The Brahman replied, "Your majesty! I went to search for this son of mine, and having discovered him, I have brought him to you. If you will now give up his wife, I will take both daughter-in-law and son home."

Then the king related the whole story of the girl to the Brahman.

The Brahman became very angry on hearing it, and said to the king, "What proceeding is this, for thee to give my son's wife to another? Well! Thou hast acted as thou pleasedst; but now receive my curse."

Thereupon the king begged, "O holy man! Be not angry; I will do whatever you bid me."

The Brahman said, "So be it; if, through fear of my curse, thou wilt do as I say, then give thy daughter in marriage to my son."

On hearing this, the king summoned an astrologer, and after having the auspicious moment determined, gave his daughter in marriage to the Brahman's son.

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Then he took leave of the king and came to his own village, bringing the princess, together with her dowry, along with him.

On hearing this the Brahman Manswi also came there, and commenced quarrelling with him, saying, "Give me my wife."

The Brahman named Shashi said, "I have married her before ten witnesses and brought her home; she is my wife."

He replied, "She is with child by me; how can she become thy wife?"

And they went on wrangling with each other.

Muldeva reasoned much with both of them, but neither heeded what he said.

After relating so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Say, king Vir Vikramaditya! whose wife was she?"

The king replied, "She became the wife of the Brahman Shashi."

Then the ghoul asked, "Pregnant by the other Brahman, how could she become the wife of this one?"

The king replied, "No one was aware of her being with child by that Brahman; whereas this one married her in the presence of ten witnesses; therefore she became his wife. And the child, too, will have the right to perform his funeral obsequies."

On hearing this, the ghoul went and hung on to the same tree.

Again did the king go, and, after binding the ghoul, and placing him on his shoulder, carry him away.

[*To be continued.*]

INDIA MUST REASSERT HERSELF—(Concld.)

ed, must before long petrify and perish.

That there is still an unexhausted vitality in her, that she yet nourishes the seeds of re-birth and renewal, we owe to Shankara and his successors and the great minds and souls that came after them.

Will she yet arise, now combine her past and continue the great dream where she left it off, shaking off on the one hand the soils and the filth that have grown on her in her period of downfall and futile struggle, and re-asserting on the other her peculiar individuality and national type against the callow civilisation of the West with its dogmatic and intolerant knowledge, its still more dogmatic and intolerant ignorance, its deification of selfishness and force, its violence and its ungoverned Titanism?

In doing so lies her one chance of salvation.

[Courtesy: *Aurobindo Ashram*].

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

NINTH CONVOCATION

"It is gratifying indeed to note that the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in the course of its 17 years of career has been able to collect scholars of the first rank to devote themselves entirely to the study of various subjects and thus help the builders of the nation to achieve the re-integration of Indian culture", said Dr. Harekrushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, delivering the 9th Convocation Address of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 19th of this month.

Reminiscing, he said, "I feel as if I am now remembering after a number of years a very pleasant dream which came upon my mind just a few months after the starting of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in 1938. My dream was then to open a branch of this great institution in Orissa. Some steps were then taken in that direction for the realisation of the dream; but waves of political movements closely following upon the last devastating war changed the course of life not only of individuals but also of the nation in such a manner that the dream had to remain a dream only. I am happy, however, that the dream has sunk so deep in my mind that I will not forget it. I am looking forward to the day when it will be realised. Perhaps it will be realised much sooner than I myself am imagining."

Turning to the 150 students who received prizes, diplomas and medals, he said: "Those who are going out of this great institution after finishing their career as students will surely be the torch-bearers of Indian culture. They will be the symbol of tolerance and at the same time they will possess the vigour, spread the SADDHARMA all over India in all sections of the population. I wish them good luck."

Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bhavan, welcomed the guests and gave a short outline of the activities of the Bhavan in the field of Indian culture. Shri J. H. Dave proposed the vote of thanks.

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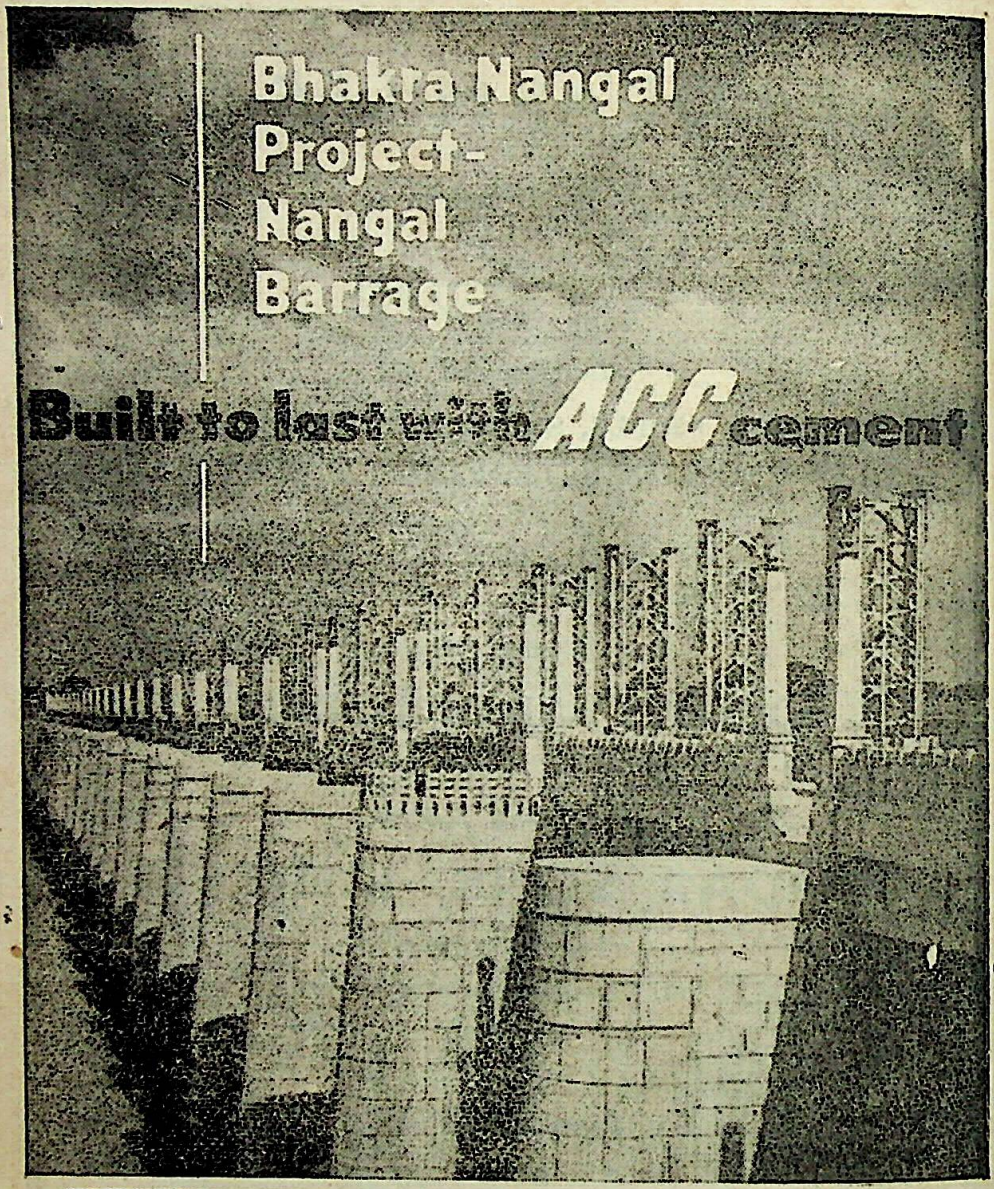
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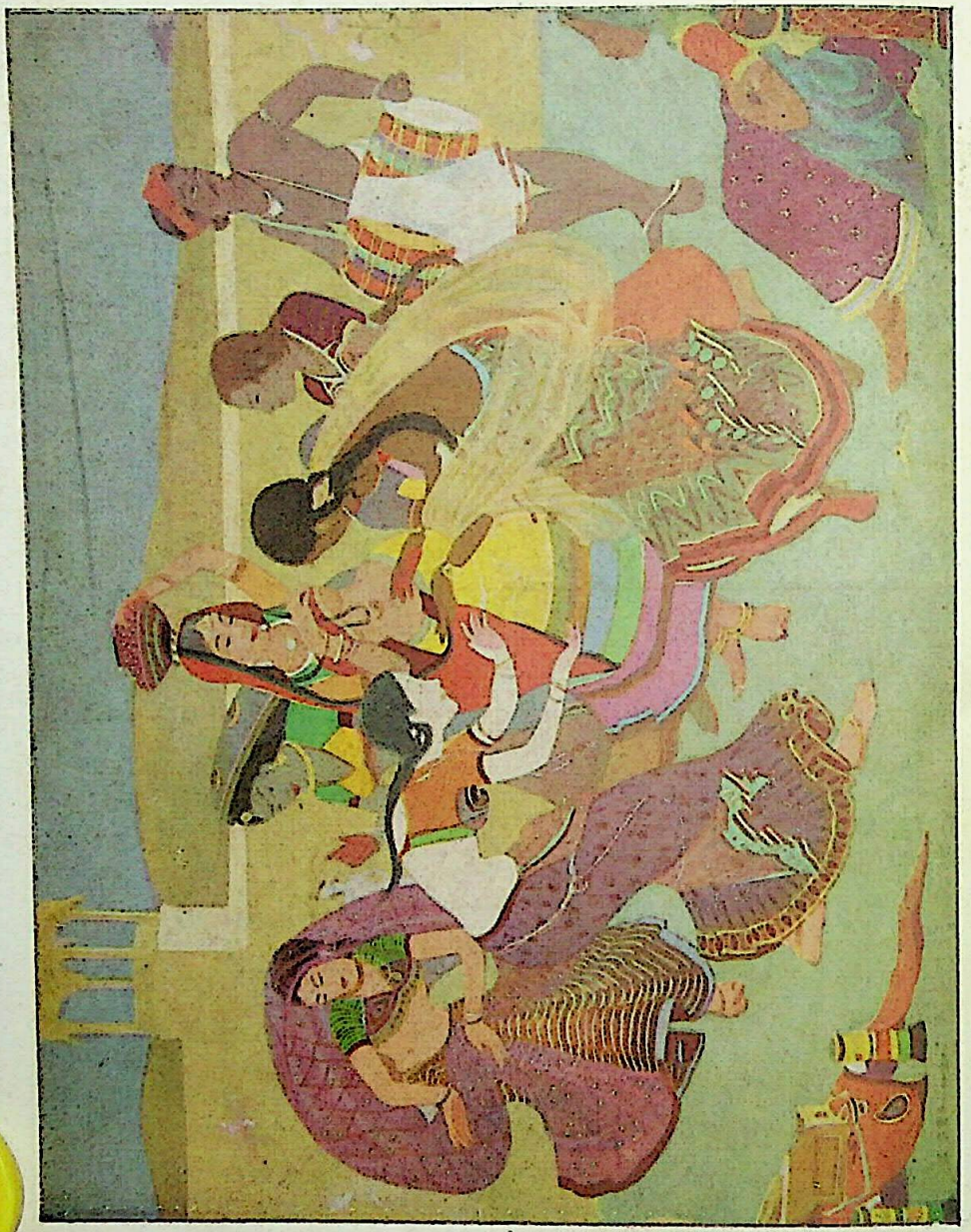
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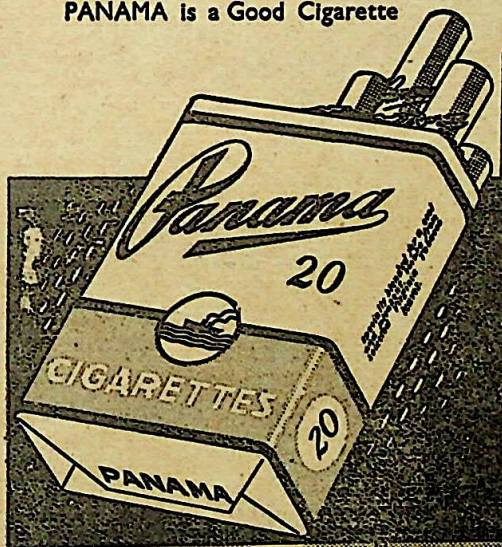
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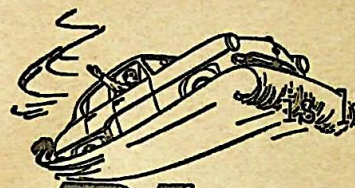
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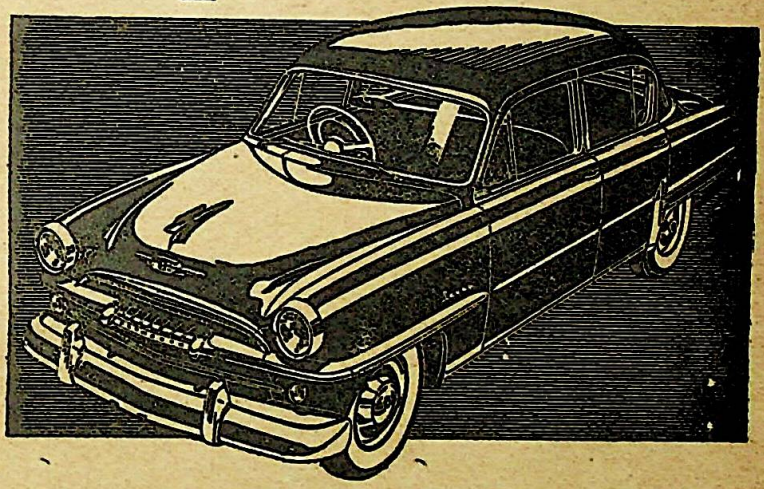
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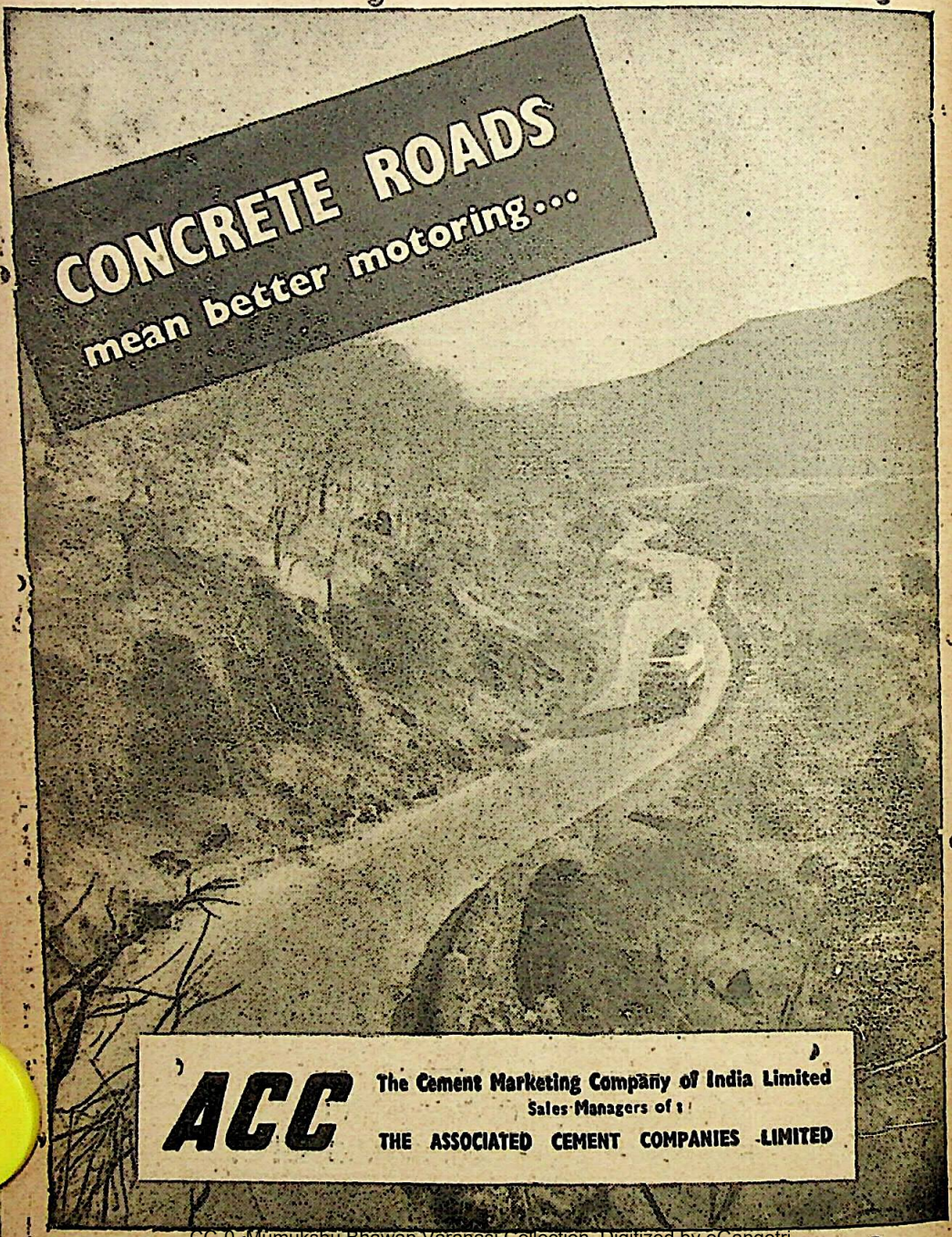
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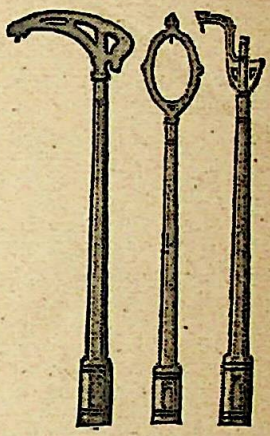


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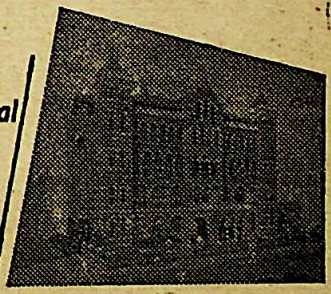
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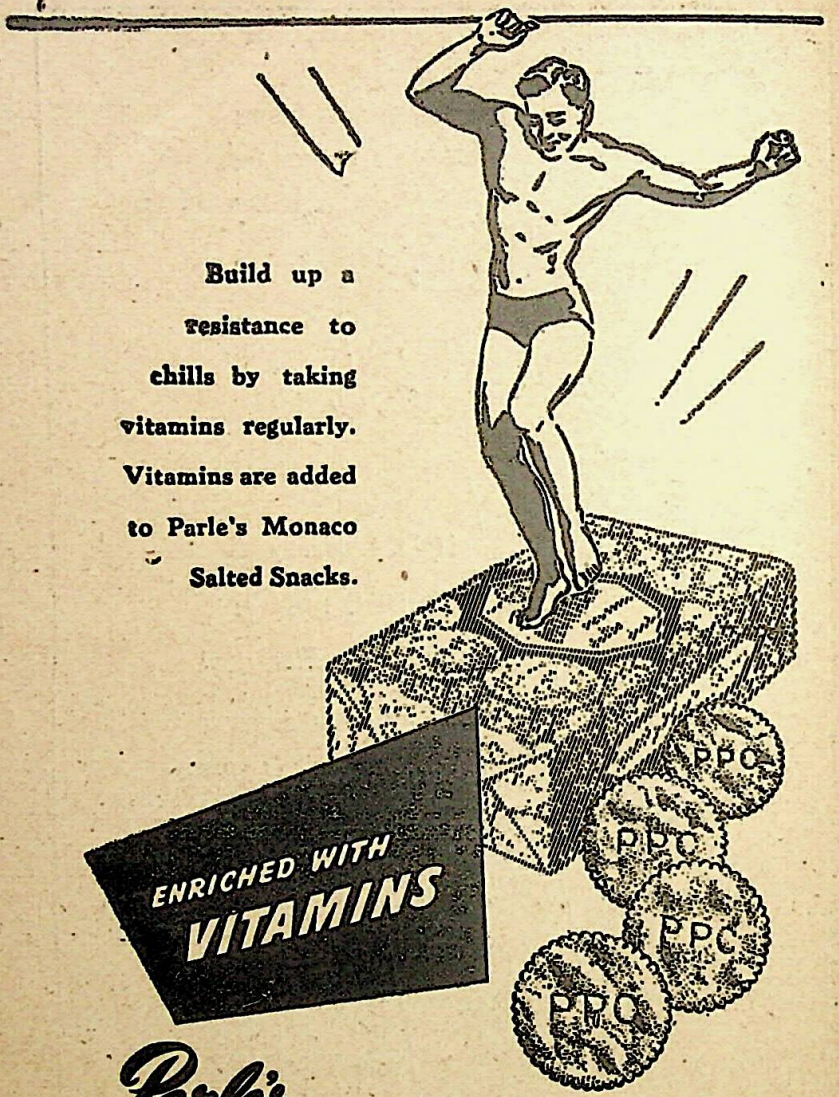


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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 18] [APRIL 10, 1955

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low! shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side,
Your brotherhood revere.

—Harriet Martineau

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 72

★Konarak ★ Wonder Horse ★ Erotic Sculpture

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
April 10, 1955

My Young Friend,

On February 15 we were at Cuttack, on my first visit to Orissa. I had looked forward to it for several years.

Cuttack, like Broach, is a narrow, but long town, built along the bank of the Katjuri river. The Government House is built right on the bank of the river which at the moment is nothing but an expanse of sand.

Over a cup of coffee, Kumaraswami Raja, the Governor of Orissa, and my old friend Harekrushna Mahtab (now Governor of Bombay), whom I had not seen for about three years, and myself talked of many things; one topic of our conversation being New Delhi and its climate—always a favourite one with politicians.

We set off for Konarak. Certain sections of the road were in such a bad condition that the car—a heavy Humber—went forward bumping every second in spite of the fresh earth thrown on the road to make it level. I have left my horse-riding days some thirty-two years behind; so when I was thrown up and down by the springing seat, I heard my bones rattle in my skin.

We passed through the streets of small villages, flanked by houses with mud-walls and thatched roofs. The walls of better-class houses were adorned with crude devices painted on them in *chunam* (lime). We were near the sea, though we could not see it. The countryside had, therefore, a peculiar quality with long stretches of paddy-fields. Mango-trees crowned with heavy foliage, banana trees, date-palms, cocoanut trees and thatch-covered fields were everywhere.

Men and women, most of them clothed in one garment apiece, and

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children dressed exactly as they were born, stood staring goggle-eyed at the heavily escorted flag-flying car. We also met school-children dawdling on their way to school, each with a dual-purpose palm-leaf mat—an umbrella for the sun and a seat in the school. The onlookers had not yet caught the "Jai Hind" mood; they were just stolid.

As we bumped our way forward, we saw in the distance a casuarina forest. Then the top of the Black Pagoda—as the English mariners called it—came into view. This was the famous Sun Temple of Konarak.

The sea is a short distance away from the site; the Chandrabhaga river, now a stretch of sand with the apology of a stream, is a couple of miles away.

Once Konarak was a port, and, like Prabhas, a place of ancient sanctity. The sacred Chandrabhaga then emptied itself into the sea as it washed the temple-site, similarly as at Somnath. But there, vandalism had destroyed the shrine; here at Konarak, Nature had done that work. The sea receded and sand-dunes silted up the Chandrabhaga. The site was deserted and the temple no longer attracted worshippers except on the seventh day of the Magh month, sacred to the Sun, when even now pilgrims are drawn to it.

The temple lay neglected; cracks appeared in the walls and the heavy stones of the tower fell down. Sand soon covered the shrine, which was once the wonder of India and the hope of millions.

Thanks to Lord Curzon, the splendid ruins were rescued from the sands and conserved.

Konarak is a marvel of structural effort, gigantic like the Pyramids, exquisite in every detail as the beautiful Sun-temple at Modhera.

Between 1238 and 1264, Narasimhadeva, king of Kalinga, had it built. Twelve thousand masons, with the aid of thousands of other workmen worked for sixteen years. Huge stone-slabs were quarried a great distance away and brought to the site on rafts, hauled up to amazing heights, placed in position and carved to perfection. It is an example of efflorescent Orissan art which had then reached its high water-mark.

The front porch, called Jagmohan, is 128 feet high; the *Vimana*, the tower, which once crowned the sanctum, was 228 feet high. The *kalasa*, the crowning stone-slab, as it lies on the ground, is twenty-five feet thick, 2000 tons in weight.

The *navagraha* lintel on the eastern gate still lies in perfect condition, but in two pieces of 19 feet by 3 feet by 3 feet. In its original position it was supported by an iron beam measuring twenty-three

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Horses : Konarak

feet by nine inches square, a miraculous feat of engineering performed in primitive forges by crude manual labour. The secret of its manufacture has been lost.

On the lintel are carved the nine *grahas* (planets of astrology)—the Sun, the Moon, Mars and Mercury; Jupiter—*Brihaspati* with a beard, —Venus and Saturn; *Rahu,* the ascending node as the demon with a fearful face and a sabre tooth and *Ketu* the descending node with a tail: the nine powers which, according to astrologers, decide man's fate.

★

The design of the temple is grandiose; the effect, elemental. The *kalasa* was a huge lion rampant upon an elephant. The height of the lion rises 20 feet above a 15 feet base. On all sides you see fierce rampant lions, the crouching, helpless elephants below, and mutilated human bodies crushed underneath. This is a favourite motif in all Orissan architecture; but in Konarak, in proportion and effect, the motif had been perfected.

There are sentinels on what were originally the gates. On the eastern gate stand two large sized lions; on the northern, two elephants. On the southern side, evidently on a platform, are horses suggesting massive strength and mobile ferocity; the front hoofs are cruelly placed on a fallen warrior who helplessly holds a shield, his face portraying great anguish. A rider with sword in hand stands beside each horse in a pose suggestive of pride and victory. These horses have been carved with unique vitality.

Praxiteles' horses are the wonders of the world; so are these. To the Greek horses, the genius of a sculptor has imparted power, mobility, restlessness. To the horses in Konarak, the Indian sculptor with equal creative power, has imparted anger, ferocity, determined and deadly power.

As you enter the front gate you cross the *Natamandap* with four entrances and richly carved pillars. It is so arranged that as the Sun rises, the first rays pierce its interior to light up the porch or the Jagmohan.

The temple consisting of the porch or the Jagmohan and the central tower over the Garbhagriha called *Vimana,* are in the form of a huge chariot of the Sun drawn by seven horses. The chariot has 12

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large wheels beautifully carved in stone on both sides, symbolically showing the periods of the year. Every portion of the intervening space is richly carved.

Each carving has a main theme — the efflorescence of elemental passion, ferocity, death, misery, mobility, power and unsophisticated sexual enjoyment. The panels depict imaginary lions like griffin; elephants running, trotting, jumping; men on running horses, armies marching, *sadhus* preaching, drummers in ridiculous headdresses beating drums; girls dancing in every pose; *nagas* and *naginis* — serpent gods and goddesses — standing intertwined, making love; and amorous men and women in a variety of poses — all carved in beauty and realism. Everything is mobile; everything expresses the elemental power of the Sun.

On three sides of the porch have been carved life-size statues of the Sun or Arun, his charioteer. One of them is still intact, erect, high-booted as in the Sun Temple of Gujarat, majestic and yet divinely sweet.

We descended into the *garbhagriha*. The tower, as I have mentioned, had disappeared long ago. The central pedestal was empty. The tradition has it that the central image of the Sun was removed to the Puri temple. We saw it there, concealed behind a modern image, perhaps to save it from the ruthless hands of vandalism. Unfortunately we could not see it in detail.



The amorous carvings have often evoked the wrath of modern men and the supercilious and ignorant critics of Indian art. Such criticism is natural, human confidence in its own judgment being what it is.

But humbly I must enter a caveat against people of one generation, brought up with its own standard of taste, sitting in judgment on the taste of another generation, a different age or a different social or aesthetic tradition. There is no universal criterion of taste or delicacy for all things in all times. The sooner this is realised, the better will it be for art.

Indians are shocked at the over-exposed torso of Western women. The King of England was shocked to find Gandhiji attending at a Buckingham Palace reception with his knees exposed. The Balinese girl would be shocked at the indecent manner in which the Indian woman overdrapes herself. And I have seen respectable Indian women drawing an end of their saris over their eyes lest their chaste eyes might fall upon the shameless perfection of the marble Venus in the Bombay Museum.

In 1928 Professor Anandshankar Dhruva and myself were members of the Baroda University Commission. A respectable middle-aged

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lawyer of Baroda appeared before us as a witness. After giving us his views on university education, he ended up by saying:

"Sir, if you have a university in Baroda, do not prescribe obscene works like Jane Austen's".

My eyes widened with horror. *Pride and Prejudice* obscene! Jane Austen, the symbol of English respectability, must have turned over in her grave.

I protested indignantly: "Surely, you had *Shakuntala* as your textbook in your college days. What about it?"

The lawyer turned to Professor Dhruva and smiling, said: "Sir, Dhruva Saheb was our professor in those days and he used to explain away the obscenities."

I looked at Dhruva; he felt like hiding himself underground.

"Have you read *Gita Govind* or *Janakiharan*?" I asked.

"No, Sir", came the answer.

I could find nothing more to say. A middle-class Gujarati gentleman of prudish taste possibly brought up in the strict code of Shikshapatri sitting in judgment over Jayadeva's immortal poem was more than enough for me.

The Age of Konarak in Orissa — mid-thirteenth century — was a happy age. Women at that time went about with uncovered flower-decked heads. Men and women mixed without fear of abduction as an instrument of brutal conquest, and segregation of women was unnecessary. *Gita Govind* was sung in courts, temples and homes as a poem of beauty, if not a scripture. Purdah was unknown. Educated men studied the science of Erotics and discussed it in learned assemblies. Marriage was a sacrament; women's loyalty deathless. Illicit love was not respectable because it was gaily dressed in gown and ripples as in the courts of France.

Why should I care to justify the Konarak masters to modern eyes? In their eyes they were depicting a truth: inter-mingling of human bodies as an elemental power of tremendous significance inspired by the supreme creator of all vitality, the Sun. They could not realise at that time that the wonders which they were carving would be looked at by eyes to which the body beautiful would no longer be divine; to which the natural would not be admirable; to which universal creativeness could not be presented without evoking lewdness.

The art is sensual, *par excellence*. It lacks the infinite tenderness and the innocent nudity of the lovers of the Ajanta frescoes and the Ellora sculptures. We in our days would not tolerate such frank portrayal of sensuality. Nor would modern taste approve of it. But that is no reason for attributing to the artists

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of Konarak disgusting lewdness nor to the society of their day lack of moral sense.

★

While we were at Konarak, a shower of rain fell nearby. The fresh new earth scattered by the authorities to facilitate the passage of the gubernatorial car over the rut-broken road, had turned to sticky mud. And as we returned, our cars got stuck, and had to be pushed. More than once we had to walk part of the way.

But Puri at last! In the Government House, the freshening sea breeze was blowing from the direction of the beach to remind us of dear old Juhu.

Yours sincerely,

Kripalani

Ramanama is no copy-book maxim. It is something that has to be realised through experience.

There is no doubt that Ramanama is the surest aid. If recited from the heart, it charms away every evil thought; the evil thought gone, no corresponding action is possible.

The recitation of Ramanama as a remedy for spiritual ailments is as old as the hills. My claim is that the recitation of Ramanama is a sovereign remedy for our physical ailments also. If one is knowingly filled with the presence of God within, one is that moment free from all ailments—physical, mental or moral.

My Rama, the Rama of our prayers is not the historical Rama, the son of Dasharatha, the King of Ayodhya. He is the eternal, the unborn, the one without a second. He alone I worship, His aid alone I seek, and so should you. He belongs equally to all.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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Swami Vivekananda

INDIA and her LIFE-CURRENT

THIS is the ancient land where wisdom made its home before it went into any other country, the same India whose influx of spirituality is represented, as it were, on the material plane, by rolling rivers like oceans, where the eternal Himalayas, rising tier above tier with their snow-caps, look as it were into the very mysteries of heaven.



Here is the same India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the greatest sages that ever lived. Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man, and into the internal world. Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the existence of a supervising God, an immanent God in nature and in man, and here the highest ideals of religion and philosophy have attained their culminating points.

This is the land from whence, like the tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from whence once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind. It is the same India which has withstood the shocks of centuries, of hundreds of foreign invasions, of hundreds of upheavals of manners and customs. It is the same land which stands firmer than any rock in the world, with its undying vigour, indestructible life. Its life is of the same nature as the soul, without beginning and without end, immortal,

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and we are the children of such a country.

Children of India! My object in reminding you about the glories of the past is simply this. Many times have I been told that looking into the past only degenerates and leads to nothing, and that we should look to the future. That is true. But out of the past is built the future. Look back, therefore, as far as you can, drink deep of the eternal fountains that are behind, and after that, look forward, march forward and make India brighter, greater, much higher than she ever was.

Our ancestors were great. We must first recall that. We must learn the elements of our being, the blood that courses in our veins; we must have faith in that blood, and what it did in the past; and out of that and consciousness of past greatness, we must build an India yet greater than what she has been.

Our vigour, our strength, nay, our national life is in our religion. Whether it is right or not, whether it is correct or not, whether it is beneficial or not in the long run, to have this vitality in religion, but for good or evil it is there; you cannot get out of it, you have it now and for ever, and you have to stand by it, even if you have not the same faith that I have in our religion. You are bound by it, and if you give it up you are smashed to pieces. That is the life of our race and that must be strengthened.

You have withstood the shocks of centuries simply because you took great care of it, you sacrificed everything else for it. Your forefathers underwent everything boldly, even death itself, but preserved their religion.

Temple after temple was broken down by the foreign conqueror, but no sooner had the wave passed than the spire of the temple rose up again. Some of the old temples of Southern India, and those like Somnath of Gujerat, will teach you volumes of wisdom, will give you a keener insight into the history of the race than any amount of books.

Mark how these temples bear the marks of a hundred attacks and a hundred regenerations, continually destroyed and continually springing up out of the ruins, rejuvenated and strong as ever! That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die; death will be the only result, annihilation the only effect, the moment you step beyond that life-current.

I do not mean to say that other things are not necessary. I do not mean to say that political or social improvements are not necessary, but what I mean is this, and I want you to bear it in mind, that they are secondary here, and that religion is primary. The Indian mind is first religious, then anything else.

So religion must be strengthened.

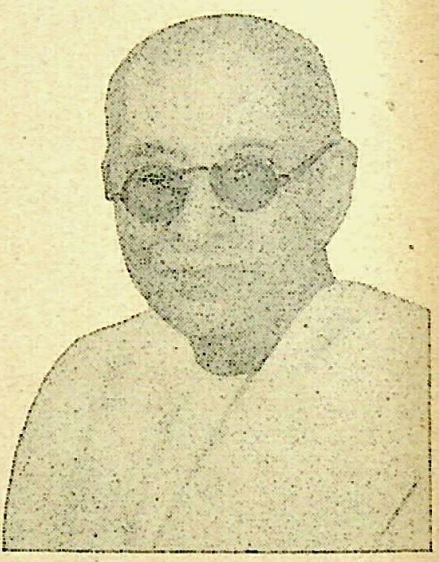
[Courtesy: *Ramakrishna Ashram.*]

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C. Rajagopalachari

THE THIRST FOR HIGHER KNOWLEDGE

ON the *Upanishads*, we have a scripture which among all the holy scriptures of the world, displays the most scientific spirit in connection with spiritual enquiry. The sages, whose thoughts and teachings we read in the *Upanishads*, seem to be as much inspired by constructive doubt as the most modern men of science. Their questions and answers indicate that they lived in an age when, alongside of conformism and the rigid maintenance of old practices, men thirsted for Truth and the atmosphere was charged with the boldest free-thought.



The *Katha Upanishad* has a sublime introductory scene, forming the noble background for the great teaching imparted in the *Upanishads*.

Vajasravasa performed an elaborate sacrifice, which terminated with a parting of all his possessions as gifts to the guests assembled. Vajasravasa's son, Nachiketas, watched the proceedings and, as he saw the gifts being given, he was filled with the thought of the vanity of it all.

"Of what use is it," he said to himself, "giving these toothless old cattle and cows past the age of bearing? Should not my father, if he is minded to give what is dear to him, give *me* away?" So he went to his father and said "Father! To whom are you going to give me?" The father did not pay heed to the question, but went on with the routine of the great sacrifice. Nachiketas repeated the question again and again till the father losing patience, exclaimed without meaning anything like what he said "You? I shall give you to Yama."

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Nothing could be uttered on such a solemn occasion but must be carried out. The father was aghast at his own exclamation. Nachiketas, however, decided to go to Yama. "Many have gone before me and many yet must go after me. I go not alone to Death, and what can Yama do to me? Consider what has happened before this, and consider what is going to happen in the future. Countless are the mortals that have died before this and will die hereafter. The life of mortals, indeed, is like that of the corn which grows and ripens and is reaped, and like the grains that fall which spring again into life."

So Nachiketas went to Yama. Yama was not prepared for the voluntary visitor. He was not willing to receive any one before time. Nachiketas had to wait for three days before Yama received him. A Brahmana could not thus be disregarded even by Yama. So, to make up for the offence, Death offered to Nachiketas whatever boon he might demand.

The youth chose for a boon instruction at Yama's hands about the nature of the Soul.

"Do not ask for this," said Yama. "Ask for sons and grandsons who may live for a hundred years. Ask for cows, elephants, and gold and houses. Ask for large tracts of land, and to live as many autumns as you desire. Or choose any boon that you can conceive equal to this, with wealth and long life. Be lord of wide dominations. O, Nachiketas, I will make you the enjoyer of every desire. Ask freely for every rare enjoyment in the world of mortals. Here are nymphs in chariots playing on lutes, such as men could never get. These will serve you at my command."

Nachiketas was unmoved. He said: "These ephemeral pleasures, O Death, consume the powers of the mortals' senses. Even if they lasted all life, they are of little worth. You say you give me these gifts, but being all limited by the death of the enjoyer, they remain but yours, though you appear to give them away, these chariots, and song and dance. How can man be satisfied with wealth? Shall we hold wealth if we see you? i.e., it disappears on death. We live but as long as you command it to be. That boon alone, therefore is worthy of being desired that I craved of you."

Yama thus failed to persuade Nachiketas to give up his inquiry into the mystery of life even for all the pleasures of this world and of the world of the gods. "You have displayed courage and resolve", said Yama. "There can be no better seeker than such a one, even as you stated that there can be no better instructor than myself. Listen, then, and I shall explain." Then follows the teaching.

(From *Upanishads for the Lay Reader* published by *Hindustan Times*, New Delhi).

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Arnold J. Toynbee

Nightmare of "1984"



THE first major problem of the world today is the staving off of a third world war as a first step toward reaching a relation with one another of sufficient mutual confidence to reduce the fear of war to the vanishing point.

If we manage to solve the problem of keeping, and then insuring, the peace, the next major problem may be that of limiting the world's population. If atomic weapons do not destroy all life, preventive medicine applied by public health authorities will allow the numbers of the human race to multiply up to starvation point and beyond it, unless we can bring ourselves quickly to change our habits, and our traditional attitudes, in regard to the procreation of children.

In this inner sanctum of family life, habits cannot be changed easily. It will be hard, indeed, for wives and husbands to reconcile themselves to the necessary new idea that the number of children they are to have is not exclusively their own private affair but is something in which the world, too, has a say, since it is the world that will have to provide the food ration for the children if these are born into a world on the brink of starvation.

If the world manages to keep the peace and also to keep its population within limits by other means than the inhuman traditional means (war, famine and pestilence), I think the greatest problem of all will be the revival of religion. I believe man cannot live without freedom; his spiritual life is the sphere in which he needs freedom most of all; and religion may be the only field left for freedom of any kind in the world into which we are now moving.

I see at least three forces at work which are all militating against freedom and telling in favour of totalitarianism. These three forces are the pressure of population, the dangerousness of the high-powered tools with which we have now equipped ourselves and the demand for social justice. All three forces

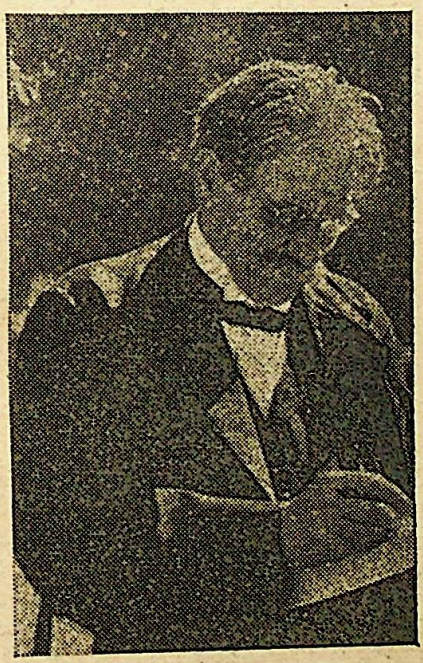
(Contd. on page 42)

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Albert Schweitzer

The Sub-Human Superman

Among the great minds of our time, Dr. Albert Schweitzer surely would rank high. This article is an extract from Dr. Schweitzer's speech while accepting the Nobel Peace Prize.



IN the course of the last two wars, we have been guilty of inhuman acts which make us shudder, and in a future war we would commit even worse acts. That must not happen!

Let us face the facts frankly. Man has become a superman.

He is a superman because he not only possesses his innate physical forces, but because, thanks to the conquests of science and technique, he commands also the latent forces of nature and makes them work for him. In order to kill at a distance, man by himself had only his own physical strength. With this strength he could tauten the bow and, by releasing it, send off an arrow.

The superman has reached the stage when, thanks to a device invented for that purpose, he can use the energy released by the combustion of particular chemical mixture. Thus he is able to use a much more effective projectile and shoot it much farther.

But the superman suffers from a baleful defect of spirit. He has not raised himself to the level of superhuman reason which should correspond to the possession of superhuman powers. He would need it in order to put this enormous power solely at the disposal of reasonable and useful ends, instead

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of destructive and murderous ones. For this reason, the conquests of science and technique have brought him misfortune instead of profit.

In that connection it is significant perhaps that the first great discovery — the force resulting from the combustion of powder — was used first of all solely as a means of killing at a distance.

The conquest of the air, thanks to the internal combustion engine, marks a decisive stage in the progress of humanity. Men immediately seized the opportunity which this offered to kill and destroy from the air. This invention has made evident a consequence which previously one refused to recognize: Superman, as his powers increase also becomes poorer. So as not to expose himself completely to destruction hurled from above he is forced to burrow underground, just like the animals. At the same time, he is forced to witness an unprecedented destruction of cultural values.

The next stage was the discovery of the enormous forces liberated by the distintegration of the atom, and the utilization of those forces. After somes time, one had to recognize that the destructive capacity of a bomb charged with a force of that kind was incalculable, and that experiments on a big scale could cause catastrophes threatening the very existence of humanity. It is only now that all the horror of our existence is revealed to us. We can no longer evade the question of the future of humanity.

But the essential fact which our conscience has to recognize, and which we should have recognized long ago, is that we have become inhuman in the same degree that we have become supermen. In the course of wars we have accepted that men have been killed *en masse* — about twenty million in the second world war — that whole towns with their inhabitants have been obliterated by the atomic bomb, that men have been made living torches by incendiary bombs.

We were told this by the radio or the newspapers and we judged these facts according to whether they represented a success for our group of nations or for our enemies. When we admitted to ourselves that these things were the results of inhuman acts, that admission was accompanied by the reflection that the nature of war condemned us to accept them. In resigning ourselves without resistance to our fate, we make ourselves guilty of inhumanity.

What matters is for all of us to recognize that we are guilty of inhumanity. The horror of this experience must arouse us from our stupor so that we direct our will and our hope towards the coming of an era in which there will be no more war.

This will and this hope can have only one single aim; to attain in a new spirit, that superior reason which will prevent us from using the forces at our disposal for evil.

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OUR INHERITANCE



K. M. Munshi

WORDS like democracy, socialism, peace, are freely used to cover a variety of meanings. We find the word democracy applied to countries which are frankly totalitarian. The word socialism is used in a variety of senses. Very often the word peace is utilized by powers which are making rapid preparations to blow up the world with atom bombs. We must, therefore, go beyond words to meanings, and from the meanings to the real object for which they are used.

Most of us swear by Gandhiji; most of us revere him; but few have the patience to study his life and teachings and to discover the true meaning thereof. There are countries which have described Gandhiji as a stooge of imperialism or an instrument of capitalism. Some schools of thought try to make out that unless a thing answers their variety of Marxism it is wicked.

I am posing Gandhism against Marxism, for I am clear in my mind that they represent entirely contradictory ideologies, and it is the duty of every Indian if he wants to be true to himself and to his country to appreciate Gandhism at its true worth. This is not done because Gandhiji's teachings are not sufficiently studied.

Gandhiji stood for truth and non-violence. Marxism frankly stands for camouflage and violence. Truth as understood by Gandhiji implied the unity of thought, word and action. When we wanted to commit a breach of law under the leadership of Gandhiji it was enjoined that we should inform the Police Commissioner about it beforehand; that we should be gentle when we break the law; that we should unresistingly offer ourselves for imprisonment.

Under the Marxian doctrine we have to take advantage of a de-

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mocratic set-up to blow up democracy; to adopt the policy of the Trojan Horse; to enter into institutions and organizations under cover of agreement to capture them and to make them subserve violent ends. Marxism enjoins that to secure the end of world domination any means could be employed so long as it is calculated to succeed.

In international life, for instance, Gandhiji's stand has now been developed into the Nehru doctrine; that the means and the end should both be honest and peaceful. We do not talk peace and pile up armaments.

The Gandhian principle enjoins non-violence, a sympathetic understanding of the opponent's point of view, an unwavering disregard of violent words and deeds. It is based on love for oneself and the opponent. Its aim is to convert the heart of the opponent by persuasion.

Marxism, as now fully developed, is a creed of unabashed violence. Its psychological lever is class war. It has evolved a doctrine of ceaseless war in peace, what is generally termed 'cold war'. In internal affairs it treats the human being as a mere instrument of the State octopus without individual dignity, without freedom of speech, or action, to be regimented, controlled and directed by propaganda, coercion and fear.

Marxism is based on materialistic interpretation of history. It assumes that the man has no sacred personality, that he has no soul, and no God to whom he can look up to. According to it the man is but an insect seeking material comfort, guided only by material considerations.

Gandhism is founded on the bedrock of spiritual strength for which the *Bhagavad Gita,* the *Bible* and the *Koran* have stood. According to it man has a divine essence; he is a potential divinity. He is guided less by materialistic motives than by an urge to rise higher; to seek the beautiful and the true; to strengthen himself by humbly surrendering himself to God; and to draw to himself the mercy and the strength of God.

It is claimed for Marxism that those who oppose it are capitalists; who believe in the accumulation of wealth and property in the hands of a few. This criticism ignores that Gandhism is based on the values of Indian culture. One of them is *asteya*—non-stealing; if a man tries to gain more than what he requires for his bare individual needs, he commits theft. The other principle is of non-possession, *aparigraha,* for which Gandhiji stood. No man could possess more than what he barely needs. If he makes money it is only for giving it up for the benefit of others.

Inspired by this doctrine many people sacrificed their careers in

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the service of Gandhiji; crores of rupees were placed at the disposal of Gandhiji for fighting the battle of freedom; in the last eight years India has peacefully expropriated many more propertied men than anywhere. In Gandhiji's name and following his teachings Vinobaji is today evoking the spirit of *aparigraha* and collecting hundreds of thousands of acres of land from the propertied men for the landless. This is the power of non-violence, of love, of Gandhian philosophy.

For a thousand years we were enslaved. We fought with Gandhian weapons the mightest empire in the world. We became free without shedding a drop of blood and in the very year in which we extinguished British rule in India, the two nations, India and England, became friendly powers, bound to each other by almost an unbreakable bond. This is the triumph of Gandhian policy. No freedom was ever achieved in this way, nor such bonds ever established by Marxism.

During the last 30 years if there has been one revolutionary change in India, it has been the freedom which Indian women have attained. In most countries they had to fight hard to win this freedom. Here under Gandhian leadership a few hundreds of them went to jail in the service of the nation and came out free women. Ours is the first Constitution which accepted the equality of sexes in such an unequivocal manner with one voice. This is the triumph of Gandhian philosophy.

For centuries the bar of untouchability separated millions from millions. There were even unseeables in this land. Yeravada fast was in 1932. Since then the conscience of the people has been awakened. Our Constitution has banned untouchability. In this vast country in villages untouchability exists, I admit. But in a quarter of a century untouchability has ceased to be accepted by the public conscience. Neither politics nor social theory, neither religion nor morals will recognise untouchability in this country.

Such a moral revolution is only possible without a violent struggle and only under Gandhian influence. We know how this kind of distinction, say for instance between the 'white' and the 'coloured' races in America, is still creating bitter feuds.

Thanks to Gandhiji we have created a moral revolution almost within two generations. Gandhism achieved all this by mobilising the moral conscience of man through truth and non-violence. That is the Gandhism we have inherited. With its aid India under the leadership of Panditji has acquired international prestige. It is with the aid of this philosophy that we can stand before the world and ask it to learn the ways of peace.

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Immortal India—16 **J. H. Dave**

SRIRANGAM

अन्तर्ज्योतिः किमपि यमिनामञ्जनं योगदृष्टेश्
चिन्तारत्नं सुलभमिह नः सिद्धिमोक्षानुरूपम् ।
दीनानाथव्यसनशमनं दैवतं दैवतानां
दिव्यं चक्षुः श्रुतिपरिषदां दृश्यते रङ्गमध्ये ॥

"Sri Ranganatha is the Inner Light of those who practise self-control, the unguent which gives the Yogic sight, the easily obtainable chintamani jewel yielding all siddhis and even liberation, the remover of the troubles of the poor and the helpless, the God of Gods, the divine light. He is seen as seated on the central stage in the assembly of the srutis."

—Sri Venkatacharya.

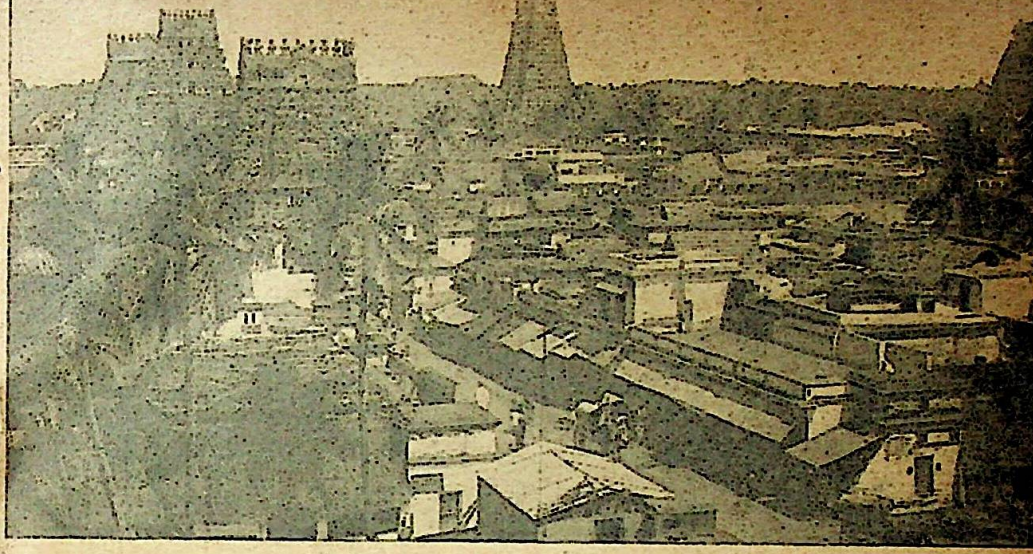
BETWEEN the two branches of river Kaveri is the island of Srirangam about three miles north of the town of Trichinopoly. It contains the celebrated Vaishnava Shrine of Lord Sri Ranganatha of great repute and antiquity. Sri Ranganatha is lying recumbent on the great serpent Adisesha, and near His feet are seated His two consorts Sri Bhu and Sri Neela.

The legend is that Sri Ranganatha was first worshipped in heaven by Brahma. It was then brought by King Ikshvaku to his capital at Ayodhya. He and his descendants regularly carried on His worship generation after generation—as a family deity. In course of time it came to Sri Rama as paternal inheritance. After Shri Rama returned from Lanka and was crowned, his ally Vibhishana who had been to Ayodhya desired to go back to Lanka. On his special request, Sri Rama gave him the image of Sri Ranganatha, the family deity of the Ikshvakus. Vibhishana carried it South to reach Lanka but the condition was that he was not to place it on the ground. Vibhishana could not fulfil the condition and placed the image at Srirangam from which place he could not subsequently remove it. Since then, the legend says, Sri Ranganatha has stayed at Srirangam.

River Kaveri branches off into two rivers about five miles from Srirangam, the northern branch being called Coleroon and the southern, Kaveri. After about 12 miles from Srirangam, the two branches again meet. A bath in Kaveri is considered highly meritorious, particularly when the Sun and Jupiter are in Libra.

From Pausha Sukla 1st to 11th there is a great festival here of Vaikuntha Ekadasi. As a matter

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A general view of Srirangam.

of fact on all the 24 Ekadasis (11th day in each lunar fortnight) of the year, there are special *Pooja* and celebrations. *Padma* (Uttara 38) records a legend that the demon Mura, son of Talajangha, started causing trouble to all, including even Vishnu. Feeling harassed, Vishnu went to Badari in Himalayas and slept in a cave called Simhavati, asking his Yogamaya to guard the entrance. Mura followed him. Yogamaya then created the Ekadasi Devi who killed Mura. Vishnu on waking was pleased with her work, and gave her the ability to destroy the sins of all who observed her day—the Ekadasi, which is observed even till this day with a fast by all sections of the community, particularly the Vaishnavas.

The temple is situated in a spacious plot in the island and is one of the biggest temples with numerous Prakarams, Gopurams, and gates. The Vimana of the Lord has the shape of Omkar. Devotees bathe in Kaveri and the Chandrapushkharani lake and then have the *darsana* of Sri Ranganatha with four hands reposing on the big serpent. Nearby are the images of Nathamuni, Yamunacharya, and Ramanujacharya. On one of the Gopurams is the image of Vedantadesika. The management and *Pooja* of the temple are according to the Ramanuja Sampradaya.

★

The Alwars were the most ancient Vaishnava saints of South India which according to *Bhagavata* was a great centre of the Bhaktimarga. (XI. 5. 38 ff.).

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They are twelve in number. The following verse mentions them together.

भूतं सरश्च महदाह्वय–भट्टनाथ–
श्रीभक्तिसार–कुलशेखर–योगिवाहान् ।
भक्तांघ्रिरेणु–परकाल–यतीन्द्रमिश्रान्
श्रीमत्पराङ्कुशमुनिं प्रणतोऽस्मि नित्यम् ॥

Tradition gives them a very ancient date, about 4203 B.C. for the earliest. Modern view is to place them from the 6th to 9th centuries A.D. Andal, the adopted daughter of Periyalvar, and Madhurakavi, the disciple of Nammalwar (Sathakopa Muni) are also considered as Alwars. They were God intoxicated, having His intuitive knowledge and deep and delicate Bhakti. Their writings are collected in the *Nalayiraprabandham*. Liberation is the position of a permanent servant (Kainkarya) of God. Alwars represent the emotional and ecstatic side of Vaishnavism while the Acharyas who succeeded them represent the philosophical and intellectual side.

★

Sankara's date is practically fixed and he most probably lived from 788 to 820 A.D. for a short period of 32 years. Ramanuja who himself was influenced by Alwars and his predecessors Acharyas, in turn influenced immensely the later scholars. He lived a long life extending upto 120 years and flourished from 1017 to 1137 A.D. Madhva (1199 to 1278 A.D.) is believed to have lived for 79 years; according to another view, for 69 years (1118 to 1189 A.D.). Vallabha (1449 to 1531 A.D.) lived for 52 years. Both from the point of view of date and in the matter of influence, Ramanuja was the first to come after Sankara.

Sankara in his Bhashyas does not mention any predecessors while Ramanuja has mentioned as his predecessors the Vrittikara Bodhayana, the Bhashyakara Dramida and the Vakyakara Tanka. Sankara mentions one Vrittikara of Vishnuite learnings without naming him, differing from him practically on all the points where quoted.

Mahapura (Nambi) was the disciple of Yamunacharya. One of Nambi's sisters, Kantimati, was married to Kesava Yajvan. Ramanuja, son of Kesava and Kantimati, was born at Bhutapuri in Trichinopoly in 1017 A.D. He received instructions along with his mother's sister's son Govindara Bhatta from Yadavaprakasa, a follower of the Sankara School of Vedantic thought.

Yamunacharya, otherwise called Alavandar, was the son of Isvaramuni and the grandson of Nathmuni and lived from 918 to 1038 A.D. Ramanuja was the great grandson of Alavandar through one of his grand-daughters.

Ramanuja married at the age of 16. He came from Bhutapuri to Kanchi to study under Yadavaprakasa. It is said that Ramanuja

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successfully cured the daughter of the chief of that place who was possessed by a spirit, a feat which his teacher Yadavaprakasa could not do. Added to this, there were several differences of opinion in the matter of the interpretation of certain texts between Ramanuja and his teacher Yadavaprakasa. Ramanuja did not like the negative qualityless interpretation of सत्यं ज्ञानं अनन्तं ब्रह्म. The निर्गुणत्व of ब्रह्म he interpreted as हेयगुणवर्जितत्व. He interpreted कामs in सोऽश्नुते सर्वान् कामान् as the कल्याणगुणs of the Lord and was disgusted with Yadava's interpretation of कप्यासपुण्डरीक. Ultimately Ramanuja left him.

Just as Sankara is taken to be an Avatara of Siva, Ramanuja is taken to be an Avatara of Lakshmana or Sesha. Yamunacharya or Alavandar desired to hand over his teachings to Ramanuja just before his death but he expired before Ramanuja could arrive to meet him at Srirangam. It is said that three closed fingers of Alavandar's dead body opened one after the other when Ramanuja took three vows of writing a Bhashya on the *Brahmasutras*, and immortalising the names of Sathakopa and Parasara. It is said that Lord Varadaraja answered 6 questions of Ramanuja thus:—Vishnu is the highest truth; even after the realisation there is a difference between the Antaryamin Isvara and His two-fold body the Chit and the Achit; Prapatti is the best means; God Himself comes to the devotee at the time of death and there is no need to worry about remembering Him at the time of death; there is no Jivan-Mukti; and that Ramanuja must have the association of Sage Mahapurna.

Ramanuja was not very happy domestically. His wife quarreled on minor points and once even insulted Sage Mahapurna. Ramanuja ultimately became a sanyasin.

With the help of his pupil Kuresha, Ramanuja secured the Bodhayana Vritti from Kashmir. The owner would not part with it, so Kuresha daily committed to memory the portion he read and copied the same at night. Ramanuja wrote his Bhashya on *Brahmasutras* following this Vritti. It is said that he placed it before Saraswati who approved of it and therefore it is called Sribhashya.

Ramanuja defeated Yajnamurti, one Sankarite, in Srirangam. Ramanuja wrote *Sribhashya, Vedantasara, Vedantadeepa, Gitabhashya, Gadyatraya, Vedartha-Sangraha,* and *Bhagvad-ardhana-krama.* It is said that his former teacher Yadavaprakasa became his pupil. Ultimately Ramanuja decided to stay at Srirangam and dedicate his life to the worship of Sri Ranganatha.

Koluttunga I, a Saivite king, persecuted Mahapurna and Kuresha

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and Ramanuja then came down to the Hoysala country. There he converted the Jain King Bittideva who became a Vaishnava renamed as Vishnu-Vardhanadeva. It was only on Koluttunga's death in 1117 A.D. that Ramanuja once again came back to Srirangam.

Ramanuja's special contribution is his doctrine of co-ordination of Karma, Jnana and Bhakti; they are to be gone through in the order stated. Bhakti overrides Jnana. In this Shri or Vishishadwaita sampradaya it is held that the weapons and the Parshadas of the Lord are born in human forms. Sathakopa Alwar was the Avatara of Vishvaksena and he handed over his Sahasragithi and the Divyaprabandha of other Alwars to Ramanuja's predecessor Nathamuni.

Against the Kevaladwaita of Sankara, the attack was led by Ramanuja with his Visishtadvaita, Madhva with his Dwaita and Vallabha with his Suddhadwaita. In Sribhashya on 1-1-1, Ramanuja mentions seven Anupapattis or defects in the doctrine of Avidya or Mayavada.

Ramanuja ruled over 74 episcopal Maths and had numerous scholars as his followers and disciples. He travelled widely and also established Maths at Banaras and Puri. Vanamamalai Math is one of the most important Maths.

★

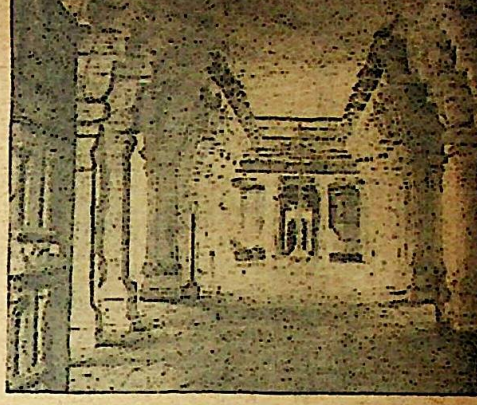
Srivaishnavas were divided into two sects, the Vadagalai Srivaishnavas and the Tengalai Srivaishnavas. The first point of difference is whether the grace of God (Swami Kripa) is spontaneous (Nirhetuka) or can be had only after an effort on the part of the devotee (Sahetuka). The former view was held by Tengalais and the latter by Vadagalais. This led to the difference in the conception of Bhakti—whether it should be of the Markata (monkey) or the Marjara (cat) type. A young one of the monkey, apart from relying on its mother also makes its own efforts. The young one of a cat completely relies on its mother.

In the time of Ramanuja, the differences were not very marked between the Tengalai School of the Alwars and the Vadagalai School. Even Ramanuja says that the main principle is *Prapatti or Self-Surrender,* a prayerful approach to the Lord, believing Him with *utmost faith* to be the *only Sarana* and further believing that there is *no other upaya* or means. These two sects also developed minor differences in the marks on the forehead etc. The leader of the Vadagalai sect was Venkatanatha and of the Tengalai sect was Pillai Lokacharya. Later, Saumya Jamatri muni became the leader of the Tengalai sect. These leaders were imbued with great spiritualism and were in sympathy with each other but the followers made the minor points a bone of great contention.

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During the lifetime of Venkatanath, Malik Kafur invaded the South in 1310 A.D. Srirangam was attacked in 1326 A.D. and the temple-keepers removed the image of Sri Ranganatha to Tirupati. When the Vijayanagar Kingdom was established, Shri Ranganatha was again restored to Srirangam.

Venkatanath, also called the Vedantadesika, Vedantacharya, and Kavitarkikasimha is one of the biggest names in the School of Visishtadvaita. He was born in Kanchi in 1268 A.D. Both Venkatanath and the great Kevaladwaitin Vidyaranya Swami were co-students and great friends of each other. The former was a householder while the latter became a sanyasin in later age. On account of his deep friendship, Vidyaranya as a minister of Vijaynagar invited Venkatanath for being honoured by the King but Venkatanath declined to accept the Royal honours and preferred to lead a stern poor life of an ascetic. He lived in a pure and straightforward manner, was sympathetic to one and all and was in turn revered by every section of the society. He was the author of numerous works on a variety of subjects and was a very gifted poet. Between Venkatanath and Vidyaranya working in co-operation, one working for Vaishnavism and the other for Saivism, they succeeded in stemming other influences at the most critical period and helped in saving and regenerating the Hindu faith. Venkatanath was called the Ghanta or the bell of the Lord.



Interior view of Lord Ranganatha's Temple.

He wrote *Padukasahasram* in 1000 verses in praise of Sri Ranganatha. His other famous poetical works are *Yadavabhyudaya, Hamsa-sandesa* and *Sankalpasuryodaya.* In all he is said to have written 120 works in Sanskrit and Tamil.

The temple of Sri Ranganatha was patronised by practically all the dynasties of South India—the Pallavas, the Cholas, the Pandyas, the Hoysalas, the Rulers of Vijaynagar and their subordinate chieftains. All the Alwars have sung in praise of Sri Ranganatha. Kulasekhara Alwar, the Ruler of Kerala, wrote his famous *Mukundamala* in praise of the Lord at Srirangam.

भवजलधिगतानां द्वन्द्ववाताहतानां
सुतदुहितृकलत्रत्राणभारार्दितानाम् ।
विषमविषयतोये मज्जतामप्लवानां
भवति शरणमेको विष्णुपोतो नराणाम् ॥

"Vishnu is the only boat and shelter of people thrown in the

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K. M. Panikkar

HIMALAYAS IN INDIAN LIFE

THERE are no mountain ranges anywhere in the world which have contributed so much to shape the life of a country as the Himalayas have in respect of India. It is not only the political life of the people of Hindustan, but the religion, mythology, art and literature of the Hindus that bear the imprint of the great mountain barrier.

To the Hindus the Himalayas have been a perpetual source of wonder and veneration. To the peoples of the south, a thousand and five hundred miles away, to the men of the sea-coast, to the dwellers of the desert land of Rajputana no less than to the inhabitants of the Gangetic valley the Himalayas have been the symbol of India.

The majesty of the snow-clad peaks, visible from afar, the inaccessibility of even the lesser ranges, the mysteries of the gigantic glaciers and the magnificence of the great rivers that emerge from its gorges have combined to give to the Himalayas a majesty which no other mountain range anywhere can claim. The Hindus have invested it with an element of the divine: it is *devata*—a fraction of divine majesty.



It is the abode of the gods to the Hindus, not the friendly Olympus of the Greeks, but the inaccessible seat of the great Siva. From one end to the other, it is studded with sacred places of pilgrimage—Amarnath, Jwala Mukhi, Hardwar, Kedarnath, Badrinath, Pasupath and the rest and above all the magnificent and isolated peak of Kailas, the unapproachable seat of the Great God himself.

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Parvati, the consort of Siva, the *devi* whose worship in different forms constitutes so much of popular Hinduism, is the daughter of the mountain god. One of the great peaks, Gouri Sikhar identified in popular mind with Everest, is held sacred as the place of her penance.

The holy Ganges takes its rise in the Himalayas and girdles it for over 500 miles before it streams into the plains of Hindustan to fertilise and sanctify its soil. The Jumna and the Saraswati, the Brahmaputra and the Indus and most of their tributaries on which depend the life of India, all have their origin in the Himalayas.

It will thus be seen that the central plateau created by the Himalayas is the source of life as of civilisation of nearly a half of the human race. Well might Sri Krishna claim in the *Gita:* "Among mountains I am the Himalayas".

In a very special measure the Himalayas is India's national mountain as the Ganges is its national river. It is true that on one side there is the great plateau of Tibet, but it is a thinly populated country, unimportant except for its size and mystery. The popular mind, not only in India but elsewhere has from time immemorial identified the Himalayas with India. The very description of India which has come down to us by tradition is *Himavat-Setu Paryantam,* from Himalayas to Rameswaram.

When the story of India unfolds itself we find flourishing Hindu Kingdoms already established in Kashmir and Nepal, both being valleys ensconced in the Himalayas. The kingdoms of Dwigarta, Trigarta and Madra in the sub-Himalayan regions are already famous in the time of the *Mahabharata.* In the story of Rama there is but little allusion to the Himalayas. It is true that the spot of Lakshmana's penance is in the lower valleys of the Himalayas, a few miles to the north of Hardwar, but the mountain range itself does not figure in the *Ramayana.* On the other hand in the *Mahabharata* story allusion to the Himalayas is frequent. We may thus presume that the Hindu conquest of Himalayas took place mainly in the period between the Rama story and the *Mahabharata* battle. The Pandava brothers at the time of their renunciation, it is stated in the epic, marched northwards and "beheld with heaven-aspiring hearts the mighty mountain, Himavat. Beyond its lofty peaks they passed towards a sea of sand". The holy lake of Manasarowar and the great Kailas itself, both on the Tibetan side, had become familiar to the people of India before the Christian era.

The establishment of the great Hindu centres of pilgrimage from Amarnath (14,000 ft.) in Kashmir to Pasupath in Nepal could not have been later than the first century A.D. Long before this they had

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become popular centres of religious worship; holy men must have made their *ashramas* in spots where the scenery was majestic and life secluded, far away from the marring crowds of civilisation. In the period of the Rama story, the colonisation of the plains of India had not been complete and the great centres of *ashrama* life were in Dandaka and Panchavati forests in the heart of Hindustan itself. The story of the *Mahabharata* clearly proves that *Aryavarta* had been fully colonised by that time and the *rishis* and sanyasis had moved to the more inaccessible heights of the Himalayas.

Gradually the entire range of the Himalayas, where human habitation was possible, became dotted with holy places. One of the most frequented of these, which attract thousands of pilgrims every year is Badrinath which is 15,000 ft. above sea level. Between Hardwar and Badri there are literally hundreds of sacred spots, each sanctified by some legend and considered holy, by Hindus everywhere. The extent of the sanctification of the Himalayas may be inferred from the fact that on the fifty-six mile route from Kalka (Kalika) to Simla (Shymala) every important point is named after a temple dedicated to the Devi.

The gorges and the routes across the Himalayas were also known and explored by that time. Kalidasa in the *Meghaduta* gives a description of the gorges through which the cloud has to pass to cross the Himalayan range and reach the mysterious city of Alaka, which mythology locates near Kailas. In the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries we have ample literary evidence of Indian rulers annexing Himalayan kingdoms. Bana's description in *Harsha Charita* of the conquest of Kashmir and Nepal by Sri Harsha shows that these kingdoms had long ago been incorporated in to the historic conception of the homeland of the Hindus.

The dominance of this great mountain range on the mind of the Hindus has only increased with time. Their epic poems describe its glory. The *Puranas* describe it with awe and veneration. In many of the legends they embody, the Himalayas have an important place. Two of Kalidasa's major works are dominated by the spirit of the Himalayas. *Kumarasambhava* is *par excellence* the epic of the mountain. The first canto opens with a great and thrilling description of the mountain-god and the magic of its presence is conveyed by the poet all through the major events of the epic. The *Meghaduta*—or the cloud messenger—is no less a tribute to the majesty of the Himalayas. The theme of the poem is the message that a Yaksha, a resident of Alaka, near Kailas, living a life of exile on the Vindhyas, sends to his beloved through a cloud. It is through the Himalayas that the cloud has to

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J. R. D. Tata

Knowledge Is Not Enough

LOOKING ahead a mere fifty years, we need draw little on our imagination to see that unless, in his folly, man uses his control over the atom to destroy himself, he will at last have the means to become the master of his fate on earth.

With unlimited power at his disposal; with a constantly growing range of new materials, products, machines, vehicles, devices, chemicals and drugs to satisfy all his material needs; with machines and automatic processes doing most of the work for him; with the remaining killers which still threaten his life—cancer, polio, tuberculosis, heart disease—and other scourges consigned to oblivion; with the appalling threat of overpopulation banished through the use of safe drugs inhibiting fertility; with his life-span substantially lengthened; with speeds and travel facilities multiplied many times over; with growing control over his climatic environment; and finally with increased leisure and opportunities to occupy and enjoy it, Man will have the resources, the knowledge and the skills, if he uses them wisely, to usher in an era of unbelievable abundance, material well-being and happiness.



The sociological changes and resulting problems that must follow from these immense developments make one's head reel.

Consider for a moment how mankind has already been shaken up in the years since the Industrial Revolution commenced by the existing developments of steam and electricity, what advances in prosperity and happiness these have brought on the one hand and, with them, what a multiplicity of ailments, both physical and spiritual — the neuroses, the maladjustments, the loneliness, the fear,

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the insecurity. How then will Humanity meet and survive the shock of these much more revolutionary changes?

Let us consider also what this may mean in terms of our present-day aspiration, shared by advanced and underdeveloped countries alike, that the gulf between the two in production and resultant standards of life may narrow and that the prosperity that has been made possible by technological advances in the West may become increasingly available to the peoples of the East.

Is there not the danger that, if the rate of acceleration in progress that has been achieved in the more advanced countries continues, the gulf between them and the rest of humanity including India will on the contrary widen? In what way is the wisdom of mankind to counteract these trends? What kind of massive, gigantic programme will have to be evolved to redress such unbalance?

I have put these questions and posed these problems so that we may become more conscious of the heavy, and indeed somewhat frightening responsibilities that devolve on India's scientists. Never before in history will so much responsibility have been placed in the hands of a group of human beings as is likely to fall into the hands of the scientist of the future.

It appears to me that the vital problem of the day is the initiation and development of practices which will enable centres of learning to do their work without in any way impairing their essential role as homes of unfettered intellectual endeavour. There is an old Greek saying that the beginning of wisdom is to unlearn what is of no consequence. A constant revision of the content of the knowledge that is being imparted and a continual exploration of the practical uses to which that knowledge is put are called for. *Above all, the conviction must never be lost that knowledge is not enough, that it has to be informed by values and standards and that on these alone can be based a world of order and beauty.*

I would like in this context to endorse the sage counsel given by Dr. John Matthai. "Experience has shown other nations, and it will show ours," Dr. Matthai observed, "that when we do not foster values we tend to destroy them. It is only through the pursuit of non-material things that men learn to value justice, tolerance and loyalty—to mention but three of the great attributes of a civilised society. In a true education the emphasis lies not on *what* students study but on what they may *become* through that study. Far too few acquire that balanced judgment, that spirit of free enquiry, that sense of corporate loyalty which mark an educated man."

[Condensed from his speech at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, on 26th March.]

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Our Vedic Seers—2

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE KASYAPA

KASYAPA is regarded as the Sage *par excellence*. A Vedic text plays on the word Kasyapa and regards even that as proof of the Sage's greatness. It runs thus—

कश्यपः पश्यको भवति । यत्सर्वं परिपश्यतीति सौक्ष्म्यात्–तै आ

Thus Kasyapa becomes a Pasyaka (one who sees) if the order of the letters constituting his name were inverted. He is a seer of everything.

The same Veda in a different context speaks of him as being the progenitor of the Sun-God.

कश्यापाददिताः सूर्याः ।

Yet another hymn equates the Sage with the giver of longevity thus—

त्र्यायुषंजमदग्नेः कश्यपस्य त्र्यायुषं

Ekagni Kanda.

He is the disciple of Fire God Agni and in turn is the Guru of Vibhandaka.

Of the many *Mantra Drashtas*, he is one. He is credited with originating many a hymn in the *Rig Veda*. Not only he but all those of his race are seers of hymns. Among them may be mentioned Harita, Shilpa, Nidhruva and others. He was the contemporary of Vasistha. He is described as the soul inhering in every body which is the seat of the sense organs. He is Brahma's son. He is the leader of the two sons born to Kala, daughter of Marichi, the younger being Purnima. Tarkhsya and Arishtanemi are two other names by which he is called. There are seven Rishis सप्तर्षि of whom he is one. He is described as one of the creators or Prajapatis, of the world. Sometimes he is called Brighu and Marichi also.

Just as in both the Swayambhuva and Vaivasvata Manvantara periods, there was but one Marichi, so also it is to be inferred that there was only one Kasyapa for both the periods.

Apart from Purnima he had as many as six step-brothers, his stepmother being one Urna. The manes (Pithris) by the name of Agnishvathas were his relatives. Surupa was the name of his sister. She married Brahma's son.

Legend has it that in the Vivasvata Manvantara period, Sage Parasurama performed a Horse-Sacrifice (*Asvamedha*) in Ramtirtha on the banks of the Saras-

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wati after exterminating the Kshatriyas for 21 generations. Sage Kasyapa officiated as the *Adhvaryu* Priest in the said sacrifice. As a reward for his services, Kasyapa was given the entire earth. But it is stated in the *Bharata* that the earth was given to Kasyapa by Viswakarma. As soon as he got possession of his land, he promptly asked Parasurama to quit the land under his sway. This he did with the object of protecting such of the Kshatriyas as still survived. Parasurama, therefore, abandoning the earth reclaimed a part of land from the sea and continued to live there. This place is called Shurpakara. This is now identified with the Konkan region. A tiny village lying very near Bombay is called Sopara. Probably it is the same Shurpakara.

Kasyapa, now being master of the entire earth thought it fit to gift it all away to the learned Brahmins, himself preferring to live in the forest. We are told that with the object of begetting issues, he performed a great sacrifice and all the Rishis, Devas and Gandharvas alike, vied with one another to give him all possible help. He is also said to have brought about a reconciliation between Indra and the Valakhilyas by a clever piece of strategem.

In consequence of the sacrifice, he had two issues by his two wives Kadru and Vinata by name. Aruna and Garuda respectively. The family of the Garudas was descended from the latter and the former originated the serpents. The chronology of garuda and the serpants is treated in great detail with variations in the Aranyakanda of *Valmiki Ramayana*. Now they became traditional enemies. An interesting story accounts for this rivalry. Kadru and Vinata laid a bet on the colour of the tail of Indra's horse called Uchchaisravas. Kadru wanted the help of her sons—the serpents—to enable her to ascertain its colour, but they refused to oblige her. Kadru, now furious cursed them all and declared that they would be wiped out at the time of the sacrifice to be performed by Janamejaya. She even invoked the blessings of Brahma to strengthen her curse which was accordingly granted. Brahma assured her that the serpents would be killed by Garuda their step-brother. But Kasyapa was sore and afflicted with what Brahma had done. Then out of regard Brahma imparted to Kasyapa the secret knowledge by which the poison could be rendered harmless and Kasyapa made use of it.

The *Siva Purana* treats of the Sage's successful intervention in favour of Indra in the fight between him and the Asuras. The Asuras played havoc with the life and the peaceful avocations of the Devas who sought Kasyapa's help in putting them down. Thereupon Kasyapa repaired to Banaras and

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prayed to Lord Sankara to help him and the Devas. Then Siva took eleven incarnations and entered the womb of Surabhi, Kashyapa's wife. Ultimately he killed one and all of the Asuras. The *Siva Purana* relates how all these eleven incarnations are still extant and have their abode in the sky in the form of Stars in the South-Eastern corner.

The *Padma Purana* credits Kasyapa with bringing the waters of the Ganges from the Deva Loka down to the earth. It declares that at a mountain called Arbuda, Kasyapa made severe penance in response to the request of the other Sages. Lord Siva was pleased with it and He agreed to bring the Ganges down to the plains. As evidence of Kasyapa's efforts in this direction, the *Padma Purana* refers to a place called Kasyapa Tirtha and speaks of it as making the spot where the Ganga descended to the plains. The Ganges is also called Kasyapi, that is daughter of Kasyapa, for the above said reason.

The earth-goddess is spoken of as Kasyapa's other daughter. Kasyapa was once performing a very rigid penance. The king of Anga, wishing to be of service to him decided to give away his realm in alms. Now the Earth-goddess fled to Lord Brahma casting off her body. The body thus became soulless. Seeing this, Kasyapa came out of his own body and entered that of the earth. When Goddess Earth also entered her cast-away body, it became endowed both with body and soul. Thus, he became the father of the Earth!

It is also mentioned that Kasyapa blessed his son Garuda when the latter made known his desire to become the vehicle or *Vahana* of Lord Vishnu. Kasyapa then sang of the praise of Lord Narayana.

The Sage also helped the Earth in other ways. She was tormented by wicked and evil ones. She therefore, begged of the Sage to vouchsafe to her a line of righteous kings. Kasyapa thereupon caused a line of noble kings to rule over her and even annointed some of them as Kings.

Kasyapa's wisdom and knowledge seem both to be comprehensive and extensive. Thus, in *Charaka Samhita,* an ancient Ayurvedic work, several passages are called after his name. The sage is also reputed to be capable of holding any evil spirit at bay.

The following works are attributed to him—(1) *Kasyapa Samhita,* (2) *Kasyapottara Samhita,* and (3) *Kasyapa Smriti.*

Distinguished writers like Hemadri, Vighnaneswara and Madhavacharya quote profusely from Kasyapa's works.

The *Pravara* of those belonging to Kasyapa clan runs thus:—

आवत्सार नैध्रव काश्यप

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Our Fortnightly Profile—18

LOUIS ST. LAURENT

THE Prime Minister of Canada, the Rt. Hon'ble Louis Stephen St. Laurent (pronounced Looee .... Sahn Loron) would never have found himself on the saddle of a Government but for the last war which threw him up from the alluvial soil of law into the sandy dunes of politics. A top-notch Corporation lawyer for well-nigh half his life, highly respected for his erudition it was virtual sacrifice for him to opt out of it at the country's call. When Mackenzie King was faced with a Cabinet crisis at the demise of his lieutenant Lepointe, St. Laurent was the inevitable choice by virtue of his immense acceptability. Prior to 1941, little did Louis dream of ever having to tread the floors of a legislature.

Born in Compton, Quebec, in 1882 as the son of a French country-shopkeeper, he had the good fortune of receiving a university education where his talents became manifest quite early. Called to the bar while barely 23, he became in course of time President of the Canadian Bar Association in 1930, of which he is currently the Life President as also the President of the Privy Council of Canada. He holds over 18 honorary LL.D.'s of various universities, including that of India.

A Catholic by faith, he is a bilingual, like most Quebecians. He said once, "As a child I did not know that there were two languages in Canada. I just thought natural I should talk in French to my father and in English to my mother," she having been Irish by descent. One of his duties before setting off to school was to sweep his father's shop!

Married in 1908 to Jeanne, Louis St. Laurent has by her two sons, three daughters and seventeen grandchildren. When Mrs. Louis came on the scene, the society of Ottawa heaved a sigh of relief, having been languishing under the bachelor-administration of Mackenzie King for twenty-one years. One of the effective posters which the Liberal Party paraded in the General Elections of 1949 contained a picture of St. Laurent in which he sports five of his young grandchildren on his knees and reads out comics from the week-end papers. The result was the voters cheered him vociferously as Uncle Louis! Mrs. Louis can, on her side, count about a dozen nephews and nieces.

Despite his utter lack of preparation or apprenticeship for the exalted life of the politician into which he has been pitted, Louis has turned to be the most popular

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St. Laurent with Dr. S. Radhakrishnan at Delhi when the former visited India last year.

leader of his country by his intrinsic worth. A recent Gallup Poll revealed a marked preference to his leadership by a seventy-eight per cent although his Liberal Party received only less than fifty per cent votes.

According to Party boss Gordon Fogo, a very large part of Louis's success is attributable to the influence of Mrs. Louis whose advice Louis is reported to follow implicitly. Mackenzie King himself revealed that when he first offered him a Cabinet post in 1942, Louis wanted time to consult Jeanne.

Jeanne, by all standards, is an excellent housewife and mother. Their two sons Jean Paul and Renault Stephen have qualified for law and have taken up their father's practice when the latter entered politics. One of them was at the Navy during the war, the other having been medically disqualified for service. Both are married. Of their three daughters Madeline is well-known to Canadians by her good looks and active habits. She interests herself in social service, particularly in the cause of crippled children. She has married a lawyer; so has Therese. Marthe has married a medico who looks after the health of his father-in-law.

An internationalist by nature and a liberal by profession, Louis

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enjoys the personal distinction of being loved by men of all parties. His government is run without the slightest rancour, although passages-at-arm on the floor of the Parliament between him and Mr. George Drew, the Opposition Leader, are not uncommon.

Early in his ministerial career, rumours were set afloat, because of his erstwhile association, that he was the stooge of big business in the Cabinet—which has a familiar ring to us in India. But Louis set at nought all such irresponsible talk, by his example.

Handsome, immaculately dressed, with a straight back, clear, ruddy complexion, bright eyes and quick smile, he must have set aflutter many a girlish heart in his own time. The cool reserve about him is not forbidding, for his demeanour is ingratiating. He is candid to a fault and friendly with one and all, in a subdued and courteous manner. The slap-dash technique of the tub-thumping politician is foreign to him. His transparent sincerity, honesty and thoroughness more than compensate the lack of political guile.

He was Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of Canada in 1941; got himself elected to the Canadian House of Commons in a bye-election in the following year, and exchanged his portfolio to that of External Affairs in 1946 till he became P.M., when he was chosen Party Leader in 1948. He has won two successive elections since and continues to be in office. He addressed the Indian Parliament when he visited India last year.

NIGHTMARE OF "1984" —(*Concld.*)

are driving us toward the regulation and regimentation of life. In the fields of economics and politics the opportunities for freedom, therefore, seem likely to diminish. If freedom is not preserved in religion, which is its spiritual citadel, it may be altogether lost; and, without freedom, man would no longer be human. This is the nightmare of "1984".

[Courtesy: *New York Times.*]

HIMALAYAS IN INDIAN LIFE —(*Concld.*)

pass and some of the most beautiful verses in the poem describe the cloud's ascent from the plains to the Himalayan heights. The scenes of Bharavi's epic are laid in the Himalayas. The *Kathasaritsagara* —the ocean of stories—contains numerous passages describing the beauty of the great mountain.

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Vetala Pachchisi—15 Serial

JIMUTA-VAHAN

From this story, which is known to have been written before the beginning of the Christian era, we learn that the ideology of "equality of possessions and riches" was no brain-wave of Marx or his known forebears in that kind of thought.

SAID the ghoul:
O king! There is a mountain named Himachal, where there is a city of the demi-gods and king Jimuta-ketu ruled there.

Once upon a time he worshipped Kalpavriksh a great deal for the sake of a son. Thereupon Kalpavriksh was pleased, and said, "I am pleased at perceiving thy services to me; ask any boon thou desirest."

The monarch replied, "Grant me a son, so that my kingdom and my name may endure." It said, "Even so shall it be."

After some time the king had a son. He experienced extreme joy, and celebrated the event with much noise and display. After making numerous presents and charitable gifts, he summoned the priests and fixed a name for him.

The priests named him Jimutavahan.

★

When the son became twelve years of age he began to worship Shiva; and having completed the study of all the learned writings, became very intelligent, meditative, resolute, intrepid and learned; there was no equal of his in those times. And whoever came under his sway, were quickly alive to their respective duties.

When he attained manhood, he, too, worshipped Kalpavriksh assiduously; whereupon Kalpavriksh was pleased, and said to him, "Ask whatsoever thou desirest, I will give it to thee."

On this, Jimuta-vahan replied, "If you are pleased with me, take away all poverty from my subjects, and let all those who dwell in my dominions become equal in point of possessions and riches."

When Kalpavriksh granted the boon, all became so well off by the possession of wealth, that no one would obey the order of any person, and no one would do work for any one.

When the subjects of that realm became such as has been describ-

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ed, brothers and kinsfolk of the king began to reason together, saying, "Both father and son are completely under the influence of religion, and the people do not obey their commands; it is therefore best to seize and imprison the pair of them, and take their kingdom from them."



The king, unsuspecting, was not on his guard against them; and they having plotted together, went with an army and surrounded the king's palace.

When this news reached the old king, he said to his son, "What shall we do now?"

The prince said, "Your majesty! You be pleased to abide here in peace; I will go and destroy them this instant."

The king said, "O son! This body is frail, and riches, too, are unabiding; when a man is born, death, too, attends him; hence we should now give up dominion, and practise religious duties. It is not right to commit a heinous sin for the sake of such a body, and for the sake of a kingdom; for even king Yudhishthir experienced remorse after his great war with the descendants of Bharat."

On hearing this, his son said, "So be it! Make over the government to your kinsmen, and you yourself depart and practise religious austerities."

Having resolved on this, he summoned his brothers and nephews, and handed over the government to them. Father and son both ascended the mountain Malayachal, and on reaching the summit, built a hut and dwelt there.



In his new surroundings, a friendship arose between Jimutavahan and a holy sage's son.

One day the king's son and the son of the sage went out together for a stroll on the top of the mountain. A temple, sacred to Bhawani, came in sight there. Within the temple, a princess, with a lute in her hands, was singing in front of the goddess. The eyes of the princess and those of Jimuta-vahan met, and both became smitten with love. But the princess, restraining her feelings, and stricken with shyness, turned her steps homeward; and he, too, for his part, being embarrassed by the presence of the sage's son, came to his own place.

That night was passed by both the lovers in extreme restlessness.

As soon as morn appeared, the princess set out from her quarter for the temple of Devi, and the prince, too, starting from this side, no sooner arrived than he perceived that the princess was there.

Then he asked her female companion, "Whose daughter is she?"

The companion said, "She is the daughter of king Malayaketu; her name is Malayavati, and she is a virgin as yet."

After saying this, the companion spoke again and asked the prince,

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"Say, handsome man! Whence have you come and what is your name?"

He replied, "I am the son of the monarch of the demi-gods, whose name is Jimuta-ketu; and my name is Jimuta-vahan. In consequence of our government having been overthrown, we, father and son, have come and taken up our abode here."

The companion, after hearing these words, related all to the princess.

She was much pained at heart on hearing them, and returned home; and at night she lay down with a load of care on her mind.

But her companion perceiving this state of her's, disclosed the story to her mother .

The queen, on hearing it, mentioned it to the king, and said, "Your Majesty! Your daughter has become marriageable; why do you not seek a husband for her?"

On hearing this, the king thought the matter over in his mind, and that very moment summoned his son Mitravasu, and said, "Son! Seek a husband for your sister and bring him here."

Then he spoke, "The king of the demi-gods, Jimuta-ketu by name, and his son Jimuta-vahan, abandoning their kingdom, have come here to live."

On hearing this, king Malayaketu said, "I will give the girl to Jimuta-vahan."

Having said this, he bade his son go and bring Jimuta-vahan from the king's.

On receipt of the king's command, he set out for that house, and, on arriving there, said to the father, "Let your son accompany me, as my father has sent for him to bestow his daughter upon him."

On hearing this, king Jimuta-ketu sent his son along with him, and he came to king Malayaketu's house.

Then king Malayaketu performed the marriage in *gandharva* fashion.

After the marriage Jimuta-vahan brought his bride and Mitravasu with him to his own house. Then the three of them paid their respects to the king, and the king also gave them his blessing. Thus did that day pass.



On the morrow's morn, however, the two princes went out to take a walk on that mountain of Malayagiri.

On reaching the place, what does Jimuta-vahan perceive but a very lofty heap of something white!

Thereupon he questioned his brother-in-law, "Brother! How is it that this white heap is seen here?"

He replied, "Millions of young *nagas* come here from the infernal regions; the Garud comes and devours them; this heap is composed of their bones."

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On hearing this, Jimuta-vahan said to his brother-in-law, "Friend! You go home alone and take your food; for I always engage in worship at this hour, and the time for me to worship has now arrived."

On hearing this, he went; and Jimuta-vahan having advanced further, when the sound of weeping began to reach him. Continuing his advance in the direction of the sound of the voice, he reached the spot, when what does he behold but an old woman weeping with the burden of her trouble!

He went up to her and asked, "Why weepest thou, mother?"

Thereupon she said, "To-day comes the turn of the serpent Sankhchud, who is my son; Garud will come and eat him up; it is on account of this grief that I weep."

He said, "O mother! Weep not; I will give up my life in lieu of thy son's."

The old woman said, "Pray do not do so! *Thou* art my son Sankhchud."

She was saying this, when, at that moment, Sankhchud arrived; and hearing her words, said, "Your Majesty! Worthless wretches like myself are born and die in vast numbers; but a just and compassionate being like you is not born every day; do not, therefore, sacrifice your life for mine; for, thousands of human beings will be benefited by your remaining alive; whereas it makes no difference whether I live or die."

Then Jimuta-vahan said, "It is not the way of true men to say that they will do a thing and then not do it. Go thou whence thou camest."

When he heard this, Sankhchud, for his part, went to pay adoration to Devi, and Garud descended from the sky.



In the meantime, the prince perceived that each leg of his was as long as four bamboos, and his beak was as long as a palm-tree, his belly like a mountain, his eyes like gates, and his feathers like clouds.

All at once he rushed with open beak upon the prince. The first time the prince saved himself; but the second time he flew off with him in his beak, and began wheeling upwards in the air. While this was going on, a bracelet, on the jewel of which the prince's name was engraved, became unfastened, and fell, all covered with blood, before the princess.

She fell down in a swoon at the sight of it.

When, after a few minutes, she recovered her senses, she sent word of all that had happened to her father and mother. They came to her on hearing of this calamity, and on seeing the ornament covered with blood, burst into tears.

Now, the three of them set out in quest of him, and, on the road, Sankhchud too joined them; and advancing beyond them, went to the place where he had seen the

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prince, and began calling out repeatedly, saying, "O Garud! Let him go! Let him go! He is not thy food. My name is Sankhchud. I am thy food."



On hearing this, Garud descended in alarm, and thought to himself, "I have eaten either a Brahman or a Kshatriya; what is this I have done!"

After this, he said to the prince, "O man! Tell me truly; why art thou giving up thy life?"

The prince replied, "O Garud! Trees cast their shade over others; and while they themselves stand in the sun, blossom and bear fruit for the benefit of others. Such is the character of good men and trees. What is the advantage of this body if it does not come of use to others? The saying is well known that, 'The more they rub sandal-wood, the more it gives out its perfume; and the more they go on peeling the sugarcane, and cutting it up into pieces, the more does its flavour increase; and the more they pass gold through the fire, the more surpassingly beautiful does it become. Those who are noble do not give up their natural qualities even on losing their lives. What matters it whether men praise them or blame them? What matters it whether riches abide with them or not? What does it signify whether they die this moment, or after a length of time? The men who walk in the path of rectitude place not their feet in any other path, happen what may. What matters it whether they are fat or lean? In fact, his living is bootless whose body proves of no benefit to anyone; while those who live for the good of others—their living is advantageous. To live for the mere sake of living is the way in which dogs and crows cherish life. Those who lay down their lives for the sake of a Brahman, a cow, a friend, or a wife, nay, more, for the sake of a stranger, assuredly dwell in paradise for ever.' "

Garud said, "Everyone in the world cherishes his own life; and scarce, indeed, are those in the world who lay down their own lives to save the lives of others."

After saying this, Garud added, "Ask a boon; I am pleased with thy courage."

On hearing this, Jimuta-vahan said, "O god! If you are pleased with me, then henceforth eat no more serpents, and restore to life those you have eaten."

On hearing this, Garud brought the water of life from the infernal regions, and sprinkled it over the bones of the serpents, so that they rose up alive again.

Garud further said to the prince, "O Jimuta-vahan, by my favour thy lost kingdom will be restored to thee."

After granting this boon, Garud departed to his own abode, and Sankhchud also went home; and Jimuta-vahan too left the place, and met his father-in-law and

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V. A. K. Ayer

Gibberish or Copy-matter ?

IT is a common experience to most of us to recite some *mantra* or other, taught by our elders, whether as a matter of routine or at times of stress, with some benefits.

There are of course those who claim to perform miracles with the aid of *mantras* and an equally strong body who decry them as mere jibberish meant to exploit the superstitious. The neo-psychologists are also there who see in them just palliatives for neurosis as in many others.

Perhaps we will be in a better position to judge the merits of the case when we care to learn the *raison d'etre* behind the practice as enunciated by their propounders and sages of old.

Mantras, as we know, are composed of letters and their combination in syllables or words in a given order. The sages claim that reciting these particular word-forms, as opposed to ordinary sounds made by us or those of the animals, is making *de facto* forms of Creative Stress.

The word *mantra* is derived from the roots *man,* to think and *tra* to save. Obviously the intention of the seers has been that by their conscious utterance, man can redeem himself by conjuring up and merging in thought forms of the Cosmic Force.

A *mantra* consists of several parts like Varna, Nada, Bindu, etc. It is claimed that certain aspects of a Devata are inherent in certain Varnas or letters which are, according to the same source, 50 or 51 in number from *A* to *Ksha* (क्ष) in Sanskrit. Symbolically, Mother Goddess or Shakti is stated as wearing as many human heads in the form of a garland round her neck.

The *mantra* relating to a particular Devata, when consciously uttered in *Japa* in the prescribed manner, unveils the Devata to him in that shape. When translated, therefore, it loses all its power or significance. The letter 'r' signifies fire-force. Constant utterance in practice gives that result.

To put it differently, each man and woman, unlike the bird and beast, is God in miniature, being endowed with Consciousness. He or she can raise himself or herself to His stature by the ability to realise oneself as such, by concentration, will-power and thought-

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force which is *mantra*. According to yogis, *mantra* kindles *kundalini shakti*.

Japa is like shaking a sleeper to awake. The two lips which are at work in the utterance of *Japa* are Shiva and Shakti. Their movement in *Japa* is their marriage. The fruitful sound or *mantra* so produced is the child of that marriage. *Mantra* being identical with the Devata invoked, the *sadhaka* becomes the daddy of that child-God whom it is in his power to sustain and rear into Man-God! This appears to be a *samskara* for a *jiva* or human soul, as conceived by the ancients.

Thus *mantras* are not jibberish but high-pressure copy-matter for salvation. They are the ideal means by which the higher powers of man are kindled and which click with lucky individuals like Valmiki and Mahatma Gandhi. Why not have a try?

TRUE culture is the attainment of wisdom of Atma or the Self.

True culture is the discipline of head, heart and hand.

True culture is the attainment of discrimination, dispassion, aspiration and devotion.

True culture is the enquiry of 'Who am I' and finding out the real significance of 'I'.

True culture is right thinking, right speaking, right acting, right living and right meditation.

True culture is honourable plain living and sublime thinking.

True culture is annihilation of egoism and living in the divine.

True culture is a life of self-restraint, selfless service, cosmic love and self-surrender to the Lord.

True culture is the practice of Yoga in the true Vedantic spirit.

True culture is the culture of the inner self of man.

True culture manifests itself in a man in the form of adaptability, egolessness, selflessness, spirit of service, love, and supreme devotion to God.

True culture is divine life—a life of truth and purity.

—Sivananda.

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gible gibberish that masquerades as ultra-modern poetry. It will appeal, and appeal very pleasingly, to those who love Poetry and not Perversion.

Here are forty gems afire with feeling or emotion or idea. Here and there one comes across a striking fusion of 'the actual and the abstract'. The poet's fancy has a wide enough range—from a lullaby to Gandhi's assassination. The diction is simple, beautiful, haunting. Mr. Sett seems to have a genius for such wistful refrains as:

> She has gone like splintered glass.
> Hour of cold steel-grey dawn.
> Rest, O my tremulous heart, rest.
> Will you grow old, O my love, old?
> But you came not.
> And I was alone, alone.

A too fastidious reader may not consider Mr. Sett very original. His subjects are nothing new. But then only God is original. A mere mortal can only tell the old old tale. What distinguishes him is the way he sees it, weaves it in his consciousness, lisps it out in numbers. Mr. Sett has mastered the English language to the extent of sensing its subtle musical and pictorial values. He satisfies us by his deep feeling, his sincere statement, his music, his imagery, even his sardonic humour which can be seen at its best in 'Postscript'. 'Manjalika', 'The Wayside Shrine', and 'Judas Resurgent' are, at least to the present reviewer, the best of the forty.

M.A.M.

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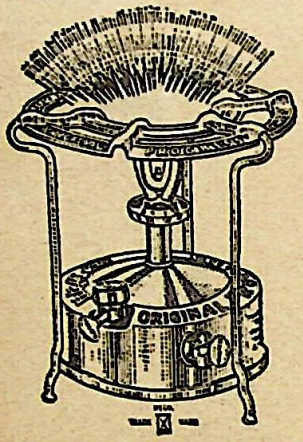
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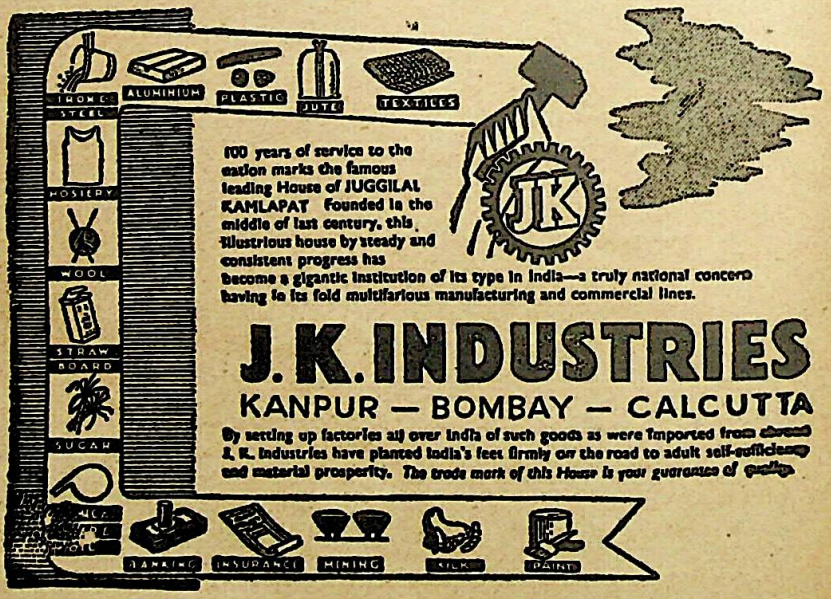
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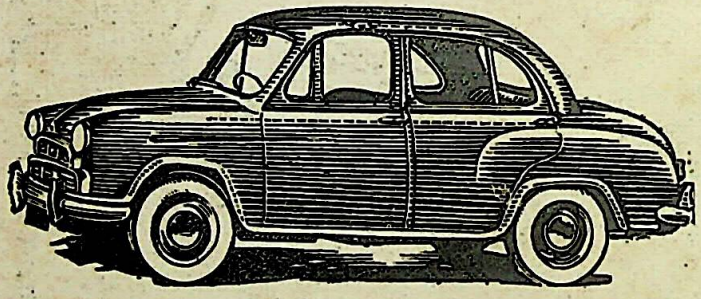
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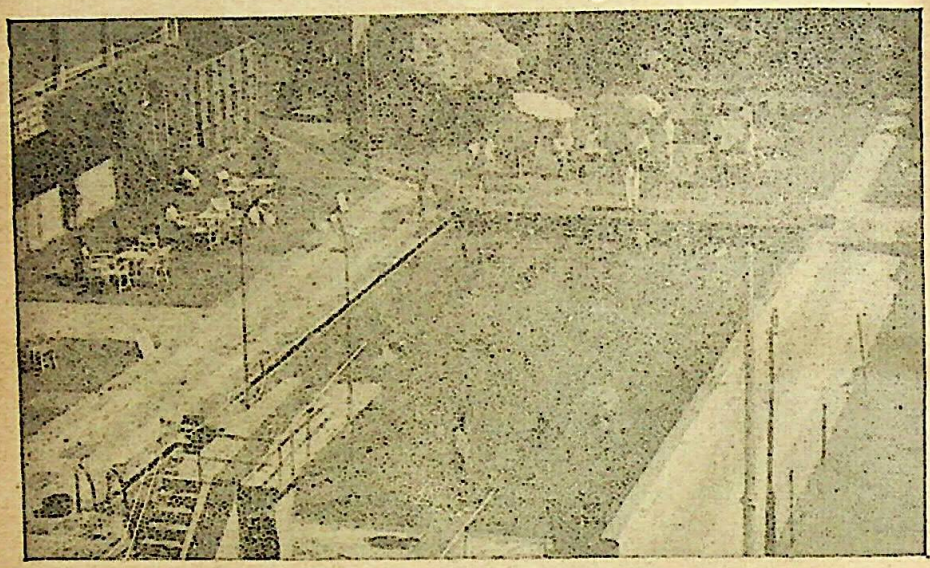
HERE'S THE CIGARETTE THAT SATISFIES

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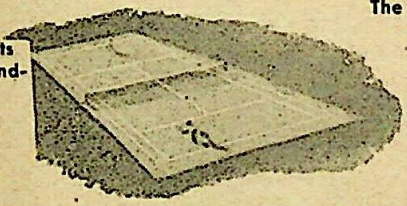
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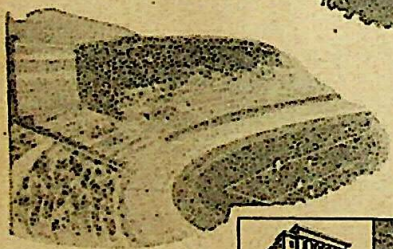
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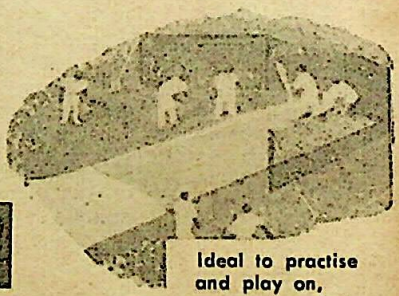
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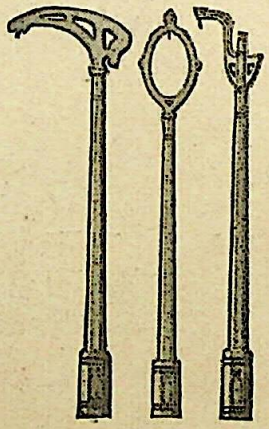
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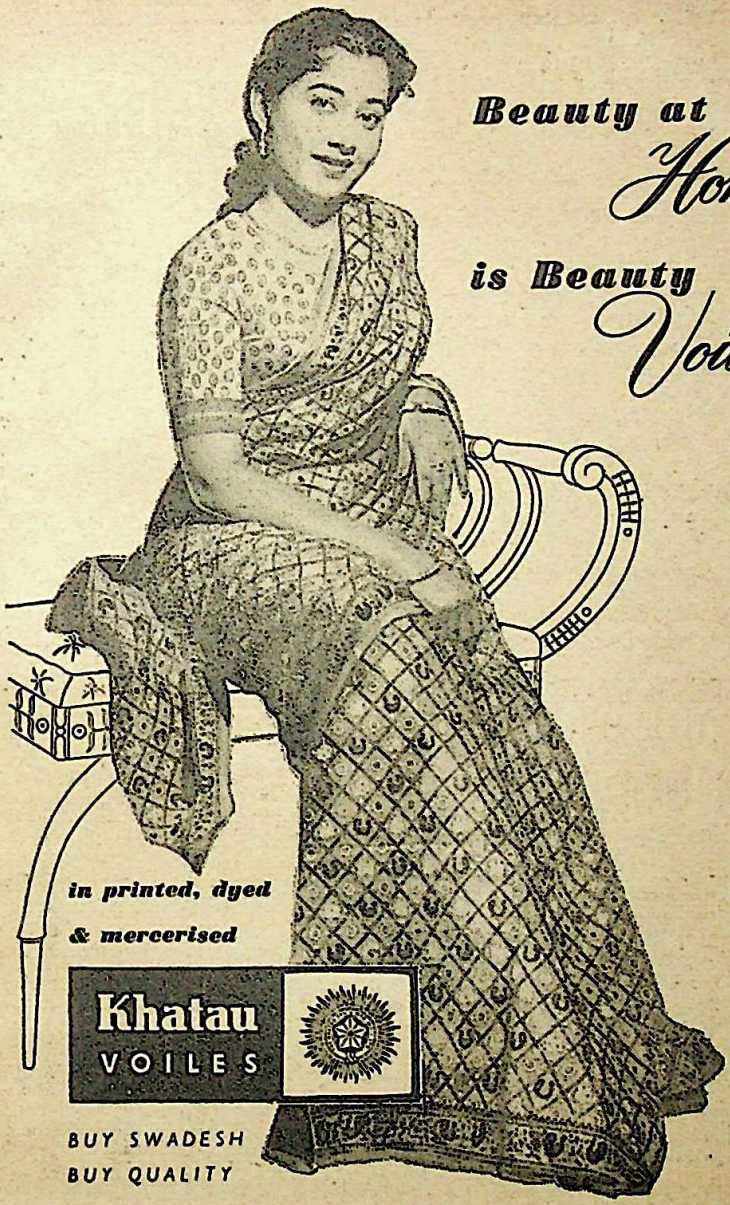
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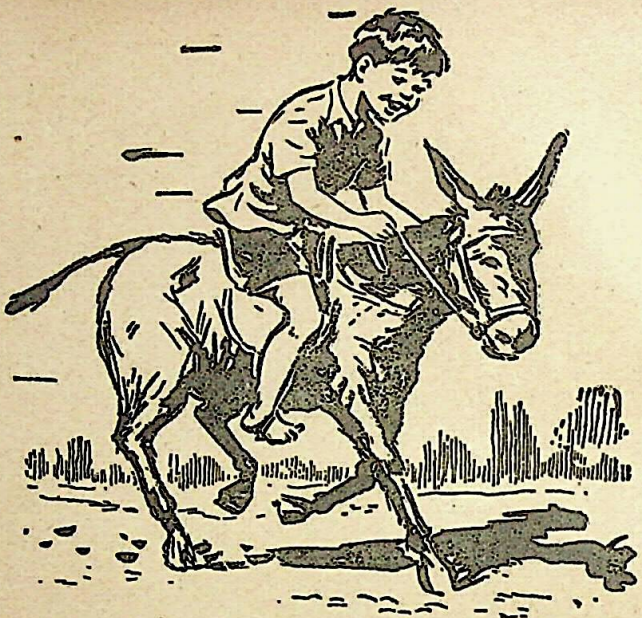
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 19] [APRIL 24, 1955

GOOD Vs. PLEASANT

अन्यच्छ्रेयोऽन्यदुतैव प्रेयस्ते
उभे नानार्थे पुरुषं सिनीतः।

तयोः श्रेय आददानस्य साधु
भवति हीयतेऽर्थाद्य उ प्रेयोवृणीते ॥

श्रेयश्च प्रेयश्च मनुष्यमेतस्तौ
संपरीत्य विविनक्ति धीरः।

श्रेयो हि धीरोऽभिप्रेयसो वृणीते
प्रेयो मंदो योगक्षेमाद् वृणीते ॥

The Good is one thing, the Pleasant is another. These two lead man to very different ends. He who chooses the Good attains happiness. He who prefers the Pleasant ever loses his object. The wise are not deceived by the attractions of the Pleasant. They choose the Good. Fools are snared into the mere Pleasant and perish.

—Kathopanishad, (2)—1, 2.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 73

★ My Last Boyhood Friend ★ Early Struggles

★ Good-Bye

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
April 24, 1955

My Young Friend,

ON January, 1955, when on my visit to Bombay, I went to see D.S., who was lying seriously ill in a Nature Cure clinic at Malad. The last time I had seen him was three years before that, and I had bidden him good-bye, for he was very ill. In my hurried visit to Bombay in 1954 I had been unable to find time to visit him. This year, therefore, I meant to take no chances. Next time, perhaps, when I went to Bombay, who could tell but that this last of the cherished friends of my boyhood would have gone.

When I saw D.S., he was nothing but skin and bone. His long nose looked artificial; his over-sized eyes unnaturally wide; his massive forehead unreal. He was waiting for the end, cheerfully and without a complaint.

★

Fifty-eight years ago, my father brought him to me. He was five years my senior, but my old text-books were to be handed over to him, for I had just passed into the fifth standard while he was still in the fourth.

His father—a village schoolmaster, just retired on a pension of about Rs. 5/- a month—had come to live on Munshi Heights and had been appointed our new family Shukla. His duties were to read the *Mahabharata* to my uncle every evening for three rupees a month, an additional rupee or so being thrown in for worshipping our family deity. On this pittance Shukla maintained a family which, besides himself and his wife, consisted of two daughters and three

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sons, of whom D.S. was the youngest.

Poorer than poverty though this little family was, it lived happily. Throughout the day every member was cheerful. After the evening meal, the family would gather together to talk of the day's happenings. Loud and irrepressible laughter would then echo throughout the streets, to the shocked surprise of the respectable Munshis, who were unable to understand how a family could go about roaring with laughter every day of their lives. But that family had what we had not, intense mutual attachment, the capacity to find fun in trivial things, and an utter absence of malice or discontent.

I handed over to D.S. my old text-books, half-written notes and stubs of used-up pencils. From the next day, we began going to and returning from the High School together.

Even then D.S. was a wizard. Within a week my tattered old text-books had been rebound, the pencil stubs reduced to a useful size and mended and the blank pages of my half-written notes stitched together to make new notes for him.

But the wizard did not stop there. Morning and evening, he came to me, and as we gossiped, he tidied my table and arranged my books, which were generally scattered in all directions. Soon, even my text-books were in new brown covers and my pencils had been carefully mended. In fact, under the deft hands of D.S. my table began to look a marvel of neatness. I was completely spoiled. D.S. was so willing to be useful—and so unostentatiously—that he would never allow me learn the art of arranging things for myself.

D.S. and I were promoted from standard to standard, but always with a year between us, and every year, D.S. inherited my text-books, note-books and pencils. The only difference was that he stood first in his class and I was one of the last in mine.

D.S. knew many Vedic *mantras* and a few rituals, some of which he taught me. After I had been given my sacred-thread, we sometimes sat down to perform our *sandhya* together. I did things in a hurry and often looked at him to see whether he had finished. But he was meticulous; not even a crawling fly would make him open his eyes while he was doing his *japa*.

I was very fond of reading novels. When I had passed out from the fourth standard, Father presented me with some of the novels of Scott and Dumas in four anna editions. I did not understand the language properly, nor could I grasp the full tenor of the stories, but by ceaselessly trying to read them, I gathered something from them. When D.S. and I returned from school, I kept him busy listening to my recitals of what I alleged

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were the stories of Scott or Dumas. In fact, they were nothing of the kind. What I narrated to D.S. was something which I had gathered by a superficial glance at the novels; the rest was my own invention. D.S. was a patient auditor. I loved to talk; he to listen.

I matriculated and joined the Baroda College. The next year D.S. passed the examination, standing first in his class, and he too joined the College, Father giving him some help. Two years later, however, Father died. We were too poor to help D.S. and he left for Bombay to earn his way to a degree.



During the years that we were together the great joy of our lives was early morning walk in the winter.

We rose from our beds at about 4-30 a.m. and shivering with cold walked through the dark, deserted streets of Broach, freshly watered by the water-wagons. The cold breezes from the Narmada kept us shivering and the fragrance of the drenched earth filled the air. The songs of the housewives as they ground corn before daybreak, accompanied by the melody of the whirling grinding stones, floated on our ears.

We left the town behind and passed under the culvert over which the railway passes. We went through the fields, waist-high with waving corn. Cattle, let out for grazing, looked at us with suspicious glances.

We reached the little hills on the banks of the Narmada. They were our discovery and we therefore had a proprietory interest in them. Even to-day I wish I could go there some morning and feel a little boy again.

The sun rose on the distant horizon from behind the Rajpipla Hills. There was now a little warmth in the air, so that the cold was bearable. We sat on the top of one of the hills, breathing in the fresh air of the morning, enjoying the scenery and looking at the rays of the sun as they flashed in the flowing waters. All the time I was indulging in a series of monologues with D.S. as my sole audience. I told him of my emotions and fancies and narrated to him the stories I happened to be reading.

I read and re-read my favourite novels by Scott, Dumas, Lytton, Mrs. Henry Wood and Marie Corelli, understanding them a little better every time. But every time I read them afresh, I narrated them to D.S. The 1904 version of *The Three Musketeers* for instance was different from that of 1902. D.S. never read novels; he invariably gathered them from me. But I wonder whether he ever discovered the difference in the changing versions; possibly he did; but never told me that I was inventing lavishly.

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☆

In 1907 I came to Bombay for my law studies. One wet early morning in June, D.S. received me at the Charni Road Station. He took charge of my trunk, I carried my bedding. And as we passed through the streets of Bombay, then stirring into life, I felt that a new chapter had begun for me.

Huge buildings like silent giants stood on both sides of the road. I looked upon them with awe. Behind them was mysterious life. They seemed to hold my future and my hopes.

I was my mother's only son and for a few weeks my maternal uncle tried to make me comfortable in his two-roomed tenement in a filthy, foul-smelling Pipal-wadi chawl. Besides himself, his wife and a child, my uncle had his two other brothers and four paying-guests staying with him. And to reach the main street we had to wade through mud and water, sometimes jumping from stone to stone!

D.S. introduced me to his friends in the Wilson College, who also became my friends. He was a walking gazetteer. We scarcely met anyone whom he did not know well. His secret was that of ungrudging helpfulness to everyone. If anybody wanted anything to be done, he had only to mention it and D.S. would do it. By his indispensability to everyone with whom he came in contact, D.S. had become a power in quite a large circle of elderly friends ruling not from above, but from below.

He took complete charge of me. By means of private tuition he maintained himself somehow and managed to study in the Wilson College.

I had brought only twenty rupees with me, and my first problem was to get enough money to enable me to live in Bombay. Between D.S. and myself we evolved a plan to find it. I had secured the Elliot prize of Rs. 105/- to be given in books for standing first in English in my College. D.S. took me to a well-known firm of booksellers whom he knew and after a little talk, entered into a bargain with them. As a result, they submitted a bill for Rs. 105/- to my College for the books to be sent to me. When the money was received, the booksellers were good enough to give me five rupees worth of books and the remaining Rs. 100/- in cash. This was the capital with which I started.

D.S. was then living with three friends in a small room, eight feet by six, in a lane in Anantavadi, for which they paid Rs. 5/- by way of monthly rent. I joined them as the fifth partner, contributing my one-fifth share.

D.S. also introduced me to a cheap "Eating House", as it was then called, at Kalbadevi, where he took his meals for Rs. 5 or 6 a month. I too joined the "Eating House". But my health was deli-

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cate. I could not do without ghee and milk. D.S. was also in a mood to indulge in a little luxury for himself. So we bought a small quantity of ghee and put it in two bottles which we carried in our pockets at meal time, and out of which we poured a few drops on to our bread.

Milk was a serious problem. I simply could not live as D.S. did, on only one pice worth of the tea which was in all the tea shops referred to as 'Single'. So, on our way to the "Eating House" I fortified myself morning and evening, at a *bhaiya's* shop with one anna worth of milk. So life went on.

My Rs. 100/-, the gains of a harmless fraud, disappeared fast, and we began to make elaborate plans to become rich. One evening D.S. took me to a wealthy gentleman whom he knew and whose son badly needed illumination at the hands of some competent tutor. He lived on the fourth or fifth floor at Sheikh Memon Street. In an unusual fit of exuberance, D.S. introduced me as the son of the deceased Deputy Collector, Rao Bahadur Maneklal. To my horror I found that the rich man came from my own district and had known Father well! Many years ago, he said sweetly, the Rao Bahadur had conferred some favour on him. Then he went off into ecstatic praise of Father's excellent qualities and with a mournful face regretted his premature death. I looked helpless. How was I to ask for employment from a person who looked upon me as a visiting prince? We returned, empty-handed and heart-broken. That was my first and last attempt to earn money by licking cubs into educational shape.

But the resources of D.S. were inexhaustible. Some days later, he took me to the composing room of the *Indu Prakash*. He knew someone there, and I was straightway appointed proof-reader extraordinary to that paper. Every evening I walked my weary way—three-and-a-half miles, from the Law class to my room; and on the way I dropped in at the *Indu Prakash* office and collected the galleys. After our visit to the "Eating House", with the assistance of D.S., who had already added proof-reading to his accomplishments, I would correct the proofs. At 10 p.m. we would go back to the newspaper office, return the proofs and receive my daily wages, which came to about 6 or 8 annas. I think I was paid at the rate of one or two annas per galley, I forget which.

I wanted to read and write on an ambitious scale. The next problem that we had to face therefore was how I was to do it. D.S. knew an old Parsi gentleman on the staff of the Petit Library and he took me to him. This kindly-eyed old gentleman walked into the conspiracy. I was given a small table to sit at. A file of issue slips he arranged, was to lie in

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front of me. If anybody ever asked me why I was there, I was to refer to that old gentleman. He would always be there to certify that I was doing some honorary work for him.

For about three years, on most of the days while I was in Bombay, I spent five or six hours in the Petit Library. From time to time, D.S. would come to me during the day from the neighbouring office where he was employed and we would go out and replenish ourselves with two 'Singles'. It was in the Petit Library that I first wrote an elaborate article on 'The Conquest of Somnath' which was published in 1909 or 1910 in a magazine very well known in those days called *East and West*.

A few years ago a very interesting incident took place. I had to prove before an arbitrator that what little I had made was the result of what, according to Hindu Law, are known as 'gains of science', and not as accretions to my ancestral property. I asked D.S. whether he would give evidence on my behalf and, lo and behold, when he looked up his old diaries, there was a ledger account carried forward from year to year under the heading 'Kanubhai'. At foot of the account was eight or nine rupees still due from me to D.S.! Like a wise debtor I had forgotten to pay the debt. Like an *un*wise creditor, D.S. had forgotten to demand it of me.

Nothing disturbed D.S.'s cheerfulness. He took everything he had to face as if it was the most ordinary thing in life: poverty, struggles, disappointments, the incorrigible boys who were entrusted to his care. I, on the other hand, was restless, ambitious, happy or unhappy, highly emotional. And the pair of us walked up and down the streets of Bombay. That is how I came to know most of its localities.

When D.S. first took me to the Napean Sea Road, I was so blue with envy and rage, at the sight of the palaces, that I decided not to visit the place again. What did I want with them and their splendour?

In those days our greatest moments came after our evening meal. On several days in the week we would go up to the Wilson College Hostel, where I would join my friends in songs of all kinds. Of course, D.S. never sang, but would join in by clapping his hands. Then we would go to the Chowpatty sands and sit till past midnight, sharing one anna worth of sugarcane pieces.



Life changed, I went ahead with my Law Examinations and was enrolled on the Original Side Bar of the High Court in 1913. Success came my way and then money. But D.S. and I were just the same: I talking to him of my triumphs and failures; he, helping me with

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odds and ends, buying for me whatever I wanted; never demanding, always giving. Meanwhile, he was plodding his slow way upwards. He passed his LL.B. examination, saved enough money from his tuition fees to buy a *sanad* and became a solicitor's clerk. His passports, as always, were his precision, his thoroughness, his good temper and his serviceableness. An appreciative master made of him, first, a managing-clerk and then induced him to sign articles without taking a rupee.

D.S. passed the LL.B. and the Solicitor's examination, not at a bound, but slowly and patiently, appearing in one subject after another every year, working away for all he was worth, both as a clerk and a good Samaritan, all his professional hours.

The solicitor whom he served took a parental interest in him and when he qualified, made him a partner, without premium for goodwill. I hope there are other solicitors in the world with such hearts for deserving young men.

During the course of the years, D.S. lost his parents and brothers; and his sisters were married. He was alone, but he invariably picked up an orphan from the orphanage of which he had once been the manager. He brought the boy up, educated him, got him married and settled him in life. I do not remember how many such boys he helped.

For many years no one in our caste thought that D.S. was in the marriage market. He sometimes spoke to me of what he felt about the way in which the Fates were denying him a wife and on this subject he was often caustic.

But he always spoke in an uncomplaining way and without anger, though loneliness was telling on him. One of the magazines which I used to edit, published a story of his which was in the nature of a self-confession. An unmarried man becomes disgusted at the way in which everyone exercises authority over him. Ultimately, he decides to marry, his reason being that, he must have at least one person over whom he can exercise authority.

When D.S. became a managing clerk, a wife came his way. He was very pleased. But as was his way, he took her as God's gift, looked after her and made her happy. He forgot all about his story. It was she who exercised authority over him, and he was glad that it should be so.

As a solicitor, he was precise, thorough, slow, serviceable, and obliging. Once a client came to him, he never left him. He bought a house at Malad, and made himself a nice garden around it.



He lived a contented life until age and disease came upon him.

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When I met him on this occasion, the old affectionate glint was in his eyes. He was to me the one and indispensable. I was to him a proud possession; someone glaringly different from himself; something which supplemented his existence and made it full.

We talked about his health, though he could only mumble and as we did so, our first meeting came to my mind: the meeting between the smiling, humble, oversized boy and the shy, nervous, under-sized, impetuous boy. I thought of the journey of our lives, year by year, hand-in-hand; one giving all he could; the other taking what was given. This wonderful journey of fifty-eight years, unbroken by a single jolt, unmarred by any kind of misunderstanding, was coming to an end.

As we parted, D.S. said with a smile: "I have always been slow at things, Kanubhai: slow to pass my examinations; slow in getting a wife; I am now slow even in bringing my life to an end."

It was with difficulty that I could restrain my tears. Thus we parted.

Yours sincerely,



Vibhishana wonders how Sri Rama would be able to conquer a foe like Ravana, when he had no chariot, no armour, nor any shoes to his feet. Thereupon Sri Rama says:

"The chariot, my dear Vibhishana, that wins the victory for Rama is of a different sort from the usual one. Manliness and courage are its wheels; unflinching truth and character its banners and standards; strength, discrimination, self-restraint and benevolence its horses, with forgiveness, mercy, equanimity their reins; prayer to God is that conqueror's unerring charioteer, dispassion his shield, contentment his sword, charity his axe, intellect his spear, and perfect science his stout bow. His pure and unwavering mind stands for a quiver, his mental quietude and his practice of yama and niyama stand for the sheaf of arrows, and the homage he pays to Brahmans and his guru is his impenetrable armour. There is no other equipment for victory comparable to this; and, my dear friend, there is no enemy who can conquer the man who takes his stand on the chariot of dharma. He who has a powerful chariot like this is a warrior who can conquer even that great and invincible enemy—the world. Hearken unto me and fear not."

—Sri Tulsidas.

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Swami Rama Tirtha

WORK IS WORSHIP

The positive joy that occompanies faithful work is a spark for salvation.... No prize or appreciation can be more benign or salubrious than the immediate joy which accompanies earnest action.

THERE was a quarrel between a pond and a river. The pond addressed the river thus: "Oh, river, you are very foolish to give all your water and all your wealth to the ocean; do not squander your water and wealth to the ocean. The ocean is ungrateful, the ocean needs it not. If you go on pouring into the ocean all your accumulated treasures the ocean will remain as salty as it is today, the ocean will remain as bitter as it is today, the brine of the sea will not be altered. Do not throw pearls before swine. Keep all your treasures with you". This was worldly wisdom. Here was the river told to consider the end, to care for the result and regard the consequence.

The river was a Vedantin; after hearing this worldly wisdom the river replied, "No, the consequence and the result are nothing to me, failure and success are nothing to me; I must work because I love work; I must work for its own sake. To work is my aim, to keep in activity is my life. My soul, my real Atma, is energy itself. I must work."

The river went on working, the river went on pouring into the ocean millions upon millions of gallons of water. The miserly economic pond became dry in three or four months; it became putrid, stagnant, full of festering filth, but the river remained fresh and pure, its perennial springs did not dry up. Silently and slowly was water taken from the surface of the ocean to replenish the fountain-heads of the river; monsoons and trade winds invisibly, silently and slowly carried water from the ocean and kept the river source fresh for ever.

Just so, Vedant requires you not to follow the sophistic policy of the pond. It is the small selfish pond that cares for the result, "What will become of me and my work." Let your work be for work's sake; you must work. In your work should your goal be, and thus Vedant frees you from fretting

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and worrying desires. This is the meaning of freedom from desires which Vedant preaches. Worry not about the consequence, expect nothing from the people, bother not about favourable reviews of your work or severe criticism thereon. ..... Do the work for its own sake. This way you have to free yourself from desire; you have not to free yourself from work, but you have to free yourself from yearning restlessness. This way how splendid does your work become. The most effective and best cure for all sorts of distracting passions and temptations is work. But that would be only a negative recommendation. The positive joy that accompanies faithful work is a spark of *salvation,* unconscious self-realization. It keeps you pure, untainted and one with Divinity. This happiness is the highest and surest reward of work. Corrupt not this health-bringing heavenly treasure by setting your heart on selfish motives for work. Sordid ambitions and petty bickerings retard rather than accelerate our progress; outward and concrete allurements are detrimental rather than beneficial to the efficiency of our labour.

No prize or appreciation can be more benign or salubrious than the immediate joy which accompanies earnest action. Follow, then, action to realize the renunciation, religion or worship it involves, and not led by the childish frivolities it promises. Feel no responsibility, ask for no reward. *Now, here,* should your goal be. People say, "First deserve and then desire." Vedant says, "Deserve only, no need of desiring;" "A stone that is fit for the wall will never be found in the way."

If you deserve, by an irresistible Divine Law, every thing will come to you. If there is a lamp burning, the lamp should go on burning; the lamp need not send any invitations to the moths; moths will flock to the lamp of their own accord. Where there is a fresh spring people of their own accord will be drawn to it; the spring need not care a straw for the people. When the moon rises people will be drawn out, of themselves, to enjoy the moonlight. Attack! Attack! Hammer on! Hammer on! Work, work so as to realize the nothingness of body and the supreme reality of true Self. Thus at the height of apparent activity you will taste Nirvan and Kaivalya, and when in this way you have suffered your personality and ego to be raised on the cross of *labour* success will seek you and there will be no scarcity of people who will come and appreciate. People did not accept Christ so long as he was alive; he must be crucified before he is worshipped. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. No seed can spring up and multiply without suffering destruction as to its form and appearance. So one essential to success is sacrifice, crucifying the little self.

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If you want to become glorious and prosperous you shall have to rise in your heart of hearts above the selfish proprietary spirit. You must rise above that. Be always a giver; never throw your heart in a begging, expecting attitude. Get rid of the monopolizing habit. Why should you lay exclusive claim to the air in your lungs; that air is everybody's property! On the other hand, when you cease to appropriate the small quantity of air in your lungs you find yourself heir to all the atmosphere, unlimited become your resources; breathe in, breathe in the oxygen of the universe. Be not vain, be not proud. Never feel that anything belongs to your little self; it is God's, your real Atman's. Take the case of Sir Isaac Newton, how was it that he became so bright, brilliant, glorious in the eyes of the world? At the time of his death, the spirit in which he had worked was made known. When complimented on being the greatest man in the world, he replied, "Oh, no; this intellect or this small personality of mine is simply like a little child gathering pebbles on the vast, immense seashore of knowledge". He was yet lying upon the sands gathering pebbles. Thus we see that the unassuming spirit, which appropriates or claims nothing, which does not aggrandise the little self, is the spirit which puts your capacity and working powers at their best, and this is the characteristic spirit of Vedant.

The true source of rights is duty. If we all discharge our duties, rights will not be far to seek.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

Human society is based upon the sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men.

—Lammenais.

I ought to have what I enjoy only as the result of the services I perform. The first term in a definition of right is the limitation of desires.

—Harold Laski.

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Dr. Rajendra Prasad

ART HAS NO BARRIER



IT is a matter for gratification that our age-old arts have been able to survive the slough of popular indifference and official neglect so long. Not only that, with the coming of the British to this country in a position of supreme authority, western ideas and ideals also found their way and indeed in some matters have come to occupy a dominant position in the world of Indian art.

Indian art had its own traditions, its own lofty ideals and its own history. It had in some matters attained maturity. Arts in our country profited as much as they could from the impact of foreign art, but they have been able to retain distinctive individuality.

To revive, encourage and to popularise Indian art in all its manifold branches should, therefore, be a matter of interest not only for this country but for all lovers of art the world over. That is because, in essence, all art is one and if any branch of art in any part of the world is allowed to languish and to die, the damage is not confined to the country to which that art belonged but to the whole world interested in the systematic development of art.

In the realm of art, geographical boundaries count for naught, because the concept of art truly transcends and cuts across all conceivable divisions of human society. Irrespective of time or clime or nationality, we can say that the highest triumph of art is the truest presentation of nature and expression of man's yearning to fathom the highest and the most beautiful.

For India, whose people have always been interested in fine arts of all descriptions and whose landscapes in many parts are even today strewn with pieces of art attracting lovers of art from all over the world, art is a genuine expression of soul, a manifestation of human spirit in meditation of the supreme being. I feel that aesthetics have always formed an integral part of Indian ethics and religion.

[*From his inaugural address at the National Exhibition of Art, New Delhi.*]

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Culture is not music, dancing, painting or other such fine art....Any amount of fine arts, vast quantities of memorised literature may be there, but if there is no sincerity, if there is no compassion and consideration for other people's feelings, if there is no self-restraint, there is no culture....

CULTURE

Rajaji writes to Collegians

THE words culture and art and their grammatical variations go to make the double-barrelled names of numerous associations started in recent times in many of our urban centres. This leads to a certain confusion of ideas among young and old. It does not matter much what persons of advanced age think of themselves or of culture, but it is very important that young men and women should not mistake what culture is. The big future of India depends on the turn given to the ambition of boys and girls in this generation.



Culture is not music, dancing, painting or other such fine art. Painting, playing on the *Veena*, and the like are accomplishments some of which young men and women should no doubt acquire. They make life pleasant for themselves as well as for others. They serve a very good and wide purpose in that way; but it is wrong to imagine that if you possess the accomplishments or if you have read much English or Sanskrit literature you are a man of culture, or that if you cannot sing or play on the violin or paint or quote from Shakespeare or Kalidasa you are not a man of culture. Culture consists in something other than accomplishments in the field of literature or fine arts:

A man of culture understands and shows consideration for the

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feelings of the person he deals with.

A man who is not truthful cannot be a man of culture. Try and you will find this at once from what other people will think and say of you!

If one wishes to be a man of culture he must abstain from excessive indulgence in sensuous pleasures. Restraint in regard to every kind of sensuous satisfaction is the very hall-mark of culture. An inordinate craving for physical pleasure at once puts a man outside the world of culture.

Cruelty is inconsistent with culture. A compassionate attitude towards man, child, beast, and bird marks out the man of culture. Unnecessary cruelty is the sign of a 'brute', which is the common name to denote one who is the opposite of a man of culture.

Clean habits are an external quality, but culture is essentially a social virtue and therefore is largely external.

To be true and good coin, your culture should be no counterfeit. There should be culture in the heart so that cultured behaviour may automatically flow out of it.

An uneducated person can be a man of culture, but more is expected of an educated man in every respect I have referred to, than of those good men who have not had the advantage of education. Any amount of knowledge cannot by itself make a man cultured. Any amount of fine arts, vast quantities of memorised literature, may be there but if there is no sincerity, if there is no compassion and consideration for other people's feelings, if there is no self-restraint, there is no culture.

All the qualities I have mentioned must be acquired by dint of habit. There is no time like youth for the formation of good habits, and no means better than mutual example.

[Courtesy: *Allagappa College Souvenir, Karaikudi.*]

Perfection of culture, art for art's sake, has no deep root in the heart of man, and flowers but to fade rapidly; it strikes a deep root only when it gives a moral representation of life.

—Alfred Lyall.

Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has arisen out of pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil *for any great aesthetic growth.*

—G. K. Chesterton.

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The Mother.

The Statesman

by The Mother

[A world-famous statesman took refuge in a life-boat when the ship carrying him to a World Conference on Human Progress sank in mid-ocean. Six others, equally great, join him in the same predicament. Water and provision have run out and death is imminent. To forget the misery of the situation, he epitomizes his life and achievement in this monologue.]

SON of a politician, I became, from my childhood, familiar with questions of government and problems of politics. All that was freely discussed at dinners given by my parents to their friends and I used to be present there since I was twelve. The opinions of different political parties had no secret for me any more, and in my small enthusiastic head I found an easy solution to every difficulty.

My studies ran naturally in the same direction and I became a brilliant scholar in Political Science.

Subsequently when the time came to pass from theory to practice, I had to face the first serious difficulties and I began to understand how almost impossible it was to put one's ideas into practice. I had to take to compromises and little by little my great ideal withered away.

I discovered also that success is not the measure of personal worth, but of the capacity of adapt oneself to circumstances and to please others. For that, one must flatter the weaknesses of people, rather than try to correct their imperfections.

All of you surely know what my brilliant career was like. I need not dwell upon it. But I would like to tell you that as soon as I became Prime Minister and my position gave me some real power, I remembered the humanitarian ambitions of my youth and endeavoured to be guided by them. I tried not to be a party man. I sought to find a solution of the great conflict among political and social tendencies that were tearing the world, each having its own advantages and disadvantages. None

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is perfectly good, none perfectly bad: one has to find the way to choose what is good in each and make a practicable harmonious whole. But I was unable to discover the synthetic formula that would reconcile the contraries and still more unable to translate it into actions.

I wished for peace, concord, entente between nations, collaboration for the good of all, and I was compelled by a force greater than mine to wage war and triumph through unscrupulous means and uncharitable decisions.

And yet I am looked upon as a great statesman. I am overwhelmed with honours and eulogies: I am called the friend of humanity.

But I feel my weakness. I know I have missed a true knowledge and a true power which would have crowned with success the hopes of my childhood.

And now the end is nearing. I feel that I have done very little and done it even very badly. I shall step through the door of death sad and disillusioned.

[*Courtesy: Bulletin of Physical Education, Sri Aurobindo Ashram.*]

CLAIM

I have the power to hue from pain
The mould of ecstasy:
A little ripple on life's waves,
Yet I do claim the sea.

I have the courage to scan the sky
With frail half-opened wings
To own the blue and taste the joy
The vast Infinity brings.

A tender petal of life's rose,
I shiver with every breeze,
Yet flows in my veins the nectarous sap
Of Love's eternal trees.

A whispering hope in a pining heart,
A hush before the dawn,
I have the strength to break pain's night
And claim the heavenly morn.

—Indira Devi

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Immortal India—17 *J. H. Dave*

KEDARNATH

PANDAVAS in company of Lomasha and other sages came up to the Gandhamadana Mount in search of Arjuna. Sage Lomasha says:

इन्द्रस्य जाम्बूनदपर्वताद् वै
शृणोणि घोषं तव देवि गङ्गे ।
गोपाययेमं सुभगे गिरिभ्यः
सर्वाजमीढोपचितं नरेन्द्रम् ॥
ददस्य शर्म प्रविविक्षतोऽस्य
शैलानिमाञ्छैलसुते नृपस्य ।
उक्त्वा तथा सागरगां स विप्रो
यतो भवस्वेति शशास पार्थम् ॥

"Goddess Ganga! I am hearing the deep roaring sound of your flow from the Sumeru mountain. King Yudhishthira, the scion of the family of King Ajamidha (son of Hastin, the founder of Hastinapura, who in turn was the fifth successor of Dushyanta's son, Bharata, who gave the name Bharatavarsha to India) is now about to enter the Gandhamadana mount of the Himalayas. O! Daughter of Mountain! protect him here and bless him". Having thus prayed river Ganga, Sage Lomasha enjoined upon Yuddhisthira to be pure and self-controlled on his mountain journey.

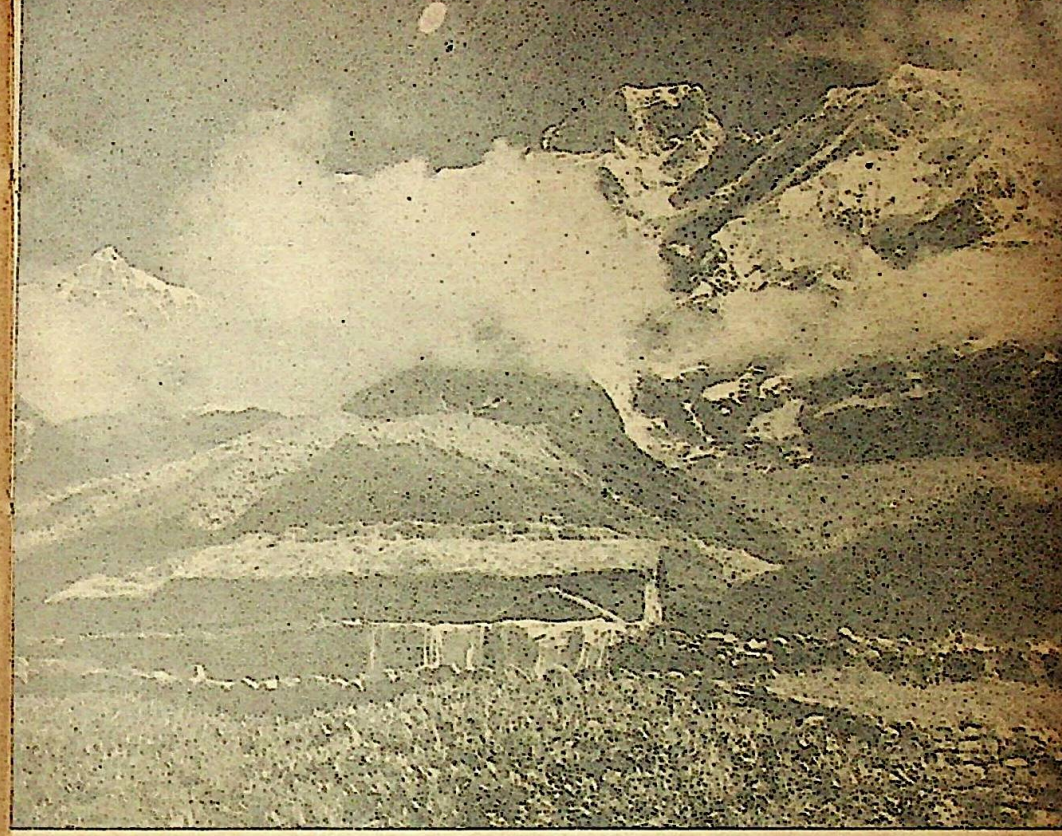
—*Vanaparva*, Ch. 139, 16-17.

The temple of Kedarnath is situated in the Himalayas at an elevation of 11,735 feet above sea-level. Its location is 30° 44′ North latitude and 79° 6′ East longitude. It is in Patti Malla Kaliphat in the Nagpur pargana. The neat and handsome temple of Siva, Lord Kadarnath, stands on the ridge which juts out at right angles from below the snowy peak known as Mahapanth (22,850 ft. high).

The range of mountains on which this shrine of hoary antiquity and reputation stands is known as the range of the Rudra-Himalaya. This Rudra-Himalaya is also called the Sumeru Parvata or the Pancha Parvata. The latter name is given to it because it has five peaks — Rudra-Himalaya, Vishnupuri, Bhramapuri, Udgari-Kantha, and Swargarohini. It was at the last of these peaks that the four Pandava brothers died, survived by Yudhishthira and his faithful dog alone. The Gandhamadana hill is a part of the Rudra-Himalaya. According to the description given in the *Mahabharata* this hill starts from a short distance to the north-east of Badarikasram. Sage Lomasha tells Yudhishthira:

तपसा शक्यते गन्तुं पर्वतं गन्धमादनम् ।

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On the way to Kedarnath

"One can reach this difficult mountain only with great perseverance and penance". The succeeding generations by their frequent visits to this sacred spot have created many facilities and reduced the rigours of the mountain *yatra*.

The majestic Himavan is referred to in the *Rigveda* as establishing the greatness of the Lord:

यस्येमे हिमवन्तो महित्वा
यस्य समुद्रं रसया सहाहुः ।
यस्येमे प्रदिशो यस्य बाहू
कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥

—*Rigveda*, 1-121-4.

"To which other deity shall we offer our prayers? On account of your prowess, mountains like Himalayas and the oceans with rivers are created and the distant quarters are designated as your mere arms."

Sivapurana, Kotirudra Samhita Ch. 19 (Venkateswar Press edition) records the following legend about Kedara. Nara and Narayana, two sages being the incarnations of Hari, were once practising penance in Badarikasram. They used to prepare an earthen *linga* of Siva and worship it. On account of de-

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voted, single-minded, long *pooja*, Siva was pleased and asked them to seek any *vara*. They prayed that Lord Sankara should stay at Kedara permanently in the form of a *Jyotirlinga* for the benefit and *darsana* of humanity. Since then Siva stays there as a *Jyotirlinga*. The Pandavas, after the great war, were advised to come here in order that they may gain mental peace. It is said that Lord Siva, on seeing the Pandavas, assumed the form of a male buffalo and started running away. When the Pandavas tried to catch Him, Siva entered the earth and only the hinder part of His body remained behind as Kedareswar. It is said that His front part is in Nepal. The legend says that Siva, when He thus entered the ground, became fivefold — His hinder part remained at Kedara, His arms at Tunganatha, His face at Rudranatha, His belley at Madhyameshwara and *Jata* at Kalpeshwara. All these five places in the Himalayas are known as Pancha-Kedara and the devotees visit all of them. Pandavas prayed Kedara Prabhu and became happy:

तत्र नित्यं हरः साक्षात् क्षेत्रे केदारसंज्ञके ।
भारतीभिः प्रजाभिश्च तथैव परिपूज्यते ॥

"At Kedara, Siva Himself is worshipped from time immemorial by the nationals of Bharata in the same manner in which the Pandavas worshipped the Lord".

—*Sivapurana, Kotirudra,* 19, 18.

अस्य खण्डस्य स स्वामी सर्वेशोऽपि विशेषतः।
सर्वकामप्रदः शम्भुः केदाराख्यो न संशयः ॥

"Kedara Sambhu, the Lord of everything, is undoubtedly the special presiding deity of this Bharata Khanda and the yielder of all desires."

—*Sivapurana, Kotirudra,* 19. 25.

It has been recommended that the faithful should give here *dana* of a *kankana* or arm-ring.

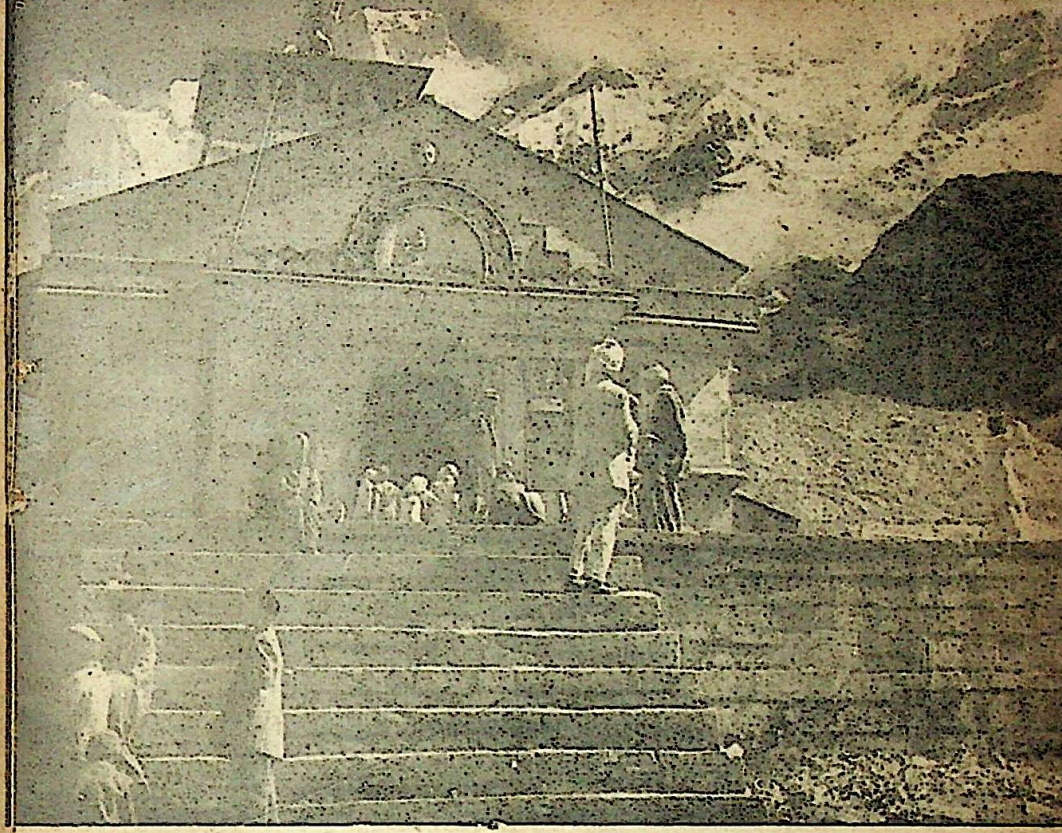
Those who visit Kedara, first visit Jamnotri and Gangotri, carrying with them the holy waters from the sources of Jamna and Ganga for *abhisheka* on Kedara Prabhu.

For this purpose people come from Hardwar to Rishikesh and proceed to Devprayag, Tehri, and Dharasu. After visiting Jamnotri they came to Uttarkashi and Gangotri; thence to Trijuginarayan, Gaurikund and Kedara. From Rishikesh people can also straight way go to Kedara via Devprayag, Srinagar, Rudraprayag and Ukhimath. The other way is to start from Kathgodam via Bhimtal, Dwarahat, Karnaprayag and Chamoli; then from Chamoli to Ukhimath and Kedara and again from Chamoli to Vishnuprayag and Badarinath. People usually enter via Hardwar and come back via Kathgodam.

☆

Mahabharata records that the Pandavas came to this Gandhamadana mount several times. Arjuna came here to perform pen-

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Entrance to Kedarnath Temple

ance and secure from Siva the Pasupata astra.

The Pandavas came here in search of Arjuna when they had no news of him for a long time. Those who are unable to walk on this mountainous way take the help of *kandi, dandi* or *jhampan*. Draupadi was not able to walk and Ghatotkacha carried her in a *kandi*. Similarly other friends of his carried the other Pandavas and sages for some distance and relieved them of their fatigue.

Draupadi then came across a very sweet smelling heavenly lotus — *Kalyanasaugandhikam* — and desired Bhima to bring them in large numbers. Bhima went in search of them, met his brother and Vayu's son Hanuman, went to Kubera's lake and brought the desired lotuses for Draupadi.

In the Sabha Parva, Arjuna is mentioned as having conquered and crossed the Himalayan region and gone to the Rishika country, which is identified with Russia.

Finally the Pandavas came here for the last time and four of them passed away near the Swargarohini peak.

Near Kedara starts the river

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Mandakini. It is also called Kaliganga. This river joins Alaknanda (which flows near Badarinath) at Rudraprayag after a course of about 45 miles. A bath in Mandakini yields the highest merit. Between the shrines of Badari and Kedara stands the mount. Without it, the distance between the two would be very short. But as the mount is difficult to climb, pilgrims have to take a circuitous route of about nine days.

The image of Lord Kedara is in the form of a huge rough stone. Pilgrims apply ghee and then embrace this *Jyotirlinga* of Kedara Prabhu.

The priests at Kedara, Guptakashi, Ukhimanth and Madhyameshvara are under the head priest called the Raval of Kedarnath having his establishment at the Ukhimath. They are Jangam Gosains and belong to the Lingayat or the Veera Saiva Sect.

The road from Gaurikund to Kedara, of about eleven miles, is pretty difficult, but full of picturesque mountainous scenes. At Gaurikund, there are hot springs and pilgrims take a bath in them with great devotion. Gauri is said to have taken her bath here after giving birth to Kartikeya. Tradition records that a little to the south at Trijuginarayan, Siva and Parvati were married and that the fire enkindled at the time of their marriage is still burning at the Agnikund. On the way from Trijuginarayan to Kedara, one finds the Mundkatta Ganesh — the headless Ganesh. The legend is that Ganesh was created by Parvati out of her perspiration and made to guard the entrace while she was taking her bath. Siva accidently came in, Ganesh did not permit him to enter, Siva in rage cut his head off, and on Parvati's request revived him and gave him the face of an elephant.

In winter, the Kedarapuri is covered with snow. The Kedara Temple is opened when the sun enters Mesha or Aries in Vaisakha and is closed when the sun enters Scorpio. At that time the priests go to Ukhimath where the worship of Kedaranath is continued in the winter season. Even in Vaisakha, there is severe cold at Kedara and many pilgrims immediately return after the *darsana* without venturing to spend a night there.

Four miles from the temple is a precipice leading to the Mahapanth peak and is known as Bhairon Jhap. Devotees used to throw themselves off from this summit and give up their life. This practice, like Sati, has been prohibited by an Act of the Government.

At the time of the Kumbha Mela at Hardwar, when the Jupiter is in acquarius every 12 years, pilgrimage to Kedara and Badari has a special sanctity. Similarly every six years, there is the Ardha-Kumbha. On these occasions, the pilgrims first attend the Mela at Hardwar and then complete their round of Kedara and Badari.

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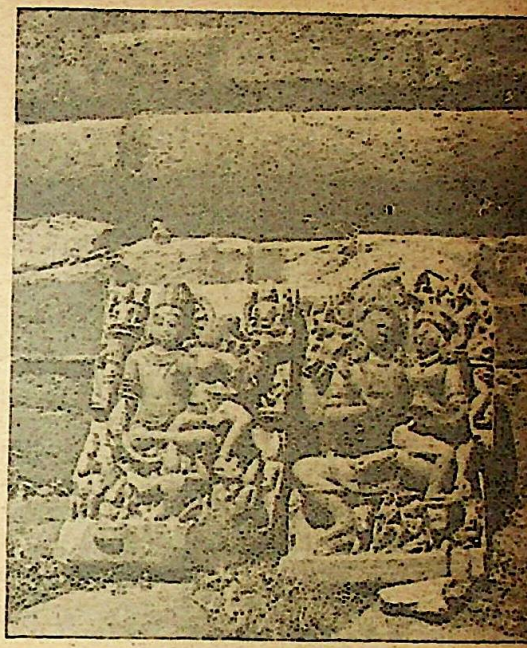
In Kedarakhanda it is stated that:

अकृत्वा दर्शनं वैश्य केदारस्याघनाशिनः ।
यो गच्छेद् बदरीं तस्य यात्रा
निष्फलतां व्रजेत् ॥

"The pilgrimage to Badari without the *darsana* of sin-removing Kedara is fruitless".

Staunch saivites visit Kedara alone; staunch vaishnavites visit Badari alone; but the mass of the Hindu community visit both the shrines. Adi Sankaracharya gave impetus to the worship of both of them. At Badari, he established his Jyotirmath. At Kedara, tradition has it that Sankaracharya gave up his body.

Lakshmidhar (1100-1130 A.D.) in his *Tirtha Kalpataru* quotes extensively from *Devi Bhagavata* about Kedara. That very passage is verbatim given in *Viramitrodaya, Tirthaprakasa.* It says that the Lord Siva stays in the place called *Isana Sikhara.* There is also the Retaskund and by drinking its water, it is said there is no rebirth. The procedure is thus prescribed: "The faithful should bathe in river Mandakini and offer *pindas* to the ancestors. Having bowed to Siva, Uma, Ganesh and other deities, one should thrice drink the water from that *kunda* with his left hand, thrice with his right hand, thrice with closed hands, and thrice directly by the mouth, thinking himself to be the Nandin, the vehicle of the Lord.



Sculpture of Laxmi-Narayan and Har-Gouri, Kedarnath

He should get up, dance before the Lord, and stand with closed hands. He has done his life-work. He is one with the Lord. His entire *kula* is liberated."

In *Vishnu Dharma Sutra* (100 to 300 A.D.) Ch. 85, the various sacred places are named as fit for the performance of the *shraddha.* In the 17th *sutra* is mentioned Kedara which is identified by Nanda Pandita with the famous Kedara of the Himalayas. Similarly in sutra 23 is mentioned the river Mahaganga which is identified with the Alaknanda at Badari. In *sutra* 36 is mentioned the Uttaramansa

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in the Kedara mountains. *Shraddhas* at all these places in the Himalaya region are considered to be very efficacious.

In order to practise penance — to please Siva to secure the Pasupata weapon — Arjuna came on the Gandhamadana mount at a place called the Indrakila Hill. It is identified at Bhilesvara between Ranibag and Srinagar. Yudhishthira tells Arjuna that Vyasa had imparted to him an upanishad or secret esoteric knowledge and if its application was made judiciously, one would have a clear vision and perspective of the entire universe.

कृष्णद्वैपायनात् तात गृहीतोपनिषन् मया ।
तया प्रयुक्तया सम्यग् जगत्सर्वं प्रकाशते ॥

—*Vana Parva,* Ch. 37, 10, 11.

The whole of this incident is woven into a great Mahakavya by Poet Bharavi in *Kiratarjuniyam.* Siva assumed the form of a Kirata and made Arjuna fight with him. Bharavi says *(Kiratarjuniyam* 18-14).

तपसा तथा न मुदमस्य ययौ
भगवान् यथा विपुलसत्वतया ।

"The Lord was not so much pleased by his penance as by his large-hearted manliness."

The Himalaya has been very passionately described by Indian poets. This measuring rod of the earth, the dear calf of the mother cow earth, the store-house of endless gems and precious herbs, the perpetually pure with eternal snow, the abode of *siddhas, yakshas* and *sadhus,* is the king of mountains. Female *yaks* spread out and waive to him their beautiful white tails and prove his sovereign's title "Giriraja" as if by the waiving of the *Chamaris.*

Bharavi, describing the Himalaya, says:

वीतजन्मजरसं परं शुचि
ब्रह्मणः पदमुपैतुमिच्छताम् ।
आगमादिव तमोपहादितः
सम्भवन्ति मतयो भवच्छिदः ॥

Kiratarjuniyam, 5-22.

"True and liberating knowledge has emanated from this place as from the srutis, dispelling dark ignorance, for the benefit of those who seek the highest and the pure state of Brahman, devoid of births and old age."

And here abides Lord Siva. Kalidasa describes Siva in His Yogic posture:

पर्यङ्कबन्धस्थिरपूर्वकाय—
मृज्वायतं सन्नमितोभयांसम् ।
उत्तानपाणिद्वयसन्निवेशात्
प्रफुल्लराजीवमिवाङ्कमध्ये ॥

Kumarasambhavam 3-45.

"Siva was seated cross-legged in what is called a *virasana* (each foot below the opposite thigh); His upper body was fixed and steady; He sat straight and erect; His shoulders raised and inclined; in His lap were placed the two hands with upward palms like full blown red lotuses."

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K. M. Munshi

THIS HIDEOUS EPOCH

WARS to 'end wars' have been fought and they have left us no better. The world is more disunited today than ever before.

It is an unfortunate epoch—Mr. Churchill recently called it "hideous"—in which we live. Since 1914 when the German people under an exaggerated sense of their superiority set out to conquer the world, there has been no cessation of fighting. There have been truces but no peace.

Before nationalism dominated the world, whatever the misdeeds of princes and their organization of power, the general faith in God and the Moral Order sustained the idea of the brotherhood of man. In medieval Europe, for instance, the Catholic Church was a world structure, the God and his Vicar were symbols of its unity. In India, *Vasudaiva Kutumbakam* 'the whole world a family' was a living value; under its influence various communities and creeds lived in amity.

Then came nationalism. Group selfishness replaced individual selfishness. It became strong, not through mutual trust and affection, but by exploiting hatred towards other groups. Any excuse was good enough to develop mass hatred.

A philosopher—I think it was Kant—thought that if the people of the world came to rule themselves instead of the princes, there would be peace and prosperity in the world. The princes have gone; but the people who rule now hate each other with greater venom.

The basis of hatred runs on some such lines:

I belong to one race; you, to another. In fact scientifically, no race is pure.

I speak one language; you, another. Truly speaking, language never brings estrangement by itself.

I come from one country; you, from another. Truly speaking, the ancestors of all of us have been immigrants to our respective countries at one time or another.

I have one religion, you have another. In fact, true concept of God leads only to the religion of love.

In spite of truths I have referred to, man has been parted from man in this way. Why in the name of civilization have millions been butchered, wounded or uprooted in different lands during the last forty years?

Because, man has acquired the power to control nature, not to

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control his own power to hate. While he can exploit natural processes to fulfil the selfish group aims, he has become clouded in the spirit, which alone makes all men one.

Instead of emphasizing the divine essence in all, man loves to regard himself as an insect, struggling against everyone for enjoyment of material comforts. Instead of seeing all in God and God in all, he sees self in himself, an anti-self in every one else.

It would however be erroneous if we forget to look on the other side of the shield. Wars and conflicts, genocides and racial jealousies and the degrading creed of materialism have awakened man to what is wrong with the world. If men have been brutal, men have also yielded to love in an increasing measure. There is more widespread consciousness of world unity than ever before. There is now a more sympathetic understanding of world problems between nations and nations—at any rate among some—than ever before.

The religious conflicts have been giving place to a true approach. Thinking men have come to realise that what is wrong with the world is the disregard of the Spirit. Man cannot work for war and dream of peace. If man has to conquer, he has to do it not with the savagery of a murderer, but with the spiritual approach of the ancient Rishi.

The greatest service that thinking men can render is to bring home to all men and nations the realization of one great truth: Man is essentially the same everywhere; and the earth is for all.

Such service alone will lead to the wide consciousness which will embrace all men.

The truly great can appreciate one another because that is their swadharma. *Their disciples decry Gurus other than their own because that is* theirs:

—Sri Ramana Maharishi.

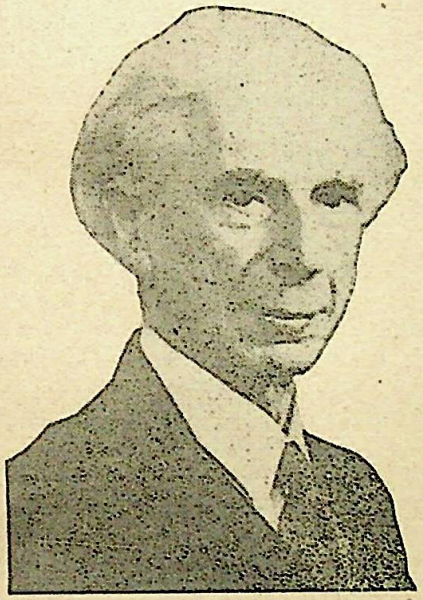
God that made the world and all things therein, ... hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.... For in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

—The Acts 17.

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Bertrand Russell

Silliness, Present and Past



MAN is a rational animal — so at least I have been told. Throughout a long life, I have looked diligently for evidence in favour of this statement, but so far I have not had the good fortune to come across it, though I have searched in many countries spread over three continents. On the contrary, I have seen the world plunging continually further into madness. I have seen great nations, formerly leaders of civilization, led astray by preachers of bombastic nonsense. I have seen cruelty, persecution, and superstition increasing by leaps and bounds, until we have almost reached the point where praise of rationality is held to mark a man as an old fogey regrettably surviving from a bygone age. All this is depressing, but gloom is a useless emotion. In order to escape from it, I have been driven to study the past with more attention than I had formerly given to it, and have found, as Erasmus found, that folly is perennial and yet the human race has survived. The follies of our own times are easier to bear when they are seen against the background of past follies. In what follows I shall mix the sillinesses of our day with those of former centuries. Perhaps the result may help in seeing our own times in perspective, and as not much worse than other ages that our ancestors lived through without ultimate disaster.

★

One of the most widespread popular maxims is, "human nature cannot be changed." No one can say whether this is true or not

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without first defining "human nature." But as used it is certainly false. When Mr. A. utters the maxim, with an air of portentous and conclusive wisdom, what he means is that all men everywhere will always continue to behave as they do in his own home town. A little anthropology will dispel this belief. Among the Tibetans, one wife has many husbands, because men are too poor to support a whole wife; yet family life, according to travellers, is no more unhappy than elsewhere. The practice of lending one's wife to a guest is very common among uncivilized tribes. The Australian aborigines, at puberty, undergo a very painful operation which, throughout the rest of their lives, greatly diminishes sexual potency. Infanticide, which might seem contrary to human nature, was almost universal before the rise of Christianity, and is recommended by Plato to prevent over-population. Private property is not recognized among some savage tribes. Even among highly civilized people, economic considerations will override what is called "human nature". In Moscow where there is an acute housing shortage, when an unmarried woman is pregnant, it often happens that a number of men contend for the legal right to be considered the father of the prospective child, because whoever is judged to be the father acquires the right to share the women's room, and half a room is better than no roof.

In fact adult "human nature" is extremely variable according to the circumstances of education. Food and sex are very general requirements, but the hermits of the Thebaid eschewed sex altogether and reduced food to the lowest point compatible with survival. By diet and training, people can be made ferocious or meek, masterful or slavish, as may suit the educator. There is no nonsense so arrant that it cannot be made the creed of the vast majority by adequate governmental action.

The power of governments over men's belief has been very great ever since the rise of large states. The great majority of Romans became Christian after the Roman Emperors had been converted. In the parts of the Roman Empire that were conquered by the Arabs, most people abandoned Christianity for Islam. The division of Western Europe into Protestant and Catholic regions was determined by the attitude of governments in the sixteenth century. But the power of governments over belief in the present day is vastly greater than at any earlier time. A belief however untrue, is important when it dominates the actions of large masses of men. In this sense, the beliefs inculcated before the last war by the Japanese, Russian and German Governments were important. Since they were completely divergent, they could not all be true, though they could well all be false. Un-

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fortunately they were such as to inspire men with an ardent desire to kill one another, even to the point of almost completely inhibiting the impulse of self-preservation. No one can deny, in face of the evidence, that it is easy, given military power, to produce a population of fanatical lunatics. It would be equally easy to produce a population of sane and reasonable people, but many governments do not wish to do so, since such people would fail to admire the politicians who are at the head of these governments.

There is one peculiarly pernicious application of the doctrine that "human nature" cannot be changed. This is the dogmatic assertion that there will always be wars, because we are so constituted that we feel a need of them. What is true is that a man who has had the kind of diet and education that most men have, will wish to fight when provoked. But he will not actually fight unless he has a chance of victory. It is very annoying to be stopped by a policeman, but we do not fight him because we know that he has the overwhelming forces of the state at his back. People who have no occasion for war do not make any impression of being psychologically thwarted. Sweden has had no war since 1814, but the Swedes are one of the happiest and most contented nations in the world. The only cloud upon their national happiness is fear of being involved in the next war. If political organization were such as to make war obviously unprofitable there is nothing in "human nature" that would compel its occurrence, or make average people unhappy because of its not occurring.



The discovery that man can be scientifically manipulated, and that governments can turn large masses this way or that as they choose, is one of the causes of our misfortunes. There is as much difference between a collection of mentally free citizens and a community moulded by modern methods of propaganda as there is between a heap of raw materials and a battleship. Education, which was at first made universal in order that all might be able to read and write, has been found capable of serving quite other purposes. By instilling nonsense it unifies populations and generates collective enthusiasm. If all governments taught the same nonsense, the harm would not be so great. Unfortunately each has its own brand, and the diversity serves to produce hostility between the devotees of different creeds. If there is ever to be peace in the world, governments will have to agree either to inculcate no dogmas, or all to inculcate the same.

[*Condensed from "UNPOPULAR ESSAYS."*]

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What is security?.... No matter how we approach the subject of security, we find character as its basic ingredient.... Character is the foundation of security in the individual, in the family, in the community, the nation, and in the world of nations....

THE WAY TO SECURITY

Henry C. Link

WHAT is security? The dictionary defines it as safety; protection; freedom from fear, anxiety, or care; freedom from uncertainty or doubt. Webster's definition includes "the condition of being firmly fastened or fixed". This is a very important aspect of security. The man who is happily married is firmly fastened. The man who has a steady job is fastened, secure. The person with a religion, a set of principles, a philosophy, is fastened. Always, personal security involves the condition of being fastened or fixed to something.

No matter how we define security, there is now a growing conviction that it is not attainable on the road we have been following. The popular emphasis in recent years has been on material security and on wholesale social security.

Social security is what his family or society does for the individual. Personal security is the result of what the individual does for himself. The former comes from outside the individual, the latter comes from within. Social security consists largely of benefits and money given to the individual. Personal security comes from habits and beliefs which the individual develops for himself and which make him self-reliant under almost any circumstances.

Probably the chief weakness in our current thinking about security is its emphasis on social security and its neglect of personal security. It is the emphasis on security from without rather than security from within. Certainly the modern concept of social security ignores some of the most elementary facts of human nature — the love of family, the depth of family ties, and the sense of filial duty.

★

Much has been said in recent years about the mature mind, emo-

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tional maturity, and the mature personality. Less and less has been said about the mature *character*. The concept of character and character development was once the focal point of education. Today this concept has all but disappeared from our thinking.

And yet, no matter, how we approach the subject of security, we find *character as its basic ingredient*. Security is no more possible without character than life is without air or a building without a foundation. *Character is the foundation of security* in the individual, in the family, in the community, the nation, and in the world of nations.

The man of mature character is a man who can be relied upon. No matter what the circumstances, he can be depended on to act in a definite way. He is not just a good man or a man of good will, but a man whose qualities of goodness are predictable. That is, he can be depended on to act according to certain spiritual standards of right and wrong, and not according to expediency or his own selfish interests.

The man of mature character is one who has learned to subordinate his passions and his impulses to certain spiritual standards. Such a man has sometimes been described as a "man of principle". There has been a tendency in recent years to disparage the man of principle as being rigid, dull, and even "stuffy". But now we are beginning to see, once more, that the man of principle is the safe man. He is a good security risk for himself, his family, and his neighbours. He can be relied on not to steal another's wife, another's money, automobile, or other possessions. He can be relied on not to covet his neighbour's good fortune or higher position or greater wealth. Being mature in character he will not waste his energies or his thoughts on how to lift up himself. He can be relied on not to lie about others, or to utter damaging half-truths. He will not commit violence or murder. He will not, knowingly, vote for any form of government that advocates stealing or violence.

Life has been relatively secure just because we have had so many citizens of good character. But, as several philosophers have now stated, we are living on the moral momentum of our past. Our present security is still the result of the character training of earlier years.

What is character training and what are the principles that make character? I know of no better principles to start with than those expressed in the Ten Commandments.

Because the Ten Commandments are couched in the phraseology of "Thou shalt not", they have often been described as negative and inadequate. And yet the great and

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positive system rests squarely on these Commandments. The key to this system is the concept of the dignity of the individual. Even atheists and agnostics will not dispute this point. But where does this idea come from? What supports it and gives it strength?

Indisputably it springs from the Judaco-Christian doctrine that all men are the children of God, that they are created in God's image, and that they are possessed of immortal souls.

What implements this concept of dignity and makes it a working creed if not the Ten Commandments? The first element in a man's dignity is his belief that he is the child of God, that he is an important unit in a divine order. The second element is his respect for the dignity of others. It is impossible to love one's neighbour or respect his dignity without respecting, as a minimum, the Commandments:

Thou shalt not kill.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
Thou shalt not covet ... anything that is thy neighbor's.

No individual, no racial group, no democracy can have security where these principles are not observed.

Among the reasons for the decline in the emphasis on these principles is the doctrine of change. This doctrine, heavily emphasized in recent years especially by the advocates of Progressive Education, goes somewhat as follows:

"We live in an age of change. The airplane, the radio, the automatic washer, and other products of science are revolutionizing our ways of living. They change not only our personal habits, but the habits and institutions of society. In order to keep abreast of these changes, we must change our habits of thinking too. We must open our minds to the new. We must accept the novel even though it contradicts the old. We must not cling to old-fashioned ideas and beliefs long after their usefulness has been outgrown. Change is the order of the day."

If ever there was a doctrine of immaturity and insecurity, this is it. There can be no security unless there are fixed foundations on which to build. There can be no maturity of character unless there are permanent principles and ideals to which a man can hold. The sailor at sea is subject to the changes of winds, currents, and weather; but the north star, the compass, and the lighthouse remain fixed. With these aids he can bring his ship to port.

[Condensed from *Omnibook*.]

People do not lack strength; they lack will.

—Victor Hugo.

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Gandhiji's View of

Chandrashanker Shukla

TRUE RELIGION

"RELIGION", from the Communist point of view, "is a gigantic deception." "Since it is the aim of a religion to promote the spiritual development of the individual it is obvious that in a Communist State in which the interests of the individual are subordinated to those of the State, all religious beliefs must be discouraged. Nothing must be allowed to compete with the individual's loyalty and devotion to the State. The attitude of Communists to religion is in keeping with their belief that consciousness is a derivative of matter."

Religion, on the other hand, was, to Gandhiji, the rudder of the ship of life. "The root meaning of religion," said he "is 'that which binds'. The root meaning of the Sanskrit equivalent, *dharma,* is 'that which holds'. It sustains a person as nothing else does. It is rock-bottom fundamental morality. When morality incarnates itself in a living man it becomes religion, because it binds, it holds, it sustains him in the hour of trial." "My life is governed by religion. I have said that even my politics are derived from my religion. I never lost sight of the principle that governs my life when I began dabbling in politics." He asked the sceptic "to reinstate religion in his heart". "When you take religion you take all. Religion must govern all life".

The tirade of the Marxists is, in fact, directed against dogmatic religion which they wish to "suppress" if possible. Their preachings on social happiness, nevertheless, "are not without the spirit of religion." Why should one person sacrifice his or her own happiness for that of others? Why should people stint themselves for the sake of the common good of society? Why should the present generation tighten the belts in order that the generations to come may be able to live a happier life? Herein lies the true spirit of religion, the essence of which lies in self-transcendence, self-forgetfulness, self-effacement, rising above one's own narrow egoism, spending oneself in the service of the larger group, and seeking to merge oneself in the vaster Reality—call it God or the Infinite.

Gandhiji had just this consideration in mind when, in 1934, he said about Pandit Jawaharlal: "He keeps me in his pocket. Two men do not necessarily put the same thing in identical language. Though the goal is the same, our approaches to it are different. We are aware

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of this difference. He tells me that he does not like my religiosity, my spirituality. Though he is a deeply religious man, and spiritual too, he uses an exaggerated language." A man, who wears himself out in the disinterested service of humanity, rises above all considerations of the self, and employs none but the purest means for the furtherance of the cause he espouses, has undoubtedly the spirit of religion in him, whether he describes himself as religious or not.

The present reaction against 'religion'—especially among those who are earnest searchers after Truth—is due to the travesty and abuse of religion by its so-called protagonists who, in its name, set the seal of approval on inhuman customs, the differentiation between high and low, and the exploitation of man by man. Such practices, repugnant as they are to the head and heart of enlightened humanity, can never form part of religion and are plainly irreligious. Religion, which in fact is worship of God, can never allow, much less approve, the suppression and exploitation of man whom "God has created in His own image." "Religion," says Radhakrishnan, "should be the relentless enemy of oppression, aggression and injustice. When it condones any of these things, when it compromises with power and prestige, when it patches up peace with the forces of evil, it becomes poor, unreal and nerveless. Religion is revolution or nothing."

However, says he, "the practical rejection of religion with which Marxism is now identified seems to be needless. Simply because our interests are social, it does not follow that we should cut ourselves off from the spiritual. Spiritual awareness and social efficiency are not only consistent but also complementary. To ignore the spiritual is to restrict one's capacity for social work."

Humanism thus is a part of religion but not a substitute for it.

In essence religion is spiritual redemption and not social reform. Sanctity and holiness may imply service and fellowship, but cannot be equated with them.

Gandhiji derived his love of man from his love of God. "My trust is solely in God," he said. "And I trust men only because I trust God."

Truth is one; only the wise describe it in many ways.

—Rigveda.

To God, in reality, none is dear and none repugnant . . ; to Him none is high or low or unequal, because he cares equally for all.

—Bhagavata.

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Our Vedic Seers—3 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE ATRI

OF Sage Atri mention has been made repeatedly in the *Rigveda*. Many *Rigvedic* hymns deal with the life and activities of this unique personality.

Atri appears as a political figure. In a quarrel between a king and his subjects over the legitimate demand of the people for their due representation in the governance of the land, he champions the cause of the people and courts imprisonment. Atri was perhaps the first *satyagrahi* in the history of mankind to court imprisonment over a political issue. It was he who gave a form and content to the concept of the democratic form of Government.

He is also known as *Panchajanya*. Once he accidentally fell into the sacrificial pit of fire and was almost completely burnt. The physicians who attended on him were the Aswin brothers. They also worked for his release from imprisonment. He experienced much hardship while in prison. One *Rigvedic* hymn gives a vivid description of his prison life.

The fifth *kanda* of the *Rigveda* hails him as the progenitor of an illustrious race of men who were *mantradrishtas*. The formulation of a Vedic sacrifice known as *chaturatra* stands to his eternal credit.

In response to a request from one Aurwa he made a gift of his own power of procreation to him, who was childless and longed for children. This strange offer of gift had completely emasculated him. Thus, he felt constrained to formulise a Vedic sacrifice *(chaturatra)* by the performance of which he was blessed with four children.

He was our first astronomer, who made a systematic study of the theories concerning the eclipses of the Sun and the Moon. The *Rigveda* and the *Brahmandapurana* familiarise us with Atri, the astronomer.

According to *Vayupurana*, Atri is one of the ten sons of Lord Brahma, whom Brahma during Swayambhuva Manvantara caused to be born out of his mind.

Atri also figures as one of the sons-in-law of the King Daksha, his wife Anasuya being the daughter of Daksha. Daksha incurred the wrath of Lord Shiva by not inviting him to the Vedic sacrifice he performed. In the wholesale rout that ensued, Atri met with his death as also others who were with him. He was then the father of

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five children. He was restored to life during Vivaswata Manvantara by the grace of Lord Shiva. The *Mahabharata* and the *Bhagavata* and other *Puranas* also describe him as one of the *Prajapatis*.

Yet another woman, also named Anasuya was destined to marry him soon after his restoration to life during Vivaswata Manvantara. She bore him three sons Datta, Durvasa and Soma. (Vide *Vayu, Brahmanda, Matsya, Markandeya Puranas* and *Agni Bhagavata)*. The *Bhagavata* has it that the Moon God had his birth out of the eyes of Atri. Hence the Moon is praised as अत्रिनेत्र समुद्भूत : born out of the eyes of Atri.

When the God Vayu and Haihayarjuna were engaged in a deadly combat with each other Rahu had on purpose eclipsed the Moon and the Sun and threw the entire world in utter darkness. At the request of the Devas, Atri shone forth as the Moon and dispelled the darkness. He is one of the *Sutrakaras*, says *Vayu Purana. Matsya Purana* hails him as a *Maharishi*. He was the renowned disciple of Gautama held to be the incarnation of Lord Shiva. It is also said that Atri is one of the Vyasas.

There are two treatises attributed to Atri, one, *Atri Samhita* and the other *Atri Smriti*. *Atri Samhita* consists of four hundred slokas divided into nine chapters. It deals with a number of expiatory rites. *Atri Smriti* comprises nine chapters and treats of the same subject found in the *Samhita*. Manu draws copiously from the armoury of *Atri Samhita* and *Atri Smriti*. He holds him as his authority. *Dattaka Mimamsa* is full of quotations from Atri. Atri is said to have produced two more works, *Laghvatri Smriti* and *Brahadatraya Smriti*. He also wrote a book on *Vastu Sastra*. He was the disciple of Romaharsha on the authority of *Vayu Purana*. There is a *Rigvedic* hymn of ten Rks. each of which is claimed to be intuitively perceived by ten illustrious descendants of Sage Atri.

How an obsequial solemnity should be observed and even such minor details as the prohibition on certain vegetables as unworthy of such solemn occasion have been dealt with in a dialogue between Atri and Nimi. After the Brahmins who took part in the Vedic sacrifice, Somayaga have been duly rewarded, a special gift of gold is to be offered to a descendant of Atri. The injunction is:—

आत्रेयाय हिरण्यं ददाति

Such is the esteem and veneration in which the descendants of Atri are held. *The pravara* of Atri *gotra* runs thus:—

अत्रि अर्चनानश and श्यावास्व

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Our Fortnightly Profile—19

COLONEL NASSER

AT 37, Jamal Abdel Nasser, the warrior-patriot, *coup*-hero and Prime Minister of Egypt, enjoys a unique position in the counsels of the Near and Far-Eastern politics of today. More than anything else, his successful riddance of his country of the triple evils of a venal monarchy, British exploitation and dismal poverty of the peasantry, in the manner in which he has, entitles him to that respect. He is the least loquacious of statesmen though, and leaves the world guessing on his next move.

Born in 1918 in a village called Morra (meaning bitter), in Alexandria, of a minor postal official, his early environment severely embittered him against the then administration of his country as a whole; and it is a safe bet that in some vague manner he resolved even then on what he has accomplished. But it is not given to all to see the successful achievement of boyhood's desires.

Nasser had to spend his early years in Cairo, whose cosmopolitan life and his poverty cruelly contrasted to add fuel to the smouldering fire in his heart against the prevailing order. When he sought a commission in the army he was barred from it on account of his lowly birth. As a result he joined a law school wherefrom he was expelled for taking part in student agitation for which he was arrested and jailed. He cherishes a bullet wound on his forehead which he sustained at that time.

His brilliance and indefatigable spirit enabled him ultimately to gain admission into the army academy where he passed with honours. He got a commission in 1938 and steadily rose in rank till he led a battalion in the Palestine War. It was during the progress of this war when his country fared ill with failing shells and effete handgrenades that he decided to strike.

He quietly called a few tested gallant fellow officers into conference *in camera* and announced his decision. Together they presented General Naguib, a popular and presentable show-man at the time so far as the outside world was concerned, with this ultimatum "Lead us or be arrested.". Naguib said 'yea' and the lightning *coup* was carried out in July 1952. Nasser constituted the 13-man Military Junta or Liberation Council with

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Naguib as President and Prime Minister while Nasser chose to remain as his military *aide*. Embassies were assured that the Muslim Brotherhood, of which Nasser was No.1, had no further intention than purging Egypt of its parasites. But it did not take long for the experienced eyes of foreign diplomats to discover who really pulled the wires.

At last the inevitable conflict between Naguib and Nasser developed but disappointed the world thoroughly by the characteristic manner of its solution of which we are witness today.



Prime Minister Nasser and Gamal Salem, Dy. Prime Minister seen in handgrip at the HQ of the Revolution Council in Cairo after they gripped the all important posts.

Tall, soldierly, with a poised arrogance in his walk, deep thoughtful eyes and just-appearing streaks of grey on his tuft, he is the sort of person at whom women like to look on the sly. But Nasser has been married since a boy of 15 in the school! He has two sons and two daughters. He shares this in common with Naguib; they both love family life immensely.

Naguib is a good orator, with the gift of the gab, tub-thumper and baby-kisser. He loves to play the role of the grand Turk while Nasser likes to work behind the scenes and doggedly too till achievement. Nasser is a good committee man and can shake hands with the British *Charge d'affaires* at a cocktail party amidst the thickest conflict.

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The Great Synthetic Force between Hinduism and Islam

ABUL FAZL

[Abul Fazl's work MUNAJAT. Published in the Medieval India Quarterly, *Vols. 3 and 4, by Dr. S. A. A. Rizvi, M.A., Ph.D.]*

THE whole work reflects the radiant faith of Abul Fazl in God and joy in His service. To him God is the Creator and the sole cause of all existence. He is the prime mover of all things, the Eternal Wisdom. He is Self-subsisting, All-knowing and All-powerful. He is the true Agent and the Necessary Being. He is the Eternal Spirit, unreachable and unfathomable.

"The celestial do not know the Truth", he argued "nor do the terrestrial have any knowledge of the reality of Almighty. For the prudent there is nothing greater than the search (of the True Path), while the theologians are engrossed in idle talk".

Having regarded all discussions and contemplation on the nature of Godhead as futile, he prayed for divine light and inspiration from Almighty himself. "As Thou hast brought us from the unitary abode of pre-existence which was a house of peace, into the abode of multiplicity which is a mine of noise and a house of wickedness, make the visionary appearances mirror-image of Thine own elegance, not a cause of veiling and separation. Make these impressions of thought a treasure of wisdom and prudence, not tools of ignorance and blindness."

Though Abul Fazl prays for Gnosis (which is possible only through Divine blessing), he lays far greater stress on acquiescence and gratitude which he considers to be the highest form of prayer. He prayed, "Everybody wants something from Thine magnificent hall of audience, but I pray for Acquiescence in Thee. O God, keep me steady on the highway of Thine contentment and preserve my heart and soul from the slip of the body of clay and water."

Abul Fazl laid great stress on controlling one's passions and sub-

---

NOTE: Abul Fazl was free from sectarian bias; his conception of God was universal; His 'acquiescence' to God is akin to the *Sharanagati* of the *Gita*, No wonder under his spiritual influence Akbar was able to create harmony out of bitter conflict and found one of the most magnificent empries known to history.

—*Editor.*

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jugation of the lower self, for he knew that the lower self was striving against the higher and nobler nature of man. He prays, "Give us the capacity to act in a way that instead of seeking ourselves, we strive for Thee. Give us the training of character that we abandon our selfish desires and seek nearness to thine threshold."

In the light of these thoughts, prayer to Him could not naturally be confined to formal worship or dogmatic prayer. "The *Kaba* of clay", he argued, "was only on one side but the *Qibla* of heart was everywhere". In the temples there was nothing but stone and wall and in the mosques there was nothing but vexation and distress. In Presence one was spellbound with amazement, and in Retirement one was afflicted by solitariness. Neither was there peace in the palace nor disappointment in the abode of grief. There was neither power to cry nor strength to keep silence. He ridiculed those who thought that they could worship Almighty only in mosques or temples, and those who built places of worship in the hope that they will thus achieve salvation. Constructing places of worship was, in his opinion, no way of praising God because the Finite symbols bore no relation to the Infinite.

"With such belief, he prays fervently to Almighty to lead him along the path of True Search and to free him from the leaders of dogmatic faith. He says, "Free me from blind following *(Taqlid)* and give me the diploma of True Search *(Tahqiq)*". (cf. Gita II).

Abul Fazl was not satisfied with the power of search for the reality which was bestowed on him, but wanted that others should also be given the strength to follow the same path. He prayed, "Show to the prisoners of blind following and such undiscerning persons who are groping in the dark, but cannot find their way, the correct path, since Thou hast blessed us with freedom from blind following and given us a monarch who protects true faith and who having discarded blind following is marching on the path of Truth and Righteousness."

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Vetala Pachchisi—16 *Serial*

THE COMMANDER'S WIFE

In this story a king, his commander-in-chief and the latter's beautiful wife, all excel in the higher virtues in their own way. The trite question is then posed by the clever ghoul as to whose is the superior virtue. King Vikramaditya's answer, as usual, is superb.

THE ghoul continued:

O King Vir Vikramaditya! There is a city named Chandrashekhar, and a merchant named Ratandatt was an inhabitant thereof. He had only one daughter, whose name was Unmadini.

When she attained womanhood, her father went to the king of the place, and said, "Your majesty! I have a daughter; if you desire to possess her, take her; otherwise I will give her to some one else."

When the king heard this, he summoned two or three old servants, and said to them, "Go and inspect the appearance of the merchant's daughter."

They came to the merchant's house at the monarch's bidding, and all became fascinated at the sight of her beauty,—such beauty, as if a brilliant light was placed in a dark house: eyes like those of a gazelle; plaits of hair like female snakes; eyebrows like a bow; nose like a parrot's; a set of teeth like a string of pearls; lips like the *bimb;* throat like a pigeon's; waist like the leopard's; hands and feet like a tender lotus; a face like the moon, complexion of the colour of the *champa,* a gait like that of a goose, and a voice like the cuckoo's; at the sight of her beauty the female divinities of Indra's paradise would feel abashed.

On beholding beauty of this kind, so abundantly rich in all graces, they decided among themselves, saying, "If such a woman enters the king's household, the king will become her slave, and will not give a thought to the affairs of the government. Hence, it is better to tell the king that she is ill-favoured, and not worthy of him."

Having determined thus, they came thence to the king, and gave the following account: "We have seen the girl; she is not worthy of you."

On hearing this, the king said to the merchant, "I will not wed her."

Thereupon what does the merchant do on returning home, but give Unmadini in marriage to one Balbhadra, who was the commander-in-chief of the king's army.

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She took up her abode in his house!

★

One day, the royal cavalcade passed by that way; and Unmadini too was standing, fully attired, on her house-top, at the moment; and her eyes and those of the monarch chanced to meet.

Then the king began to say to himself, "Is this the daughter of a god, or a female divinity, or the daughter of a human being?"

In short, he was fascinated at the sight of her beauty, and returned thence to his palace in a state of extreme agitation.

The warder, on beholding his countenance, said, "Your majesty! What bodily pain are you suffering from?"

The monarch replied, "While coming along the road today I saw a beautiful woman on a house-top. I know not whether she is a houri, or a fairy, or a human being, but her beauty drove my mind distracted all at once; and hence I am agitated."

On hearing this, the door-keeper said, "Your majesty! She is the daughter of that same merchant who offered his daughter to you. Balbhadra, your majesty's commander-in-chief, has brought her home as his wife."

The king said, "Those whom I sent to see her appearance have deceived me."

He then instantly ordered the mace-bearer to bring those persons before him without delay.

On receiving this order from the king, the mace-bearer went and brought them. In short, when they appeared before the king, his majesty thundered: "The errand on which I sent you, and that which was the desire of my heart —these things you failed to accomplish; on the contrary, you fabricated a false story, and gave it to me as an answer. Now, to-day, I have seen her with my own eyes. She is so beautiful a woman, rich in all distinguishing qualities, that it would be difficult to meet with her equal in these times."

On hearing this, they said, "What your majesty says is true; but graciously listen to the object we had in view in representing her to your majesty as ill-favoured. We decided among ourselves that, if so beautiful a woman enters the royal household, your majesty would become her slave on the instant of beholding her, and would neglect all the affairs of the State, and so the kingdom would go to ruin. It was in consequence of this apprehension that we invented such a story, and laid it before you."

When he heard this, the king averred, "You speak the truth;" but he experienced the greatest uneasiness thinking of her.

★

Now, the king's distress of mind was known to everyone, when, at the moment, Balbhadra, too, arriv-

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ed, and putting his hands together in humble supplication, stood before the king, and said, "O lord of the earth! I am your servant, she is your hand-maid, and you to suffer so much pain on her account! Be pleased, therefore, to give the order that she may be brought before you."

On hearing these words, the king said very angrily, "It is a grievous wrong to approach another's wife! What is this thou hast said to me? What! Am I a lawless wretch, that I should commit an infamous deed! The wife of another is as a mother, and the wealth of another is on a par with mud. Hear me, brother! As a man regards his own heart, so should he regard the hearts of others."

Balbhadra spoke again, saying, "She is my servant. When I give her to your majesty, how can she any longer be the wife of another?"

The king replied, "I will not commit an act whereby reproach would attach to me in the world."

The commander-in-chief said again, "Your majesty! I will turn her out of the house, and place her somewhere else, and after making a prostitute of her, will bring her to you."

Thereupon the monarch said, "If thou makest a harlot of a virtuous woman I will punish thee severely."

★

After saying this, the king pined at the recollection of her, and, in the course of ten days, died. Then the commander-in-chief, Balbhadra, went and asked his spiritual teacher, "My master has died for the sake of Unmadini; what is right for me to do now? Favour me with your commands in this matter."

He said, "It is the duty of a servant to give up his life also after his master's."

Then the commander-in-chief gladly went to the place where the king had been conveyed for cremation.

During the time in which the king's funeral pile was got ready, he too, did his ablutions and devotions; and when they lighted the pile, he too drew near the pile, and raising his joined hands to the sun, prayed, "O Sun-deity! In thought, word and deed, I solicit the gratification of this desire, viz., that at every successive birth I may meet with this same master, and hymn your praises."

Having uttered this, he bowed in adoration, and leaped into the fire.

★

When Unmadini received this news, she went to her spiritual teacher, and telling him all, asked, saying, "Your Holiness! What is the duty of a wife?" He replied, "It is by doing her duty to him to whom her father and mother have given her that she is termed a woman of good family; and it is thus written in the book of law, that the woman who in her hus-

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band's lifetime practises austerities and fasting, shortens the life of her husband, and is finally cast into hell. But the best thing is this, that a woman by doing her duty to her husband, no matter how wanting he may be, secures her own salvation. Moreover, the woman who entertains the desire to sacrifice herself for her husband in the burning-ground, most undoubtedly derives as much benefit from as many steps as she takes towards this as would be derived from an equal number of horse-sacrifices. Further, there is no virtue equal to that of a woman's sacrificing herself for her husband on the funeral pile."

On hearing this, she made her salutation, and returned home; and after bathing, and performing her devotions, and giving large gifts to Brahmans, went to the funeral pile and going once round to the right in adoration, said, "O Lord! I am Thy servant in each succeeding birth."

Having said this, she, too, went and seated herself in the fire, and was consumed.

★

After relating so much of the story, the ghoul said, "O king! Whose virtue was greatest of these three?"

Vir Vikramaditya replied, "The king's."

The ghoul asked, "How so?"

The king replied, "He left alone the wife given to him by the commander-in-chief, while he sacrificed his life on her account, and yet preserved his virtue. It behoves a servant to lay down his life for his master; and it is right for a wife to sacrifice herself for her lord. Therefore the virtue of the king was greatest."

Having heard these words, the ghoul went and hung on to that same tree. The king, too, followed him, and again bound him, and placed him on his shoulder, and carried him away.

[To be continued]

BHAVAN'S NEWS

TAPIBEN MUNSHI PRIZE 1955

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan invites original essays for the Shrimati Tapiben Munshi Prize and Gold Medal of the total value of Rs. 600/- (inclusive of the value of the gold medal). The essays may be written in Sanskrit, Hindi, or English. The subject on which the essays are invited for this year's competition is: "Bhagavad Gita and Its Influence on Modern Life."

The essay must be submitted before the end of August 1955.

The essay must cover approximately 250 pages of foolscap sheets typed in double spacing (single side only) and must give references in the original.

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The manuscript which should have temporary binding must bear the nom-de-plume of the contributor on the cover page and strict care should be taken to avoid disclosing the identity of the writer. A sealed envelope bearing the nom-de-plume of the competitor on the outside and containing a slip giving his name and full address as also the nom-de-plume should be sent with the essay.

The decision of the judges selected by the Bhavan shall be final. The essay should be of a standard as would be recommended by the judges as sufficiently high for the award of the Prize.

Though every care will be taken of the Mss. no responsibility attaches to the Bhavan in respect of them and the author is advised to keep a duplicate copy with him.

Communications should be addressed to the Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay 7.

FOLK DANCE RECITAL

The Bhavan's Kala Kendra gave a unique opportunity to all lovers of Indian folk dances by presenting a troupe of Folk Dancers from Mandava District in Madhya Pradesh on 19th April at the Bhavan's Sabhagriha. This team participated and won great appreciation in the Folk Dance Festival recently held in Delhi. The troupe consisting of over 40 dancers and musicians, gave a very colourful two-hour programme, which kept the audience spellbound. The 'stick walkers' dance was superbly rendered and was greeted with special acclamation by the audience.

NEW DANCE BALLET

The Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is presenting on 3rd May, a variety programme of Manipuri and Bharata Natyam Dances and a dance-ballet entitled "Ek Hato Raja". The entire cast consists of only students and staff of our dance classes. The story and music are by Shri Avinash Vyas. This ballet is a new experiment in the field of dance-drama and will be of special interest to children.



Shri S. K. Patil being garlanded by Shri Shobnath Misra, Selling Agent for Bombay of Book University Journal, at a reception recently accorded to Shri Patil by the Uttar Bharatiya Mandal, Bombay.

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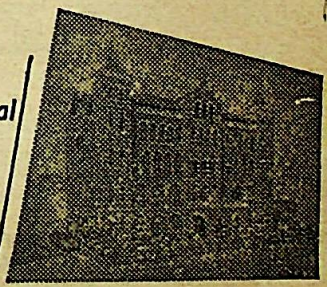
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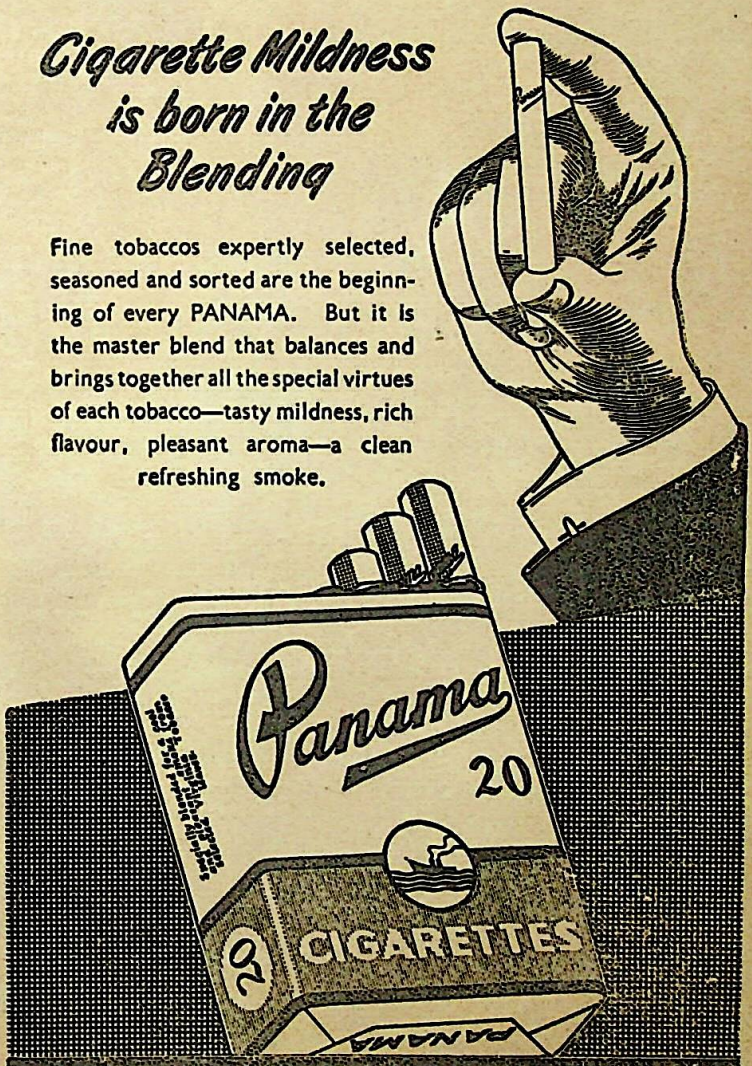
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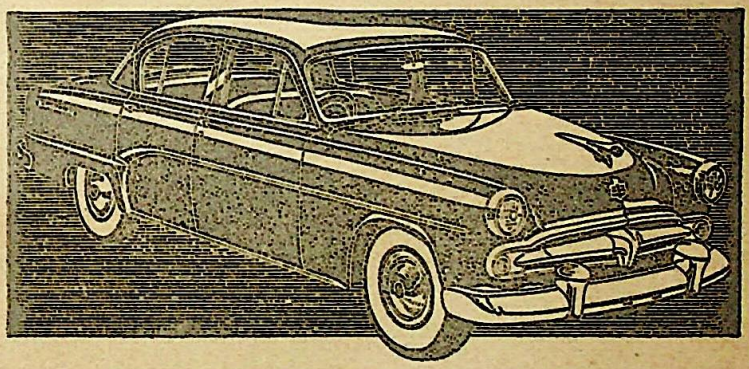
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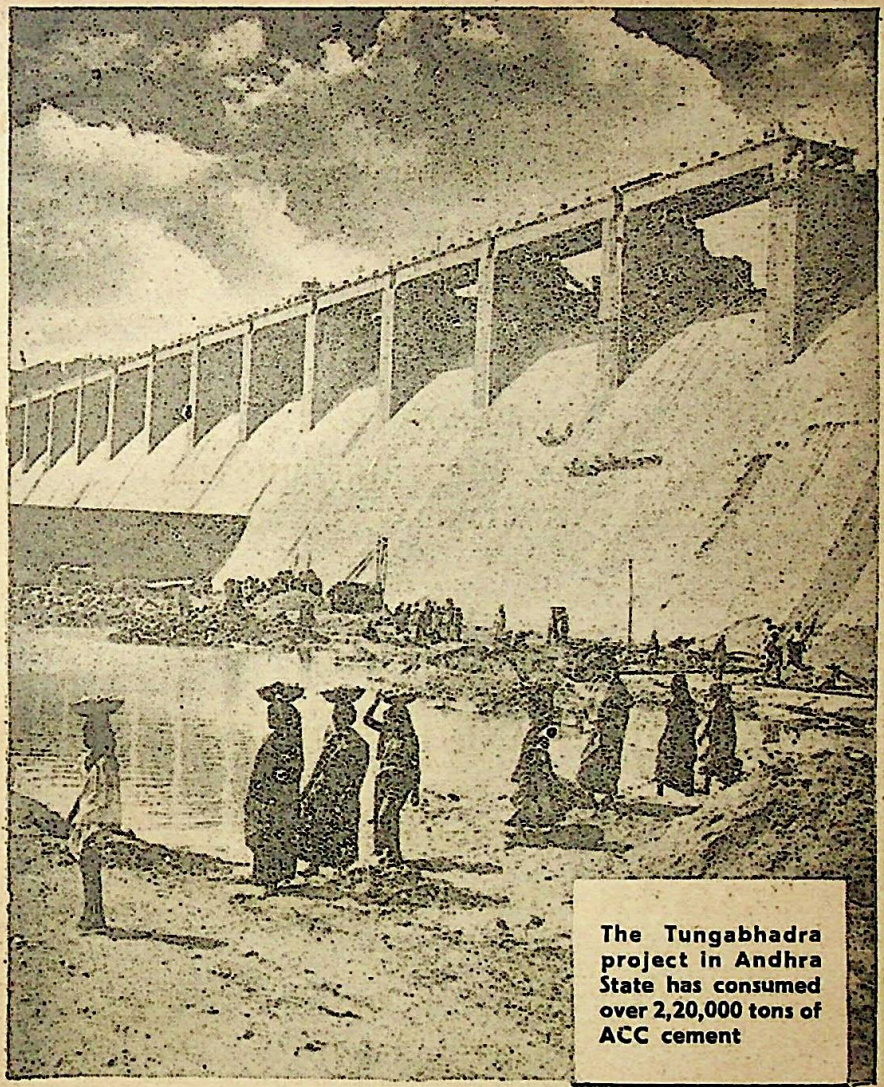
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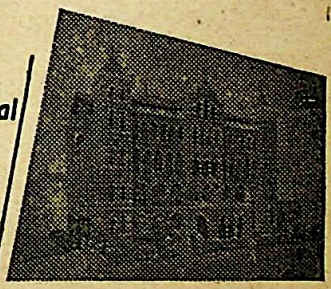
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. I, No. 20] [MAY 8, 1955

DEDICATE EVERYTHING TO GOD

ॐ ईशावास्यमिदं सर्वं यत्किच जगत्यां जगत्।
तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः कस्यस्विद्धनम् ॥
कुर्वन्नेवेह कर्माणि जिजीविषेच्छतं समाः।
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Everything in the universe abides in the Supreme being. Realise this well, and, realising it, cast off the desires that rise in the heart, for example, the thought of possessing what is enjoyed by another. Joy comes only by the giving up of desires and attachments. Go through the allotted years of your life, doing work in a detached spirit and dedicating everything to God. Thus only can we escape contamination of work.

—Isavasyopanishad—1. 2.

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Kulapati's Letter

ON

LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 74

★ Lord Jagannath ★ Sister Worship

★ Chaitanya's Sandals

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
May 8, 1955

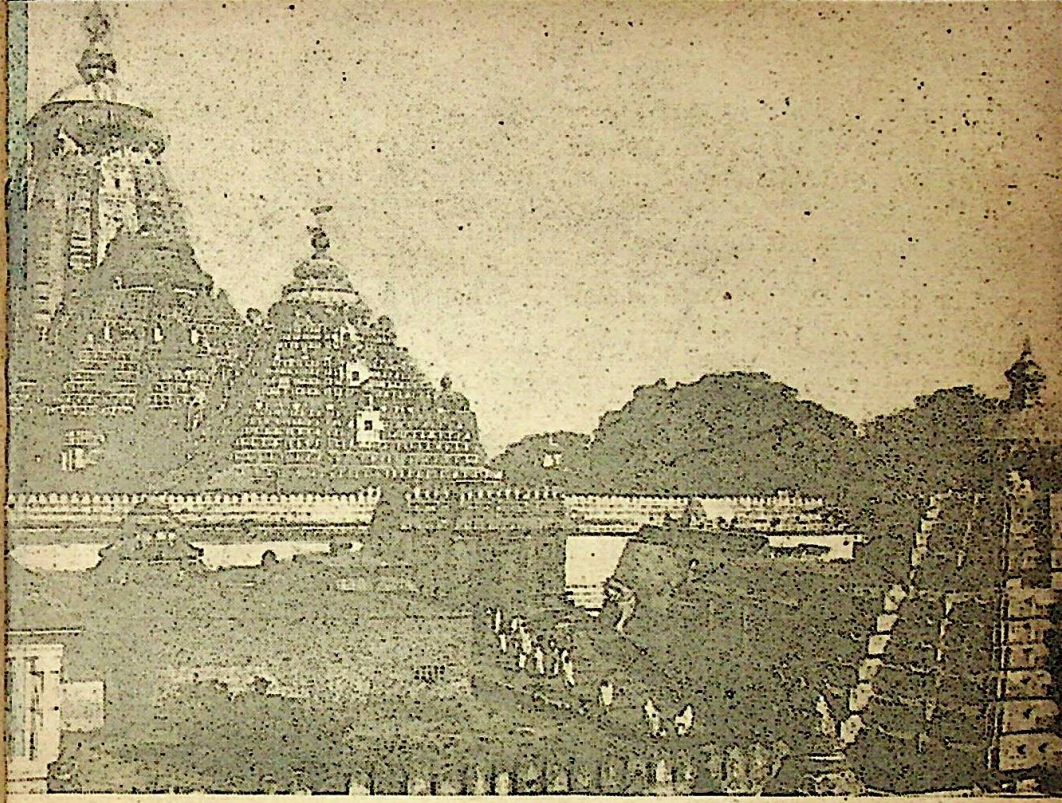
My Young Friend,

On the morning of February 16, we went through the crowded streets of Puri to the Raghunandan Library. Addresses of welcome were read by the Jagannath Dharma Samiti and the All-Orissa Pandits Sammelan, in both of which mention was made of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. After I had replied, a Pandit thanked me in Sanskrit and in terms which made me blush.

Then to the great temple, rebuilt by Ganga Deva Chola in the eleventh century. Up the steps we went; then through a dark stone alley to the inner sanctum to offer flowers to the three deities — Balarama, Sri Krishna (Jagannath), and their sister Subhadra, who stands between them. This is perhaps the only temple in the world where a sister shares the honours with her brothers though she was wicked enough to run away with her lover, thereby making the elder brother angry and the younger one happy. And Lakshmi has a separate temple of her own! A sister after all is a sister.

A dark, mysterious sanctum this, with flickering little oil lamps which serve but to throw the darkness into greater relief. The huge images look down from enormous painted eyes with an unwinking stare. The Brahmans chanted the familiar *mantras*. Then we went round the shrine hand-in-hand, for the passage was pitch dark and the occasional steps were dangerously uneven and invited frantic struggles against the laws of gravity.

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Jagannath Temple, Puri

At last we came out into the light again. We then went and offered flowers to Lakshmiji who in this temple has at least four hands — a very sensible idea; for if she had only two, as is the case with most of our images of Lakshmi, it would be very inconvenient, with Sri Krishna always having four!

When we came out of the sanctum of Her temple, they told us that we should sit down there for a while and indeed we had to, for the goddess had ordained it that way.

In the compound surrounding the great temple there are many shrines to which the *pujaris* were inviting us. Mentally, therefore, I modified the old phrase: *sarvadeva namaskaram Keshavam pratigachhati*, and said to myself: "In bowing to Sri Krishna Himself I have bowed to all the gods."

But I went into one little shrine where, behind the worshipped image was concealed the seated image of Surya, the Sun God. As I have told you before, tradition has it that this was once the cen-

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tral image in the Konarak Sun Temple which was concealed in this way, so that it should not be destroyed.

★

The shrine of Jagannath is unique in that it is pre-historic and that the images are of wood. An aboriginal tribe, the Shabars, have the prior right to worship them. An old tradition has it that King Indradyumna installed them in the shrine after recovering them from a Shabar. Later on the temple became a Buddhistic shrine; then a centre of Tantric worship; later still, it was dedicated to Sri Krishna.

I doubt whether wooden statues of Buddha were ever worshipped, though this is a point on which I admit ignorance. Ferguson attributed a Buddhistic origin to the temple on the ground that it contains a *rathayatra;* the chariot of Jagannath, which is paraded once a year with much pomp and ceremony. I am again not sure whether such *rathayatras* were invented by the Buddhists or whether they were known in many parts of India long before Buddhism came into being.

There is a mystery surrounding the images in the Jagannath shrine. Every twelve years, when there are two *Vaisakhas*. (one extra month), the wooden images are taken down from their pedestals and carried to the sea for immersion. Some object in the hollow of the Jagannath image is taken out in darkness by a blindfolded *pujari* and transplanted into a new one; for after the immersion of the old images, new ones are installed.

What this secret object is, nobody knows. If it is a bone, it may be one of Buddha's. A scholar once claimed that it was a bone of Krishna; but I have yet to come across a Hindu custom by which bones are worshipped, however divine their departed possessors might have been. It has been the custom from the earliest times to consign the bones of men to sacred rivers.

Another tradition has it that this secret something is a *Nilamahadeva* — a blue-stone *linga* of Shiva. One thing, however, is indisputable, the temple was a great centre of Tantrism. Bhairavi Chakra prevailed here as *pravrtte bhairavi chakre sarva Varnah Dvijatayah:* where Bhairavi Chakra prevails, all men are Brahmans. That is why here, under the shadow of the shrine, all men are equal. There are no high-born nor low-born. The offerings to Jagannath have to be distributed to everyone without distinction of caste or religion. This is the one spot in India where a man is a man.

In course of time the shrine became the centre of Vaishnavism, which worshipped Balarama, Krishna and Subhadra. But this is uncertain religious history — speculation if you like.

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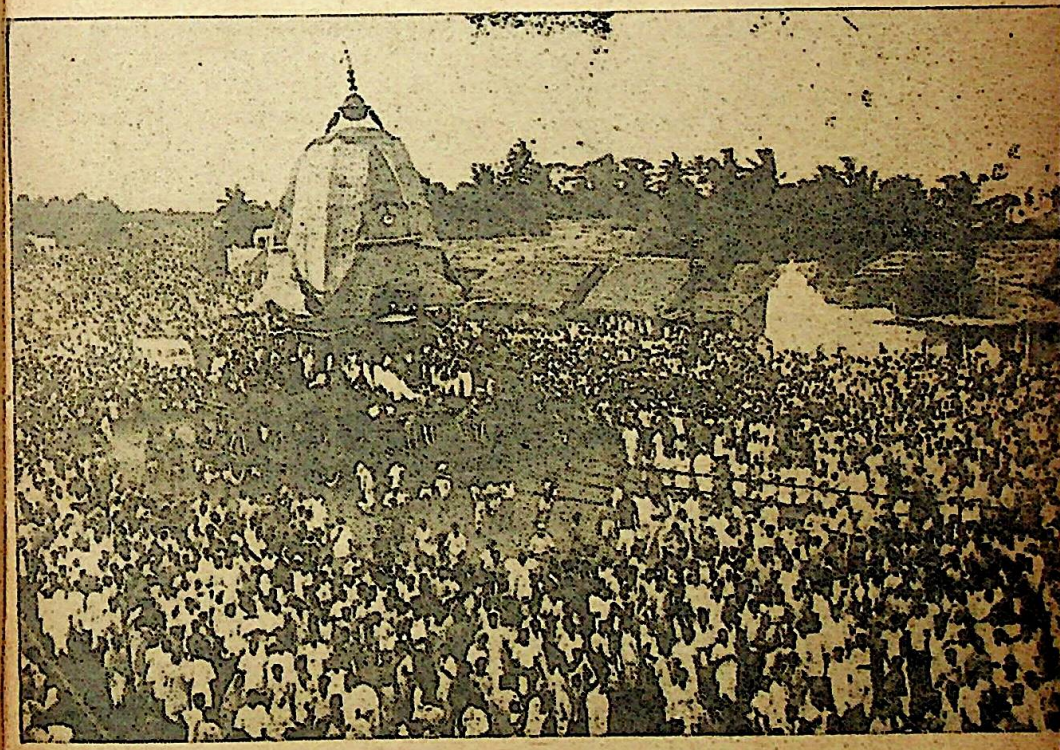
The fact is that Jagannath is one of the most ancient, the most venerated and the most catholic shrines, not only in India but in any part of the world. Everyone can worship Jagannath. The Muslims have been known to be its worshippers, and the aborigines tribes worship it still. Here, under the shadow of the temple, every school of Hindu thought and philosophy has flourished. Every saint and reformer including Shankara, Ramanuja, Nanak, Chaitanya and Vallabha have offered their prayers to Jagannath.

★

I insisted on visiting one spot, the house in which Chaitanya, the architect of India's Bhakti Renaissance in the 16th century, lived for sixteen years and in which he

As we
part which *bhakti*, the house, the movement has played in national life rose before me.

Puri Car Festival



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In about the 8th century, somewhere in Tamilnad, a poetic genius of the highest order beautifully expressed the *bhakti* which later blossomed into the Bhakti Renaissance. Says the *Bhagavat:*

"As the wingless nestlings wait for the mother, as the hungry calves long to be suckled for her love-lorn doms-eyed, does my mind yearn for Thee ... To hear about Vishnu, to sing of Him, to fall at His feet, to worship Him, to bow to Him, to serve Him, to be His friend, to dedicate oneself to Him, is the ninefold *bhakti.*"

"To the *gopis* (says Krishna), the nights when I, their lover, went about with them in Vrindavana, were like flitting moments, but when I left them, their nights were endless as cycles.... In this way, hundreds who knew not My real Self loved Me only as their Lover, and attained through Me, the *Parabrahman*"

In the first instance, this great work took hold of the South. For the twelve Vaishnava Alwars, the wandering singers who were mad after God, had taught that He could only be realized by intense love and complete surrender, irrespective of rank or caste or culture. Then came the Acharyas, with the doctrine of *prapatti,* — surrender unto God. Different schools of *bhakti* were founded by different philosophers and saints, leavening the religious and moral life of India. The Krishna-consciousness became universal.

Then followed the pure *bhakti* of Krishna and Radha. Nimbarka said: "We worship Radha, the goddess-daughter, who joyfully adorns the left lap of the great deity Sri Krishna, as beautiful as Sri Krishna Himself, surrounded by thousands of damsels. She it is who fulfils all desires."

In the 15th century, the Sultanate of Delhi was spreading destruction in the holy places in the North. Still, in Vrindavana, where Sri Krishna spent His childhood with the *gopis,* the heart of India was throbbing. Wherever the songs of Radha-Krishna were sung — and they were sung in all parts of India — or, wherever Vishnu was worshipped and the *Bhagavad-Gita* or the *Bhagavat* recited, Vrindavana was the living symbol of joy in this life and of salvation in the next.

Pilgrims were drawn to it from all parts of the country from generation to generation, particularly in the holy month of *Bhadrapada,* in north India (*Sravan* in Western India) in which Sri Krishna was born.

In the fourteenth century at Navadwipa (Nadia), an ancient centre of learning in Bengal, some schools of the later Buddhism preached love as the one avenue lead-

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ing to Final emancipation. That [illegible] of the country also rang with the greatest love-songs of one of [illegible] poets, Chandidas.

During the reign of Sikan[illegible] Lodi, Madhavendrapuri, a *dashnami sannyasi* and a disciple of Madhva, came with the lyrics of Chandidas ringing in his ears to Vrindavana. On the banks of the Yamuna, in the sacred groves, hallowed by the divine romance of Radha and Sri Krishna, the learned sadhu wandered like a maiden in love, singing songs and seeking His love.

Madhavendra's ardent love fused his learning and devotion into a flame and gave new vitality to the devotional schools of Bengal. He built a temple in Vrindavana which attracted *bhaktas* from Bengal.



Vishvambhara or Nimmai, as he was affectionately called, was born in February 1486 to a pious and learned Brahman of Nadia. As he grew up into a handsome, impetuous and brilliant youth, he evoked universal admiration. He married and settled down, running a *tol*.

A few years later, when Nimmai went to Gaya to perform his father's obsequial ceremonies, Ishwara Puri, a disciple of Madhavendra, initiated him into the mysteries of *bhakti*. Nimmai was stirred to his depths; mystic visions awoke in him the love of Sri Krishna. Pride fell from him and so did the lure of the world. "Leave me" he said, "I am not of the world. I will go to Vrindavan and meet my Lord."

[illegible]maid, pining [illegible]lorn, heart-broken [illegible] sang of the Lord, [illegible]rishna, he fainted overborne by the pang. separation, often went into an ecstatic trance. His mother thought he was mad. But the devotees knew better. "He was a god", they said.

A band of devotees soon gathered round this young, godlike saint and went with him from place to place. He led the devotional *kirtans* in the course of which he and his followers sang and danced ceaselessly to the accompaniment of music. Nimmai became intoxicated with God and his followers saw in him Sri Krishna Himself.

Nimmai took *Sanyas* in 1510 under the name of Krishna Chaitanya and sent his follower, Loknath, to make Vrindavan the centre of *bhakti*. After a short stay at Puri, he went on an all-India tour, visiting the shrines and holy places dedicated to Sri Krishna. Wherever he went, his inspiring presence and flaming love for Sri Krishna set fire to the hearts of those who came to him.

Wherever he went men followed him. Scholars wedded to *Vedant* became his devotees; rich men provided him and his party with

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every facility and kings built temples wherever he halted.

Ultimately, in obedience to the wishes of his mother, he went to live at Jagannath Puri. From time to time, [illegible] from all followers. Chaitanya's *kirtan* [illegible] led through the streets of the town became the great attraction.

★

Two eminent Muslim officers of the Nawab of Gond — Sakar Malik and Dabir Khan — met Chaitanya on one of his tours and were so much impressed by the saint that they left their position, their wealth and their faith, and, by the orders of the Master came to live in Vrindavan under the names of Sanatana and Rupa.

In about 1506 Vallabhacharya Goswami, who was more of a scholar than a *bhakta,* founded a shrine of Srinathji in Vrindavan. He established the cult of *Pushtimarg* which was later to inspire the poetry of the great eight poets, headed by the immortal Surdas.

On April 27, 1526 Babar made Delhi the seat of his newly conquered kingdom and the holy places of India saw comparative peace.

In 1556 the Great Akbar became the Mughal Emperor and a new age dawned on India. The foreigner became a national monarch, establishing those catholic traditions which brought the Bhakti Renaissance into spring bloom. [illegible]elled statesman-Akbar removed the disabilities under which the Hindus had been suffering. He visited Vrindavan, and Man Singh, his favourite general, became the disciple of Jiva Goswami, the nephew of the Goswamis, Rupa and Sanatana. It was under his inspiration that the temple of Govindji was built—a temple which still stands intact as a symbol of the power which was Chaitanya and a living testimony to Akbar's greatness.

★

Mankind has never seen such love as was Chaitanya's. The individual love of Sappho, Mira, Helois and Laila, are but faint echoes of his. None of them had such a love-lorn heart. To none was the lover — in his case Sri Krishna — so ever-present. His emotion had the quality of giving power, light and feeling to whatever it touched. Dances and songs, prayers and *kirtan* dedicated to Sri Krishna, swept the country with an emotional flood which was as lyrical as it was ennobling.

Chaitanya never taught and rarely entered into philosophic discussion; nor did he make efforts to gain disciples. When he died in 1533, it was his personality and experiences rather than his teachings which became the inspiration of the *bhakti* movements.

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They released new creative forces in Vrindavan; in the rest of India their influence opened the floodgates of a sweeping religious urge, by direct influence, or indirect impact.

Like a mighty flood, *bhakti,* as reintegrated by Chaitanya, surged round the love of Radha and Krishna. It entered deep into the popular consciousness, intensifying the emotional awareness of fresh joys. It won liberalising triumphs of the heart over the bondage and suffering which political slavery and social rigidity had imposed upon the country. It imparted freshness to life, creative power to literature and richness to human relations till poets in many parts of India echoed to the sentiment:

"To Vraja alone shall I hie;
But never to Heaven:
For there I cannot meet
Nanda's son, my Darling."

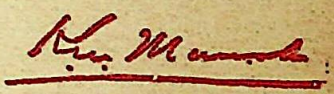
Even now, as we know, in many parts of the country men and women congregate, join with song, music and dance, in the *kirtans* to experience the ecstatic glow of a joy which knows neither sin nor suffering.

★

All these thoughts came to me when I visited the Radhakant Temple, where Chaitanya had lived and died. I looked at the beautiful image of Sri Krishna which he had worshipped. I saw his copper water-pot, covered with *chandan,* which hundreds of years of adoration had applied, and the blanket that he used.

Here was something sacred, something that this wonderful man had used. And in some way that set my heart glowing.

Yours sincerely,



There are subjects where reason cannot take us far and we have to accept things on faith. Faith then does not contradict reason but transcends it. Faith is a kind of sixth sense which works in cases which are beyond the purview of reason.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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SANSKRIT and SOCIAL ORDER

●

Swami Vivekananda

WE must bring out the gems of spirituality that are stored up in our books, and in the possession of a few only, hidden, as it were, in monasteries and in forests. We must bring the knowledge out of them, not only from the hands where it is hidden, but from the still more inaccessible chest, the language in which it is preserved, the incrustation of centuries of Sanskrit words. In one word, I want to make them popular. I want to bring out these ideals and let them be the common property of all, of everyone in India.

Ideas must be taught in the language of the people; at the same time, Sanskrit education must go on along with it, because the very sound of Sanskrit words give a prestige and a power and a strength to the race.

The attempts of the great Ramanuja and of Chaitanya and of Kabir to raise the lower classes of India show that marvellous results



1863—1902 A.D.

were attained during the life time of those great prophets; yet the later failures have to be explained, and cause shown why the effect of their teachings stopped almost

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within a century of the passing away of these great Masters. The secret is here. They raised the lower classes; they had all the wish that these should come up, but they did not apply their energies to the spreading of the Sanskrit language among the masses. Even the great Buddha made one false step when he stopped the Sanskrit languages from being studied by the masses. He wanted rapid and immediate results, and translated and preached in the language of the day, Pali. That was grand, he spoke in the language of the people, and the people understood him. That was great; it spread the ideas quickly and made them reach far and wide, but, along with that, Sanskrit ought to have been spread. Knowledge came but the prestige was not there, culture was not there.

It is culture that withstands shocks, not a simple mass of knowledge. You can put a mass of knowledge into the world, but that will not do it much good. There must come culture into the blood. We all know in modern times, of nations which have masses of knowledge, but what of them? They are like tigers, they are like savages, because culture is not there. Knowledge is only skin-deep, as civilization is, and a little scratch brings out the old savage. Such things happen; this is the danger.

Teach the masses in the vernaculars, give them ideas. They will get information, but something more is necessary; give them culture. Until you give them that, there can be no permanence in the raised condition of the masses. There will be another caste created, having the advantage of the Sanskrit language, which will quickly get above the rest and rule them all the same. The only safety to men who belong to the lower castes, the only way to raise your condition, is to study Sanskrit, and all this fighting, fretting and frothing against the higher castes is in vain, it does no good, and it creates fight and quarrel; and this race, unfortunately already divided, is going to be divided more and more. The only way to bring about the levelling of caste is to appropriate the culture, the education, which is the strength of the higher castes. That done, you have what you want.

[*Courtesy:* Ramakrishna Ashram.]

India has the good fortune of being the repository of the noblest spiritual tradition, the only one in the whole world which has been alive throughout the centuries. And Sanskrit has been the privileged instrument of this tradition.

—Renoe.

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Sri Aurobindo

INDIA and THE WORLD



1872-1950 A.D.

INDIA has not only had the long roll of her great saints, sages, thinkers, religious founders, poets, creators, scientists, scholars, legists; she has had her great rulers, administrators, soldiers, conquerors, heroes, men with the strong active will, the mind that plans and the seeing force that builds. She has warred and ruled, traded and colonised and spread her civilisation, built polities and organised communities and societies, done all that makes the outward activity of great peoples..... It was not men of straw or lifeless or willess dummies or thin-blooded dreamers who thus acted, planned, conquered, built great systems of administration, founded kingdoms and empires, figured as great patrons of poetry and art and architecture, or, later, resisted heroically imperial power and fought for the freedom of clan and people.

★

India still lives and keeps the continuity of her inner mind and soul and spirit with the India of the ages. Invasion and foreign rule, the Greek, the Parthian, and the Hun, the robust vigour of Islam, the levelling steam-roller heaviness of the British occupation and the British system, the enormous pressure of the occident have not been able to drive or crush the ancient soul out of the body her Vedic Rishis made for her. At every step, under every calamity and attack and domination, she has been able to resist and survive either with an active or a passive resistance. And this she was able to do in her great days by her spiritual solidarity and power of assimilation and reaction, expelling all that would not be absorbed, absorbing all that could not be expelled, and even after the beginning of the decline she was able to survive by the same force, abated but not slain, retreating and maintaining for a time her ancient political system in the South, throwing up, under the pressure of Islam, Rajput and Sikh and Mahratta to defend her ancient self and its idea, persisting passively where she could not resist actively, condemning to decay each empire that could not answer her

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riddle or make terms with her, awaiting always the day for her revival. And even now it is a similar phenomenon that we see in process before our eyes. And what shall we say then of the surpassing vitality of the civilization that could accomplish this miracle and of the wisdom of those who built its foundation not on things external but on the spirit and inner mind, and made a spiritual and cultural oneness the root and stock of her existence and not solely its fragile flower, the eternal basis and not the perishable super-structure?

★

India of the ages is not dead nor has she spoken her last creative word; she lives and has still something to do for herself and the human progress. And that which is seeking now to awake is not an Anglicised oriental people, docile pupil of the West and doomed to repeat the occident's success and failure, but still the ancient immemorable Shakti recovering the deepest self, lifting her head higher towards the supreme source of light and strength, and turning to discover the complete meaning and a vaster form of her Dharma.

★

India was the motherland of our race, and Sanskrit the mother of Europe's languages; she was the mother of our philosophy; mother, through the Arabs, of much of our mathematics; mother, through the Buddha, of the ideals embodied in Christianity; mother through the village community, of self-government and democracy. Mother India is in many ways the mother of us all.

—Will Durant

India has a secret Power that no nation possesses. All that she needs is to rouse in her that faith, that will. God has breathed life into her once more. Great souls are at work to bring about her salvation. The movement, of which the first outbreak was political, will end in a spiritual consummation. India is still in possession of her soul. The world will receive its message of emancipation from India.

India's work is world's work, God's work. Our Captain is God Himself. He will lead us to the goal.

[*Courtesy:* Aurobindo Ashram].

India is the only country which has known God and if any one wants to know God, he must know India.

—Vecente Avelino.

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Jawaharlal Nehru

Integrated Life

WITH all the earnestness we may possess, sometimes we do not get over those old and new barriers that come in the way of mutual understanding. Then, I think that, in spite of our vaunted civilization, in spite of the advance of science and technology, we have lost our grip on some of the basic things of life, something that gives anchorage to life and some standard with which we could measure value.

We have advanced greatly in science—I am a great believer in science—and the scientific approach has changed the world completely. I think that if the world is to solve its problems, it will inevitably have to be through the means of science and not by discarding science. Nevertheless, I find that the sheer advance of science has often enough made people unscientific. That is an extraordinary thing to say but what I mean is that science has become so vast and all-pervading that scientists are unable to grasp things in their entirety and have become narrower in each individual subject. They may be very brilliant in some subjects but they seem to have no grip on life as a whole.



In the ancient civilizations of India and Greece that one reads about, one has or, at any rate, I have the sensation that people; though much more limited in the knowledge at their disposal, certainly had an integrated view of life. They were not so distracted; they could see life as a whole in spite of the fact that they did not know as much or nearly as much as the average undergraduate

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knows today. Because of this integrated view of life, they had a certain wisdom in their approach to life's problems.

Whether that is true or not I do not know, because one is apt to endow the past with a certain glamour. It may be that I am wrong but in any event one thing seems to me to be certain, namely, that we of today have no integrated view of life; that we, however clever we may be and however much of facts and knowledge we may have accumulated, are not very wise. We are narrower than the people of old, although every fact has gone to bring us together in this world. We travel swiftly, we have communications, we know more about one another and we have the radio and all kinds of things. In spite of all these widening influences, we are narrower in our minds. That is the extraordinary thing which I cannot understand ....

We live surrounded by all kinds of dark fears. Probably, the prevailing feeling in the world of today is fear. Almost everybody is afraid of something; every country is afraid of some other country and, of course, fear is a thing which leads to all kinds of undesirable consequences. Fear is probably the most evil of sensations and we are living under the dominance of fear. If we could get rid of this fear to some extent, perhaps, it would be far easier for us to solve our problems.

Besides fear, we see in the world a great deal of hope and earnestness and a great deal of expectation of better things at the same time. We see creative and constructive as well as destructive and negative impulses at work. I do not know which wil triumph in the near or the distant future, but obviously it will be impossible for me and impossible for you to function adequately if we do not believe in the ultimate triumph of the creative and unifying processes of the day ....

With all the evil that we see around us and with all its degradation, we have to live in this world. There is, nevertheless, plenty of good in the world and we have to see that there is plenty of what I as a Hindu would call the element of divinity in the individual as well as in the group. If we can have our feet firmly planted on the soil and do not lose ourselves in imaginary vagaries and at the same time have some of that divine fire in us, too, then, perhaps, we might be able to balance ourselves and develop some kind of an integrated life. Somebody has said—and I would like you to feel that way:

Lord, though I live on earth,
the child of earth,

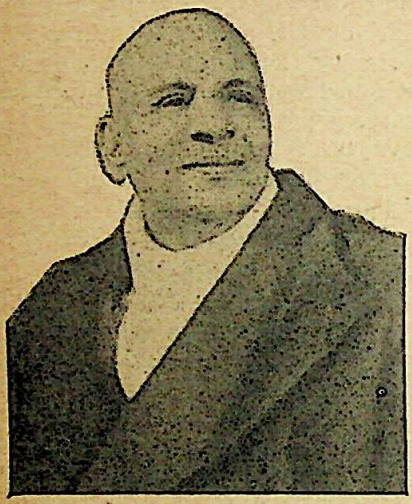
yet I was fathered by the starry sky.

[*Condensed from Convocation Address at the University of Ceylon, Colombo, January 1950.*]

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Swami Sivananda

SEEK THE IMMORTAL



THERE is God's help for you. It is mighty and invisible. Be regular in your *Japa* and meditation.

Bask in the sunshine of Divine Life. Apply the oil of selfless service. Wear the raiment of purity. Eat the bread of His Name. Drink the Nectar of meditation. Dive deep into the Divine Source.

Prayer takes you halfway to God, fasting to the door of His Supreme Abode, and charity procures admission.

One who is spiritually thirsty drinks the Nectar of Immortality.

Santi, Santosha, Satsanga and *Vichara* are the four sentinels who guard the domain of *Moksha.*

Contentment is the richest treasure. Peace of mind is the rarest jewel. Truthfulness is thy best friend.

That which elevates you is *Dharma.* It takes you to God.

Faith is the eye that sees the Lord and the hand that clings to Him. Faith illumines the spiritual path and takes the aspirant to the other shore of Immortality.

If the Lord is attained, everything is got.

The heart is the golden temple of God.

Keep the mind fully occupied.

Remember the saints and draw inspiration.

The way to peace is removal of greed, selfishness and passion.

Keep God in your heart, selfless service in your hands and Truth and God's Name on your lips.

The only thing worth seeking for in life is God. Reduce sleep and tall talk. You will have ample time for *Japa.*

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Immortal India—18 **J. H. Dave**

BADARINATH

ॐ नारायणाय विद्महे वासुदेवाय धीमहि।
तन्नो विष्णुः प्रचोदयात्।

—*Narayanopanishad* 1-6.

"Aum! Let us realise Narayana, contemplate on Vasudeva.

May Vishnu inspire and guide us."

ONE goes to Badari Visala for the celebrated temple of Narayana, incarnation of Vishnu, usually via Hardwar, Rishikesh, Devprayag, Kirtinagar, Srinagar, Rudraprayag; then via Kedara to Chamoli, Pipalkoti, Garudganga, Helang Chatti, Joshimath, Vishnuprayag, Pandukesvar, Hanuman Chatti, and finally to Badarinath.

The temple of Badarinath is situated in the Malla Painkhanda Pargana, about 184 miles from Hardwar, 105 miles from Srinagar and about 25 miles south of the Mana Pass. It is on the right bank of river Alaknanda. The valley in which it stands is three miles long and one mile broad. On the east and west of the valley stand the two famous and lofty mountains—the Nara and Narayana Parbats. This Himalayan temple is situated in 30° 44′ North latitude and 79° 32′ East longitude at an elevation of 10,284 feet from above the sea level.

The tradition is that the temple of Badarinarayana was erected by Adi Sankaracharya in about the 9th century A.D. He secured the image, which was lost, after diving deep in the Narada Kunda. Born at Kaladi in Kerala, son of Sivaguru and Ambika, Sankara embraced Sanyasa at the age of eight, stayed at Kashi for three years. At the age of 11 he came to the spot near Ravigram which subsequently became famous as Jyotirmath, stayed in a cave for 5 years; at the age of sixteen and with his Himalayan genius which was staggering, Sankara composed sixteen works including his famous Bhashyas on Brahmasutras, Gita and the Upanishads. After completing the works he was the first to offer his prayers and dedicate them to Narayana at Badari and founded here one of his four principal monasteries known as the Uttaramnaya Jyotirmath. The present incumbent of the Gadi is H.H. Shri Krishnabodhasram Swami. This tradition is summarised in the following verse attributed to Kalidasa in his Sankaracharita.

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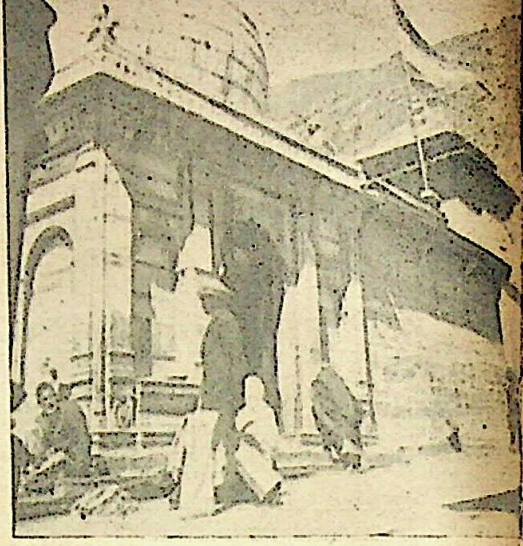
गत्वैकादशवार्षिको वदरिकारण्यं सुपुण्याश्रमं
पञ्चाब्दान्नरकुण्ठया निजधिया
भाष्याणि यः षोडश। निर्माय प्रथमां
चकार बदरीनारायणार्चां ततः श्रीज्योति-
र्मठमाववन्ध स गुरुः श्रीशङ्करो वन्द्यते ॥

At Joshimath, there is the temple of Nrisimha, also of Jyotirisvara Mahadeo. The presiding goddess is Purnagiri Devi.

★

The present temple of Badarinath has been built after several old ones were swept away by avalanches. Near the temple is the Tapta Kunda 16½ feet by 14¼ feet with a thermal spring of hot sulphurous waters. A bath here is considered highly efficacious. The region around Badari is called the Vaishnava Khetra and in it are situated the Pancha Badaris—the Badarinarayana or the Visala Badari, Yogabadari at Pandukesvara, Bhavishyabadri near Tapovana, Vriddha badari at Animath and Dhyanabadari near Silang.

In the Badari-narayana or Visalabadari there are five tirthas —Rishiganga, Kurmadhara, Prahladadhara, Taptakunda and Naradakunda. There are also Pancha Silas in Badarikasram being Naradasila, Varahasila, Markandeyasila, Nrisimhasila and Garudasila. A little north of Badarinath on the right bank of river Alaknanda is the famous Brahma Kapal which the pilgrims invariably visit. There the Sraddha is being offered to dead ancestors who are promised immediate liberation thereafter.



Entrance to Badarinath Temple

नित्यं जल्पन्ति पितरो मद्वंश्ये कश्चिदुत्तमः। गमिष्यति विशालां यो तारितास्तेन वै वयम् ॥

—*Skanda, Kedarakhanda, Badarimahatmya.*

"Ancestors constantly say that some illustrious descendant of theirs will visit Badari Visala, there offer Pindas to them at Brahma Kapal and that they shall then be liberated." Sraddha at this place is also recommended by Matsya 22-73 and Vishnu Dharma sutra 85-23.

After a Sraddha here it is not necessary to perform any further Sraddha in future for the ancestors as they are already liberated, they have merged in Brahman and no ancestor remains with any individuality to accept any Pinda thereafter. They have gone to the highest abode of Vishnu from this

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Brahma Kalapa where they were till then earnestly waiting for some of their descendants to come.

Badari is classified as Sthula, Sukshma etc. in 4 ways with varying areas comprised in each of them.



One who desires to have a yatra of Badari is prescribed the following procedure. "In his home town he should make a Sankalpa of yatra, salute Narayana and proceed. So long as one is alive and the limbs are strong, one should start without delay. He should avoid three things on the way—theft, violence and begging, including food from others. On the way he should visit holy spots where ancient sages have performed penance for the benefit of humanity. As far as possible, one should go walking.

चरणानां च साफल्यं कुर्याद् वदरिकागमात्।

At Jyotirmath, he should unfailingly salute Nrisimha; bathe at Vaikhanasa tirtha, give dana at Kuberasila, bathe in Rishiganga, put on new clothes, bow lowly like a horizontal stick to the temple of Badari which is then visible, sip water at Kurmadhara, salute Jaya and Vijaya (near the Sabhamandapa) and then enter the temple."

On the right bank of Alaknanda, the temple of Narayana is about 45 feet high and faces the east. There is a golden Kalasa on the top. Inside the temple Lord Narayana is seated in Padmasana with two hands in yoga mudra. The image is of black saligram stone about three feet high. On the left there are stone images of Nara and Narayana, in front the images of Uddhava and Narada, and on the right those of Garuda and Kubera.

Badari has been visited from time immemorial by Rishis, saints, emperors, kings, common people, the poor and the helpless, one and all from all corners of Bharata.

The Naivedya of Badari, if offered can never be refused. There is no untouchability before the Lord, no impurity in accepting the Lord's Prasada from any one.

बदरीनाथनैवेद्यं यो मोहाद्धि परित्यजेत्।
चाण्डालादधमो ज्ञेयः सर्वधर्मबहिष्कृतः।
चाण्डालेनापि संस्पृष्टं न दोषाय भवेत्क्व चित्।।

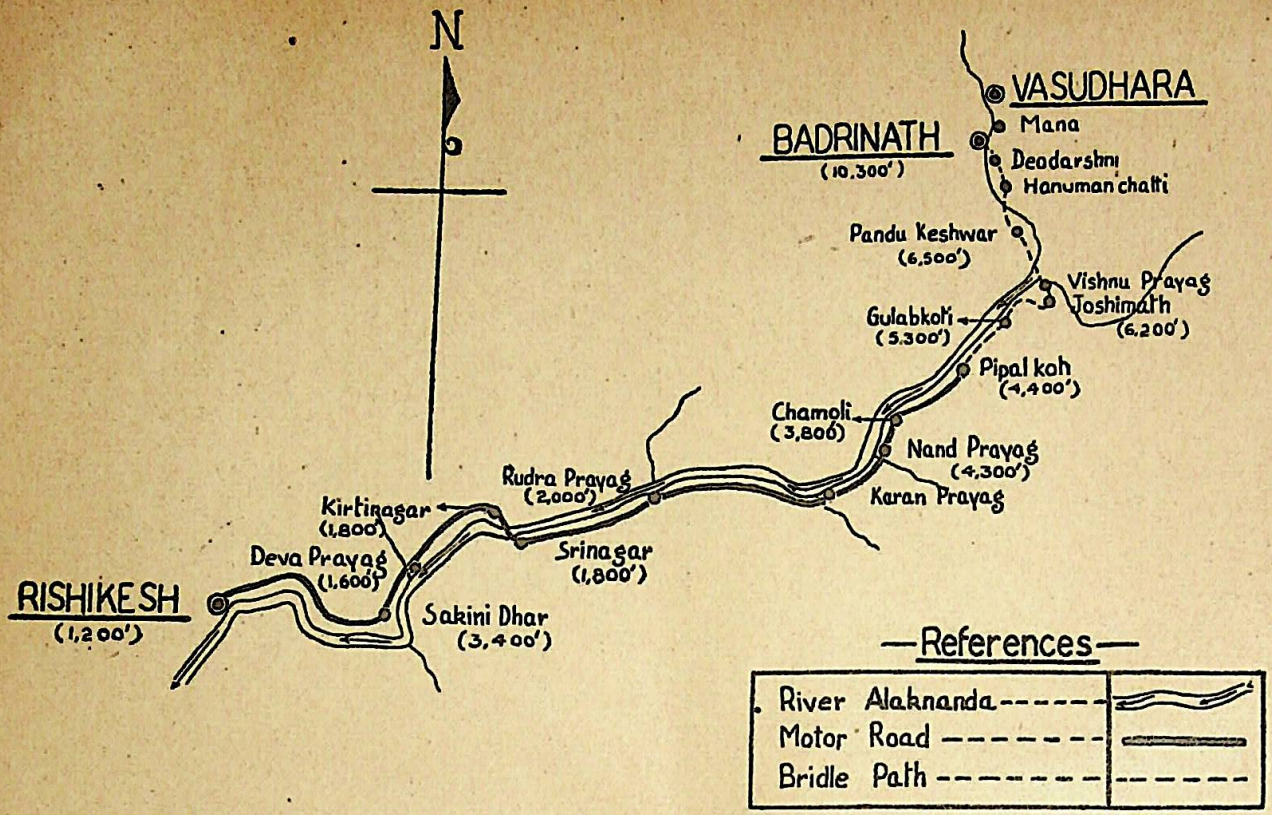
"One refusing the Prasada with ignorance and a sense of superiority is worse than a chandala, unfit for any religious duty. Even touched by the lowliest, it is never impure."

One giving dana of even a little of gold or silver here is never born poor in the next 1000 births.

Badarikshetra is measured from Kanva's Asram to Nandagiri, about three yojanas by twelve yojanas.

About eight miles from Badari is Vasudhara Tirtha where the eight Vasus had practised penance. It is a difficult place to go to. Water is falling from the rocks. It is said that if one standing below it is pure, water falls straight on

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Route-map from Rishikesh to Badarinath

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him; if he is sinful, water falls on him in a slanting manner.

The priests of Badrinath are the Nambudri Brahmins of Malabar. The head is called the Raval and has his establishment at Joshimath. In winter, Badarinath is worshipped at Joshimath.

It is said that the idol of Nrisinha at Joshimath has one arm which gets thinner every day and that when it will fall off, the road to Badari will be blocked by a landslide and a new temple of Badari will then be erected at Bhavishya Badari near Tapovan.

☆

Legend says that the two sages Nara and Narayana, sons of Dharma and Kala, and who were the fourth Avatara of Vishnu, practised serve penance at Badarikasram for securing spiritual peace.

तुर्ये धर्मकलासर्गे नरनारायणावृषी।
भूत्वाऽऽत्मोपशमोपेतमकरोद् दुश्चरं तपः॥

—*Bhagavata* 3-9.

On account of their penance, Indra was terrified and sent a few Apsaras. Narayana was angry and prepared to curse Indra, but Nara pacified him. Then Narayana created Urvasi, better than the lot sent by Indra, and presented her to Indra. On special request of the Apsaras to marry them, Narayana promised to marry them in his next incarnation as Krishna. Nara and Narayana became in their next incarnation Arjuna and Krishna. Devi Bhagavata records a legend that once Prahlada saw some military equipment near Badrikashram, the hermitage of Nara and Narayana. Taking them to be imposters, Prahlada fought with them and the war went on endlessly. Ultimately, Vishnu intervened and restored peace.

Narayana, identified with Vasudeva and Vishnu, came to be regarded as the highest divinity and the school which so worshipped him was called the Pancharatra or the Bhagawata Sampradaya. Its most ancient doctrines are preserved in the Narayaniya section of Santiparva of Mahabharata. Like the Gita of Bhismaparva, the Narayaniya Parva too has 18 chapters.

Narayana is derived, as the resort or Asraya of Naaraa. Naaraa means water; Naara also means men collectively (from Nara). Usually man is the singer, God the object of worship. In Purushasukta of Rigveda (RV. 10-90), Narayana is the Rishi and Purusha or Nara is the Devata. Of course, Purusha here represents the universal man with all divine qualities infinitely magnified. Aitareya Brahmana 2-3-2 says that Atma or the self found its proper rest in Purusha because Purusha has knowledge, he speaks and sees intelligently, knows what would be in store for in future, knows what is and what is not worth seeing and achieving, and with all the limitations of a mor-

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tal, he has the ambition to win immortality. मर्त्येनामृतमीप्सति ।
That is why Bhagawata says in 11-9-28

सृष्ट्वा पुराणि विविधान्यजयाऽऽत्मशक्त्या
वृक्षान् सरीसृपपशून् खगदंशमत्स्यान् ।
तैस्तैरतुष्टहृदयो पुरुषं विधाय
ब्रह्मावबोधधिषणं मुदमाप देवः ॥

"With his eternal Atmic power, God created various bodies—plants, serpents, beasts, birds, insects, fish; yet he was not pleased. He then created Man with intelligence which can realise Brahman—and the Lord Creator was immensely satisfied."

What more is needed to establish the dignity of man, his capacity to reach the highest and God's faith that Man will fulfil His Mission? This Nara is given a place by the side of Narayana. In Puranas there are instances of men sharing Indra's throne.

अर्धासनं गोत्रभिदोऽधितस्थौ (रघुवंश)

Mundaka Upanishad describes man and God as two birds sitting on the same tree, one eating and enjoying the fruit, the other merely watching as Sakshin.

The Narayaniya Parva of Mahabharata starts with saying that Nara, Narayana, Hari and Krishna were the four sons of Dharma. Out of them Nara and Narayana practised penance in Badarikashram. Vyasa salutes Nara and Narayana at the beginning of every Parvan and they are frequently identified with Arjuna and Krishna. Mahabharata says that once Narada went to Nara and Narayana at Badari. Narayana was performing his daily worship. Narada asked as to who it was whom Narayana himself was worshipping. Narayana replied "We worship Atma". Narada wanted to see it. Narayana asked him to go to Swetadwipa where Narada would find the original form of Narayana. Narada went to Swetadwipa, saw Narayana in both of His aspects—the Nirguna and the Visvarupa. Narada learnt the Pancharatra doctrines from Narayana Himself at Swetadwipa, and revealed them to others. He again came to Badari and saw Nara and Narayana.

The legend of Uparichara Vasu and of the seven sages known as Chitrasikhandins who sang the praise of Narayana is also narrated there.

Panini (5th century B.C.) has alluded in 4-3-98 to the Bhakti sampradaya of Vasudeva who is identified with Narayana.

Skanda, in Badari Mahatmya, derives the word Narada as the sage who poured Ganga water (Naara) over the Lord at Badari: therefore he is called Narada (Naara + Da).



Badarikashram is also famous as the place where there was the hermitage of Vyasa, also called Badarayana, as he was born in the forest of Badari. He rearranged and measured the Vedas and is therefore called Vyasa. He physi-

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cally created or procreated the personages of Mahabharata, survived them when all of them were dead, and described them as unforgettable characters in the great and immortal epic. With Ganesa as his scribe, Vyasa left nothing unsaid. व्यासोच्छिष्टं जगत्सर्वम् ।

पुण्ये हिमवतः पादे मेध्ये गिरिगुहालये ।
विशोध्य देहं धर्मात्मा दर्भसंस्तरमाश्रितः ॥
शुचिः सनियमो व्यासः शान्तात्मा
तपसि स्थिततः ।
भारतस्येतिहासस्य धर्मेणान्वीक्ष्य तां गतिम् ।
प्रविश्य योगं ज्ञानेन सोऽपश्यत्सर्वमन्ततः ॥

—*Adiparva*, 1, 39 to 41.

"On the pure plateau of Himalaya, in a sacred mountain cave, the high-souled Vyasa sat on a seat of Darbha, having cleaned his body with Yogic exercises. Practising penance, of peaceful mind, leading a chaste and well-regulated life, aided by Dharma, he saw the history of Bharata from event to event; he could see everything from beginning to end as he had realised the highest and entered the stage of yoga or Samadhi."

Parasara Smriti 1-5 says that Vyasa's father Parasara resided at Badari.

ततस्त ऋषयः सर्वे धर्मतत्वार्थकांक्षिणः ।
ऋषि व्यासं पुरस्कृत्य गता बदरिकाश्रमम् ॥
प. स्मृ १–५

Matsya 201-24 says that Mitra and Varuna practised penance here.

Pandavas, in search of Arjuna, had come to this Asrama of Nara and Narayana. "Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, cause no trouble here and all sorrows are removed at this spot." (Vana parva).

At Pandukesvara, King Pandu had killed with an arrow a sage who was sporting with his wife having assumed the form of a deer; the sage cursed him saying that Pandu would die when in consortium with his own wife. Pandu, highly grieved with the curse, had performed a penance here.

At Vishnuprayag, Narada had worshipped Vishnu. The word Prayag is used for a Sangama where two rivers meet. At Vishnuprayag, one of the five prayagas, Alaknanda meets Dhaval ganga. Alaknanda is also called Vishnuganga here. The legend is that Ganga flowed from the leg of Vishnu.

At Hanuman Chatti, Bhima had met Hanuman, his brother and son of Vayu. At Chamoli people purchase Kasturi and silajit. Four miles from Chamoli is the Virahi Sangam, the meeting place of Alaknanda and Virahi rivers. At this place Siva feeling pangs of separation on the death of his consort Sati had performed penance. At Garudaganga, people pick up stones whose application is supposed to have the efficacy of destroying the poisonous effects of serpent bites.

When Yadavas were about to be destroyed and Dwarka about to be submerged in the ocean, Krishna

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advised Uddhava to go to Badarikashram and perform penance, for Krishna and Narayana were one and it was therefore Krishna's own Asram at Badari.

ततस्तमन्तर्हृदि सन्निवेश्य
गतो महाभागवतो विशालाम् ।
यथोपदिष्टां जगदेकबन्धुना
तपःसमास्थाय हरेरगाद् गतिम् ॥

—*Bhagavata* 11-29-47.

"Uddhava, the great Bhagavata, contemplated on Krishna and his upadesa and went to Badari Visala as advised by the one friend of the Universe — Lord Krishna. Here he practised penance and secured the abode of Hari."

"In Bharata Varsha, the Lord, out of spontaneous grace, has assumed the form of Bhagavan Nara Narayana; he continues to practise penance through his subtle incorporeal body till the end of the Kalpa for the benefit of self-controlled people. His penance augments Dharma (Duty), Jnana (Knowledge), Vairagya (asceticism), Aisvarya (Sovereignty) Upasama (tranquillity) and Uparama (cessation of desires); and brings about the realisation of the highest Brahman. The Knowledge of Pancharatra describing the Lord's prowess and of Sankhya Yoga was taught by the Lord Himself. Sage Narada wanted that knowledge to be imparted to Savarni Manu. Along with the entire God-minded population of Bharata, Narada with humility and devotion approached Nara Narayana and thus prayed him: "Aum! We bow to Bhagvan Nara Narayana who is at peace with all; who is devoid of ego, who is the wealth of the poor and the helpless, who is the best among the Rishis, who is the highest teacher even of Paramahamsas and who is the best among those Yogins who delight in the realisation of Atman. Our salutations unto Him, again and again!"

भारतेऽपि वर्षे भगवान् नरनारायणाख्य आकल्पान्तं उपचितधर्मज्ञानवैराग्यैश्वर्योपशमोपरमात्मोपलम्भनं अनुग्रहायात्मवतामनुकम्पया तपोऽव्यतगतिश्चरति । ९ । तं भगवान् नारदो वर्णाश्रमवतीभि र्भारतीभिः प्रजाभि र्भगवत्प्रोक्ताभ्यां सांख्ययोगाभ्यां भगवदनुभावोपवर्णनं सावर्णेरुपदेक्ष्यमाणः परमभक्तिभावेनोपसरति इदं चाभिगृणाति । १० । ॐ नमो भगवते उपशमशीक्तायोपरतानात्म्याय नमोऽकिञ्चनवित्ताय ऋषिऋषभाय नरनारायणाय परमहंसपरमगुरवे आत्मारामाधिपतये नमो नम इति । ११ ।

—*Bhagavata* 5, 19- 9 to 11

Morality is not just a means of reaching other ends; it is an end in itself. To reduce virtue to a tool or instrumentality for securing pleasure, is to prostitute and destroy it.

—John Dewey.

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K. M. Munshi

INDIAN LITERATURE

IF a nation has to nourish high aspirations and if its life is not to be ugly, literature has to be found, studied and enjoyed.

We have the heritage of great literature. The perfection of Kalidasa and of the *Dasamaskandha* of the *Bhagavata,* the range and fervour of Tulsidas, the rich variety of Surdas' outpouring, and limpid emotions of Mirabai: these high watermarks of Indian literature are outbursts which have taken shape while the artist was struggling to find self-fulfilment.

In India, during the last few centuries, however, two traditions have come in the way of literary art reaching its height as in the works of these masters. Deprived of varied and rich experience in actual life — may be the result of political slavery and social rigidity — we delight in phrase-mongering, call it the witchery of words if you like. This tradition is associated with Bana's *Kadambari,* the most artistic example of the aristocratic literature which seeks the approval of the learned and the sophisticated only, more by artifice than by spontaneity.

Phrase-mongering, however artistic, is not a substitute for real literature. For, in its true meaning, literature is sense and sound and meaning blended in complete harmony, and it must express one's experience — and therefore universal — with perfect art.

The second tradition — common the world over and more followed in India than elsewhere, except under the regimented conditions in the Communist countries — enjoins that literature must have a purposive utility for the times, i.e. it must have a propaganda motive. The purpose may be to educate or uplift man, to preach morals, or to fight injustice, real or imaginary.

That is, when Mira composed her songs, she should have disregarded the surging emotions of her lovelorn heart; she should have first thought of her song with reference to how the Rana of Chittod and his Court would react; how the domestic happiness of the Rajputs of the day would be affected; how the economic and social progress of her community would be helped.

When a conscious purpose, however good, becomes the predominant motive with the literary artist, his creation ceases to be true-

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literature. It becomes only an instrument. Fundamentally, — we must realise — literature is the flowering of the creative urge in the artist expressed through words; the spontaneous expression of a mood, emotion or impression, the joy of living or the anguish of suffering; a creation, like unto a flower which the tree puts forth or the song which the lark sings as it soars overhead.

Only a few modern authors in India have fully emancipated themselves from these traditions. Of them the foremost is Rabindranath Tagore. Two forms of literature in particular have shaken off the traditions: the novel and the lyric. To the novelist, emancipation came because of the living urge which spurred the sensitive imagination to recreate the past in the colours of our new national aspirations. Emancipation also came to the lyrical poets because with women acquiring a more important part in the emotional life of men, *Bhakti* was replaced by love, felt and expressed as an individual emotion.

If Indian Literature has to be genuine it has therefore to be born of an intimate contact with life, its joys, its sorrows, its triumphs, and failures; nor has it to subserve any cause, however noble, except self-expression through Beauty.

A young lady who prided herself on her ability to keep up with all the latest best sellers approached her literature professor one day and asked if he had read a certain current popular novel. When he admitted that he hadn't, the young lady promptly advised him: "Oh, you'd better hurry up. That book has been out more than three months."

"Young woman," said the professor pleasantly, "have you ever read Valmiki's Ramayana*? No? Well, you'd better hurry up. It's been out for nearly three thousand years."*

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Thomas & Thomas

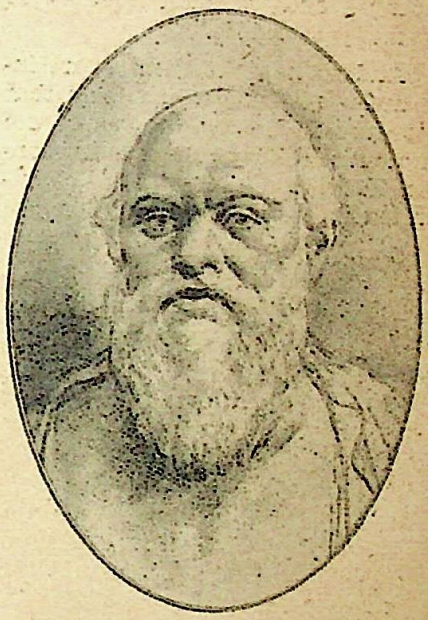
What Is Love ?

THERE was a banquet at the house of the Athenian poet Agathon. This man had won the first prize for his drama at the Greek Theatre, and he had invited his best friends to join him in the celebration of his victory. The guests were discussing one of their favourite subjects — love. Each one, in turn, was trying to explain his own idea as to the meaning of this all-absorbing topic.

"Love," said Phaedrus, "is the oldest of the gods, and one of the most powerful. It is that principle which turns ordinary young people into heroes. For the lover is ashamed to act the coward in the presence of his beloved. Give me an army made up of lovers, and I can conquer the world."

"Yes," agrees the next speaker, Pausanias, "but you must distinguish between earthly love and heavenly love—the attraction between two bodies on the one hand, and the affinity between two souls on the other. The vulgar love of the body takes wings and flies away when the bloom of youth is over. But the noble love of the soul is perpetual."

And then comes the comic poet Aristophanes with a brand-new



Socrates
469-399 B.C.

theory about love. "In the olden days," he tells us, "the two sexes were united into one body. This body was round like a ball, with four hands, four feet and two faces. It moved about with amazing rapidity, using its eight limbs like the spokes of a wheel in a continual series of somersaults. Terrible was the strength of this race of men-women, and boundless was

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their ambition. They were planning to scale the heavens and to attack the gods when Zeus hit upon a happy plan. 'Let us cut them in two,' he said, 'and then they will have only half their strength and we shall have twice as many sacrifices.'

"And so he split them apart into male and female, and from that day onward the two halves of the once-united body have been consumed with a longing to be reunited into one. And this longing for the reunion of the sexes is what we call *love*."

This humorous interpretation of love is followed by several other interesting definitions until finally the guest of honour, Socrates, is requested to make a few remarks on the subject.

"After all this eloquence," begins Socrates, "I am turned into stone and struck dumb. For how can my foolishness compete with such wisdom?"

And, having unburdened himself of this Socratic preface of ironic modesty, he proceeds to confute all their "wisdom" with his "foolishness." He tears down their arguments with a series of unanswerable questions—Socrates was the founder of the *quiz* method in education—and then he follows this destructive process with a constructive theory of his own. "Love," he observes, "is the hunger of the human soul for divine beauty. The lover is eager not only to *find* beauty but to *create* it, to *perpetuate* it, to plant the seed of immortality in the mortal body. This is why the sexes love each other—to reproduce themselves and thus to prolong time into eternity. And this is why parents love their children. For the soul of the loving parent creates not merely children but seekers and partners and co-workers and successors in the eternal quest for beauty."

And what is this beauty that we are all seeking to perpetuate through love? It is wisdom and virtue and honour and courage and justice and faith. In a word, *beauty* is *truth*. "And truth is the way that leads directly to God."

Pure love breaks all bonds. It pulls down all barriers. It annihilates all limitations and differentiations. It flows perennially towards the entire creation, even as the sun shines equaly upon all. This love indeed, is God—the universal God. It is a potent remedy to destroy the disease, hatred. He who has pure love in his heart, wins the heart of all.

—Sivananda.

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A perverse blockade dams the flood of energy that should flow with irresistible force into the healthy heart. What diverts this stream of hope and belief and confidence that should irrigate the dry and hopeless hearts of men?

Doorway to a New Life

Norman Peale & Smiley Blanton

SUCCESSFUL living hinges on the capacity to believe. The unconquered and unconquerable of this world are those who have mastered the art of faith. They draw constantly on this inner source of strength, for they have acquired and hold ever fresh in their hearts an abiding faith in a Higher Power, and in their own destiny. Without such faith they are defenceless before the inevitable difficulties that all must face; with it they are armoured against even the most cruel of adversaries.

No age has a monopoly on misery, although our own can claim more than its full share, and, at that, misery of a most particular kind. For in the midst of economic plenty we starve spiritually. Surrounded by unmatched potentialities for the good life, we are overwhelmed by the deadly fear that all is lost!

Then the ironic fact emerges that physical medicine, which has triumphed over so many of the bodily diseases that once scourged mankind, has proved utterly inadequate in the treatment of the maladies that canker the modern soul. Hosts of emotional ills gnaw at the roots of our serenity and health, and plague us with shadowy terrors.

But certainly the appearance betrays the reality. Everything is not lost, as one would think! The persistence of such happy affirmations as young people falling in love and, thereby, renewing man's perennial lease on Eden; of teachers unfolding new wonders, and perpetuating old ones, in the minds of youth; of parents nurturing children through unsung years of patience and sacrifice—all of these are the unanswerable rebuttal to the "all is lost" school of thought. All of these and ten thousand other yes-saying accept-

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ances of life re-assure us that there is an inexhaustible reservoir from which the human race can draw sustaining strength and hope.

Recently Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, one of the outstanding heroes and leaders of our time, was talking to a group of airmen in a veterans' hospital. The veterans were all men who had been seriously wounded and were, many of them, badly shaken psychologically.

Captain Rickenbacker is a man of inspired and demonstrated faith, and in the midst of his talk he paused, and then said earnestly, "If there is any one of you who has not yet had an experience of God my advice to him is to go out after it and get it". There was a hush in that hospital room. They knew that he had uncovered to them the secret that had brought him through the safety. They realised that this flying ace had pointed out to them the surest way out of their uncertainty and despair.

Rickenbacker does not say such words idly. He does believe that faith is the key to life. But unfortunately all too many of us have erected barriers in our everyday lives to the healthy operation of belief, to the acquisition of this power-giving faith. A perverse blockade dams the flood of energy that should flow with irresistible force into the healthy heart. What diverts this stream of hope and belief and confidence that should irrigate the dry and hopeless hearts of men?

A man who gives his love generously and wisely receives a generous measure of love in return. As he has a genuine faith that if he does his best things will work out for him, at least within the limits of this uncertain and far from perfect world. When the blows of unavoidable hardships or disappointments strike, a man of faith does not struggle wildly and inflexibly against them but, like a seasoned fighter, learns to roll with the punch.

Give your loved ones the love that is their due. Reserve your higher love for God, realising that He is the only unchanging, never-failing support in which you can rest utter confidence.

It is never too late to acquire faith in one's self, in other people, other causes, and other ideals; and above all, never too late to find a creative faith in God.

Take for your motto: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and you will find yourself possessed of a dignity and strength which will make you equal to any occasion.

[Condensed from *Omnibook*.]

To get good is animal; to do good is human; to be good is divine.

—James Martineau

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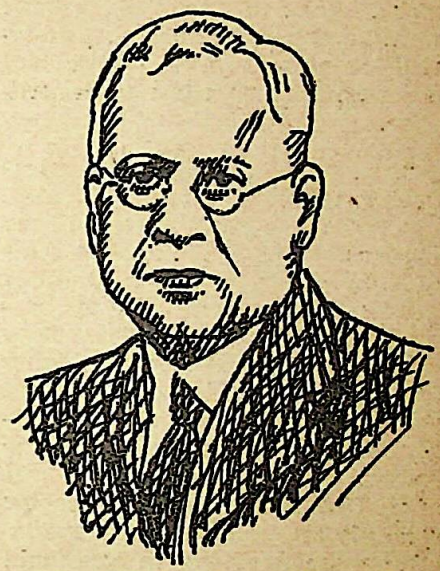
R. C. Majumdar

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA

IN the Vedic Age, sons were distinctly preferred to daughters, but daughters were neither neglected nor looked down upon. They were educated and often attained high intellectual eminence. It is well known that many hymns, even of the *Rig-Veda,* were composed by women like Visvavara, Ghosa, and Apala. Even in later ages, there were distinguished scholars like Maitreyi and Gargi who took a prominent part in the philosophical discussions at the court of King Janaka of Videha.

Women married late and enjoyed considerable freedom of choice in selecting their husbands. Mothers are described in the *Rig-Veda* as dressing their daughters well, so that they may win sweethearts at festive gatherings.

There were very few restrictions on marriage. Only father-daughter and brother-sister marriages were regarded as incest. In the *Satapatha Brahmana,* however, marriage with relations of three or four degrees is prohibited. But still at that time, when caste restrictions were steadily being hardened, women enjoyed great freedom in choosing their husbands. Thus, Sukanya, daughter of Kshatriya king, Saryata, married Chyavana, a Brahmana.



The wife held a position of respect and authority in the home, and was regarded as the mistress (*Samrajni*) by other members of the family. Implicit obedience to the husband is not included as part of her duty. She took an active part not only in domestic affairs, but also in religious ceremonies. She performed them alone when the husband was absent. She was entitled to all sacraments like men. There was no *purdah* system at the time of the *Rig-Veda,* and women even took part in public assemblies.

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No excessive emphasis was laid on physical chastity as in later days. Divorce was not unknown, and women could be married a second time in specific circumstances. The system of levirate was also common. Even occasional moral lapses of married women were condoned by society. Unmarried daughters, like Ghosa and others, had the right to inheritance.

A profound change took place during the long interval between the Vedic Age and the close of the Hindu period. Vedic studies came to be forbidden to women, and they were not even permitted to hear the recitation of the Vedas. They were practically denied all higher education. The idea of a learned woman was inconceivable to Shankaracharya! While explaining the epithet *'Pandita'* applied to a girl in an Upanishad, the great scholar seriously argues that here *'Pandita'* can only mean skilled in household management, for all higher learning is denied to women. Asahaya, a commentator of *Narada Samhita,* also admits the inferior position of women on the ground that they are not entitled to read scriptures.

As women did not study the Vedas, their participation in sacrifices became at first a mere formality, and was then forbidden altogether. For some time, they were allowed to perform the various sacraments without Vedic *mantras.* Later, even this was stopped, and it was argued that marriage in the case of women was equivalent to their *Upanayana.*

The principal cause of this degradation was the introduction of early marriage of girls. It was thought dangerous to society if girls were not married at a very early age. Early marriage meant denial of higher education to girls and of the right to choose husbands or assert their rights as wives after marriage.

The *Mahabharata* prescribes that a man of thirty should marry a girl of ten, and a man of twenty-one, a girl of seven years. Normally, marriage was made obligatory; divorce and remarriage were forbidden; and even a single moral lapse on the part of a woman meant her ruin. These ideas are also responsible for the growth of the *Sati* rite.

Manu looks upon woman as a class of the utmost depraved character (IX. 14-17). For this reason, Manu prescribes that a woman must be always dependent: on her father, in early life; on her husband, when married, and later, on her son; and she must always be well guarded, as otherwise she would go astray (IX. 5-7, 9). Manu prescribes implicit obedience to husband during life and faithfulness to him after death as the only duty of wife. Even though the husband be destitute of virtue, or seeks pleasure elsewhere, the husband must be worshipped as god (V. 154). The wife is to be punished for showing disrespect even to a bad husband (IX. 78). The hus-

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...nu may discard the wife on various grounds (IX, 72, 73, 80, 81). But if, being superseded, she departs from her husband's house in anger, she is to be punished by being confined or caned, and may even be cast off (IX. 83).

But the husband had no corresponding duty towards the wife. As soon as a wife died, he could marry again (V. 168).

The position of wife, as laid down by Manu, gradually became the cherished ideal, and played a dominant role in shaping the life of women in ancient India.

In this period, however, a married woman had the special privilege of having exclusive rights over her *Stridhana*. A man could marry any number of wives, but he had to make proportionate compensation to, and provide adequate means of subsistence for all the wives.

As stated by Kautilya, women enjoyed the right to divorce and remarriage. Though wedlocks of the four approved kinds, viz. *Brahma, Daiva, Prajapatya,* and *Arsa* could not be dissolved, other forms of marriage could be declared null and void, when both the husband and wife mutually consented to separate. Kautilya states: "If a husband either is of bad character, or is long gone abroad, or has become traitor to his king, or is likely to endanger the life of his wife, or has fallen from his caste, or has lost virility, he may be abandoned by his wife" (III. 2).

As regards remarriage, a childless widow was expected to marry the brother next in age to her deceased husband or any of his relations, as may be thought proper by her father-in-law. She could, of course, marry any other person of her choice, but, in that case, she had to lose whatever she had received from her father-in-law and her husband.

The degradation of women's status was not the deliberate doing of any individual or class of persons. The idea of inherent inferiority of women seems to have been prevalent among different societies all over the world. Gradually, with the development of an ascetic view of life, the idea of woman as an object of enjoyment and hence a source of moral depravity was prevalent in different societies from early days. Even the great Buddha held the view. Kalidasa, while expressing noble sentiments about the position of wife in the section, *Aja-vilapa,* says that a wife, after all, was the object of enjoyment alone. *(Raghuvamsa* III. 67: XIV. 35).

It must, however, be added that, in India, women adapted themselves marvellously to the new condition, and the result was the growth of a new type of selfless, hardy, enduring, and faithful wives and loving mothers of high moral character.

The tradition of a great culture does not die. And, therefore, in ancient Indian literature, we find libe-

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ral views about women expressed by later authors such as Varahamihira. Sanskrit literature is replete with romantic descriptions of *Svayamvaras* of princesses. Sita and Draupadi both got their husbands in *Svayamvara*. Savitri, Sakuntala, and Damayanti had their wedlocks in the *Gandharva* form of marriage. Indeed, Vatsyayana, whose *Kama-Sutra* may be taken to depict a more or less genuine picture of contemporary society *(circa* fifth century A.D.), prefers *Gandharva* form of marriage to all others. Surely, none but a grown-up girl could make love with man. Thus, what we find in practice does not always tally with the ideal set forth by the *Smritikaras*.

Thus, in the time of the Buddha, we find women saints who attained *arahat*ship. Some of them, like Mahapajapati Gotami, the Buddha's aunt, Tissa, Abhirupananda, Mitta, and Sundari Nanda composed songs which were later on compiled in the Theri Gatha.

Women also played a prominent part in the spread of Jainism. Some of them became nuns and even attained *Kaivalya*. Thus, we find the five daughters of King Chetaka of Videha viz. Prabhavati, Padmavati, Mrigavati, Siva, and Cellana, married respectively to Udayana of Sindhu-Sauvira, King Dadhivahana of Campa, King Satanika of Kausambi, King Canda Pradyota of Avanti, and King Bimbisara of Magadha, paved the way for Jaina influence in their respective territories. Candana, daughter of Padmavati and Dadhivahana, was the first Jaina nun. Later on Mrigavati also was permitted by Pradyota of Avanti, after the death of her husband, to become a nun, at the request of Mahavira.

The high position of woman as mother is extolled in the saying *Janani Janmabhumisca Svargadapi Gariyasi*. Women, in ancient India, were also venerated for their beauty and other accomplishments, such as skill in fine arts. Ambapali was honoured as a *Stri-ratna* by the Vaisali Assembly and granted five special privileges.

No country in the world, except Athens, probably, has shown so much veneration for the courtesans. Courtesans are described as proficient in all the sixty-four *Kalas* in Vatsyayana's *Kama-Sutra*.

We also hear of great women statesmen in ancient India. Nayanika, wife of Satavahana Krishna, and Prabhavati Gupta, daughter of Emperor Chandra Gupta II and wife of Vakataka Rudrasena II acted as regents during the minority of their sons. Suryamati and Didda are equally famous in the history of Kashmir.

Woman shall be for ever the womb and the cradle but never the tomb.

—Kahlil Gibran.

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Our Vedic Sa...—4

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE BHARADWAJA

ON the *Tittireeya Kathaka* we have an excellent source book for information about the early life of Sage Bharadwaja. It gives us a graphic account of the sage. It speaks of his having made strenuous efforts to learn the Vedas which he found quite beyond the bounds of a single life. In consequence he had to live and relive thrice and during these three lives, each of a 100 years, he tried to study all of them. It also mentions an interesting story about this. It seems at the end of his third life, the sage became feeble, weak and scarcely able to move about. It was then that he addressed his prayers to Lord Indra. Indra, pleased with the sage's penance, appeared before him. The sage requested him to give him yet another lease of life so that he could learn the Vedas at the feet of a preceptor. Indra then pointed to three massive mountain-like Vedas and picking up a sod of earth showed him that what the sage had learnt already was only equal to the three handfuls of mud, whilst what remained to be learnt was of the size of those mountains. Indra told him that the key to the study and mastery of the Vedas is in the performance of a *yajna* called *Savitra Chayana.* Whoever performed this sacrifice was assured of heaven. Bharadwaja thereupon performed it and ascended to heaven.

Subsequently, King Janaka of Videha was initiated into the secrets of the sacrifice by the Presiding deities of the Day and Night.

The *Rig Veda* credits the sage and his illustrious descendants with intimate knowledge of the sacred hymns. In the *Anusasana Parva* of the *Mahabharata,* we are told that one Deodasa was defeated by the Haihayas and he sought the hermitage of the Sage Bharadwaja for protection, which was accordingly given. During this time the sage performed some sacrifice for the sake of Deodasa with the result that a son by name Pratardana was born to him. This son defeated the then reigning king of the Haihayas and the sage obtained the kingdom, which was later on given to Pratardana.

In some ancient texts the claim is advanced that the sage is the

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son of Brihaspati. He was endowed with a full and long life. He was a great *tapasvin* and very well learned too. We can gather an idea of the depth and profundity of his knowledge from the fact that in a religio-philosophical disquisition, he rubbed shoulders with the great Yagnavalkya himself. Besides, he was present at a sacrifice performed by Lord Brahma at the holy place of Pushkara. Once he had to wander through lonely and uninhabited forest along with his son. By the great kindness of Twastru, he received during this time the gift of valuable cows. With these cows in his charge he protected one and all. It was for this reason that he came to be called Bharadwaja.

We have yet another account both of his birth and his great yogic powers even while he was young. It seems Bharata, the son of Dushyanta and founder of Bharat, had a number of sons, not one of them being righteous. Hence the name "Vitathas" (useless ones) being applied to him. Naturally, Bharata was afflicted and sore. At this time, his parents dead, Sage Bharadwaja was removed by the Wind-God and was given to Bharata to be adopted by him. However, he continued as Bharata's son for sometime and caused a great sacrifice to be performed by Bharata in consequence of which a very worthy and righteous son was born to him, by name Bhuvan Manyu.

The epic *Ramayana* describes him as the disciple of the Sage Valmiki, its author. It is said that the very first poem मा निषाद प्रतिष्ठां त्वं—etc., came out of Valmiki's mouth in Bharadwaja's immediate presence. Valmiki also taught the sage the several stories and anecdotes, narrated in the *Ramayana*. He was at that time residing at Prayag. Even to this day we can see a place called Bharadwaja Ashram which is only at a stone's throw from Anand Bhavan, the hereditary residence of our Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. We are told in the *Ramayana* that Sri Ramachandra, when he retired to the forest, visited the sage's hermitage and saw him there. Sri Rama chose Chitrakoota mountain as his abode only on the advice of the sage. The *Anusasana Parva* of the *Mahabharata* tells us that a sage (Bharadwaja), descendant of the illustrious family of Angiras, dwelt on the bank of the Ganges and once as he was taking his bath in the holy river, he beheld a celestial nymph of extraordinary beauty. No sooner did he see her than mental connection was established with her and she bore him a son called Drona. A king by name, Prishadajya was his friend. The weapon Agneyastra was given by Brihaspati to Bharadwaja and Bharadwaja in his turn gave it to Agnivasa, the son of Agni. Both the son and wife of

(*Contd. on page 7*

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Our Fortnightly Profile—20

ALI SASTROAMIDJOJO

POLITICAL observers sometimes refer to Indonesia as the France of the East. In its brief independent career of less than ten years, it has had 14 cabinets. Heading the present left-of-centre Cabinet of Indonesia is the 52 year-old, goateed Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo.

Like his Pakistani counterpart and namesake, Prime Minister Ali of Indonesia was Ambassador to the U.S.A. when in July 1953 he was summoned home to take over the Prime Ministership, at the end of Indonesia's longest ever Cabinet crisis lasting 58 days. Like Pakistan's Ali, he was saddled into power at a time when disillusionment and frustration were peeping out of the usually happy-go-lucky, ever-smiling faces of the Indonesian people. Neither Ali Sastroamidjojo nor Mahommed Ali is internationally so well known as President Soekarno or Governor General Ghulam Mohamed. Indonesia and Pakistan are predominantly Muslim countries; they both suffer from political instability; like most of the Asian-African nations, disease, hunger, unemployment and insecurity are their common enemies. The future of Ali Sastroamidjojo is, to a great extent, linked with his ability to tackle these stupendous problems.

Dr. Ali is as good a patriot and nationalist as any we have in this country — distrustful of all colonial powers to the point of being suspected a communist. Dutch colonial rule has left too painful an impression to permit good friendly relations with them. Holland's continued unstatesmanlike handling of the Irian issue is adding fuel to the fire.

Ali, popularly known as 'Jojo', was born in 1903 at Grabag Merbabu, a small place near Mageland in Central Java. After passing his High School examination, he studied law in Leiden, Holland, and graduated in 1927.

Ali's interest in politics dates back to his student days in Holland. He was still a student when at the age of 23, he was jailed for six months for having expressed the view that it was not only a full belly that Indonesia wanted.

Back home in 1928, he started practice in Jogjakarta, where he threw in his lot with 'Bung Karno', as President Soekarno is affection-

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Shri Jawaharlal Nehru receiving Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo at Palam air port when the latter visited India last year.

ately called by the Indonesians. Ali helped Soekarno found the Parti Nasional Indonesia (PNI) and for next ten years edited its organ "Suluh Indonesia Muda" (The Torch of Indonesian Youth) and a weekly "Djanget" (Link). Dutch repressive measures drove him out of Jogjakarta, so he shifted to Surakarta, where he edited two more papers.

PNI was banned at the outbreak of the second world war and Soekarno was exiled. Jojo's efforts to keep the party in existence under different names were unsuccessful. However, with Japanese occupation, the party came into its own. Independence was declared in 1945. But soon after, the Dutch returned and dubbed the Indonesian patriots as Japanese-collaborationists; bloody fighting broke out between them. The subsequent U.N. intervention and the final transfer of power by Holland is recent history.

Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo is a writer, an experienced politician and successful administrator. After

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the proclamation of Indonesian independence in 1945 Dr. Ali was appointed Deputy Minister for Information in the Soekarno Cabinet. In the following year, he was appointed Secretary-General of the State Defence Council in Jogjakarta. He was Minister for Education in the Amir Sjarifuddin Cabinet (1947-48); Deputy Chairman of Indonesian Delegation to the "Renville" talks (1947-48); Minister for Education in the Hatta Cabinet (1948) and Ambassador to the United States of America (1950-53).

It is not given to many to play host simultaneously to as many as 28 Prime Ministers — the chosen representatives of more than half the population of the whole world; to few is given the rare privilege of being elected to preside over such a "historic" conference of the Prime Ministers of the resurgent Asian-African nations which, in the words of Prime Minister Nehru was a "new chapter in Asian-African History"; to fewer still is given the good fortune of piloting such a Conference, which at one time threatened to end with a whimper, to an "astounding success".

SAGE BHARADWAJA

(*Contd. from page 44*)

the sage came to bear the name of Veera. He is one of the seven sages सप्तर्षय: of this Manvantara.

He is reputed to have had immense psychic powers thanks to his austere and rigorous *tapasya*. He had such great powers that he could even command the Gods to obey him. This is illustrated in the very ornate hospitality that the sage extended to Bharata when the latter called on him at his ashram. This magnificent reception was worthy of a king. The sage living in a hut, clad in tree bark and subsisting on fruits, treated Bharata to a repast, replete with eatables of every description by dint of his sheer yogic powers. Both in the *Ramayana* of Valmiki and in Bhoja's *Champu Ramayana*, we get a very clear and elaborate account of this meeting between Bharata and the sage.

The *pravaras* of the Bharadwaja clan run thus:

आंगिरस, बार्हस्पत्य and भारद्वाज.

THE SIGN OF SECURITY
MINIMAX
'મીનીમેકસ'
આગથી બચવા માટેની દરેક જાતની ઉપયોગી
અને જરૂરી વસ્તુ
૫૧ વર્ષની ઉમદા સેવા
૧૯૪૦ થી ખેતીને લગતો સામાન બનાવનાર.
ટેલીફોન: ૩૪૭૭૯
૨૯, ફ્રેર્ટ સ્ટીટ, બેલાર્ડ એસ્ટેટ, મુંબઈ, ૧.

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Dr. A. Whitney Griswold

ART OF CONVERSATION

CONVERSATION is an exchange of thought that leaves all parties to it a grain wiser. It implies progress. Though it may begin anywhere, even in the realm of trivia, it should try to get somewhere and carry everyone with it as it goes.

The basic principles of conversation were established by Socrates both by example and by precept more than two thousand years ago. One of the most important of these was that conversation should take place among friends, in a congenial atmosphere, with common interests at heart. Best of all would be one common interest, namely wisdom.....

To facilitate conversation of this kind, to keep it moving and to make it truly productive, Socrates established the practical rule that has served both conversation and learning well ever since. This was his separation of the hypothesis and its consequences into two distinct questions. The hypothesis was first assumed as true. Then the consequences of the hypothesis were deduced, those which agreed with it being accepted as true and those which disagreed rejected as false. The hypothesis was never taken as axiomatic or self-evident and if called into question was debated in its turn. By this method the parties to a conversation were brought on to common ground, unity and relevance were ensured for their discussion, and the whole range of human knowledge was infinitely expanded.

What a boon it might be to our troubled world that wastes so much time and temper arguing at cross purposes if we could apply this rule more generally to the discussion of human affairs today! Criticism would have to be answered on its merits rather than by attacks on the critic. Concealed or unstated premises would be brought into the open. It might even become possible to discuss our foreign policy without raising our voices and accusing each other of treason. Who knows what enlightened dispensations in the national interest might not result? But I am afraid that for such exalted conversation as this we should either have to bring Socrates back to earth or wait as he did in the conviction that the ideals of men were laid away in heaven!

[From an address delivered at Brown University.]

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Vetala Pachchisi—17 Serial

GUNAKAR

SAID the ghoul:
Your majesty! There was a king of Ujjain, named Mahasain; and an inhabitant of that place was a Brahman, Devasharma, whose son's name was Gunakar.

This son turned out to be a great gambler; and lost at play all the wealth the Brahman possessed.

Thereupon the members of the family turned Gunakar out of the home. He could not help himself in any way; and having no other resource he took his departure from the place, and in several days' time came to a certain city where he saw a devotee sitting over a fire, and inhaling smoke by way of penance! After saluting him, he too, sat down there.

The devotee asked him, "Wilt thou eat anything?"

Gunakar replied, "Your Holiness! Of course I will eat, if you give me something."

The devotee filled a human skull with food and brought it to him.

On seeing it he said, "I'll not eat food out of this skull."

★

When he did not partake of the food, the ascetic repeated an incantation, and a *Yakshini* appeared before him with joined hands, and said, "Your Holiness! I will execute any command you may give me."

Herein the clever ghoul has so quizzical a question that King Vikramaditya could find an answer only in the person of the hero of the story: that however much man may exert himself and whatever he may achieve by force of intellect, devoid of faith, devotion and single-minded pursuit, success will not attend any undertaking; and he will obtain only what has been ordained by fate.

The ascetic said, "Give this Brahman whatever food he desires."

On hearing this, she built a very fine house, and furnishing it with all comforts, took him away with her from that place, and seating him on a cushioned chair, placed various kinds of condiments and meats, by dishfuls, before him. He ate whatever he liked to his heart's content.

Again, after this, she placed the *pan*-box before him, and after rubbing down saffron and sandal in rose-water, applied the mixture to

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his body. Further, she clothed him in garments scented with sweet perfumes, threw a garland of flowers round his neck, and bringing him away thence, seated him on a bed.

Now while this was taking place it became evening, and she, too, having first decked herself out, went and sat on the bed, and the Brahman passed the whole night in her company.

★

When morn arrived, the *Yakshini* went away to her own place, and Gunakar came to the devotee and said, "Master! She's gone away; what shall I do now?"

The ascetic said, "She came through the power of magic art, and abides near him who possesses the art."

He replied, "Impart this art to me, your Holiness, that I may practise it."

Then the devotee gave him a charm, and said, "Practise this charm for forty days, at midnight, sitting in water, and with a steadfast mind."

Thus he practised the charm, while many and various frightful objects appeared in view; but he felt no alarm at any of them.

When the time expired, he came to the ascetic and said, "Your Holiness! I come after practising the charm for the number of days you prescribed."

The ascetic now said, "Now practise it for the same number of days, sitting in fire."

He replied, "Master! I will go and pay a visit to my family, and then return and practise it."

★

After saying this, Gunakar took leave and went home; and when his relations saw him, they embraced him and commenced weeping; while his father said, "O Gunakar; where have you been so many days, and why did you forget your home! O my son, it is said that, he who leaves a faithful wife and lives apart, and turns his back on a youthful woman, or he who does not care for one who loves him, is on a level with the lowest of the low. It is said, further, that no virtue equals the domestic virtues, and no woman in the world imparts happiness equal to that which the mistress of one's house imparts; and those who slight their parents are impious men, and their future state will never be one of salvation; thus has Brahma declared."

On this Gunakar said, "This body is composed of flesh and blood, which is food for worms; and its nature is such that, if you neglect it for a day, a fetid smell proceeds from it. Fools are they who feel affection for such a body, and wise are they who set not their heart on it. Further, it is of the nature of this body that it is repeatedly born and destroyed. What dependence

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can one place on such a body! Cleanse it ever so much, it does not become clean; just as an earthen vessel, filled with filth, does not become clean by washing the outer surface; or however much one washes charcoal, it does not become white. Again, by what means can that body become clean, in which the fount of impurity is never-failing?"

Gunakar continued: "Whose father? Whose mother? Whose wife? Whose brother? The way of this world is such, that numbers come and numbers depart. Those who offer sacrifices and burnt-offerings consider Agni their god; while those who are deficient in understanding make an image and worship it as god; but the class of ascetics regard god as in their very bodies. I will not practise such domestic duties as those you have mentioned, but will practise religious meditation."

★

Having said this, he bid adieu to his kindred, and practised the charm, seated in fire. The *Yakshini,* however, did not come.

Then he went to the ascetic who asked him, "Hast thou not acquired the art?"

Thereupon Gunakar said, "Just so, Master! I have not acquired it!"

★

Having related so much of the story, the ghoul asked King Vikramaditya, "Say O King! Why did he not acquire the art?"

The king replied, saying, "The practiser was of two minds, and did not give his undivided attention to the task, and hence he failed to acquire it. And it is said that a spell is perfected by the operator giving unwavering, single-minded devotion to it and does not succeed if his thoughts are divided. Further, it is also said that those who are wanting in liberality do not obtain celebrity; and those who lack truthfulness are without shame; those who are wanting in justice do not acquire wealth; and those who lack meditation do not find God."

The ghoul asked, "How can the operator who sat in fire to work his spell be termed two-minded?"

The king replied, "When, at the time of practising the spell, he went to visit his family, the ascetic said to himself in vexation, 'Why did I teach the magic art to so vacillating an operator?' It was in consequence of this that he did not acquire the art. And it is said, that however much a man may exert himself, destiny attends him all the same; and whatever number of things he may achieve by force of his intellect, he, nevertheless, obtains that alone which fate has ordained."

On hearing this the ghoul went again and hung on to that tree; and the king, too, followed him, and having bound him, and placed him on his shoulder, took him away.

[*To be continued.*]

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A scene from "Ek Hato Raja"

Kala Kendra's new dance-ballet "Ek Hato Raja" had its premiere on May 3rd. The Kala Kendra has employed the puppet technique with great dexterity and skill. The portrayals of the role of the king, courtesans, the village maiden, etc., have been creditably rendered by the budding amateur artistes, all of whom are pupils of Kala Kendra's Nartan Shikshapith.

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The Jubilee Singers, America's oldest and most reputed Negro spiritual singers who are on a visit to India. They are headed by Mrs. James Myers (centre). Their programme at the Excelsior Theatre on April 28, 1955 was a rare treat.

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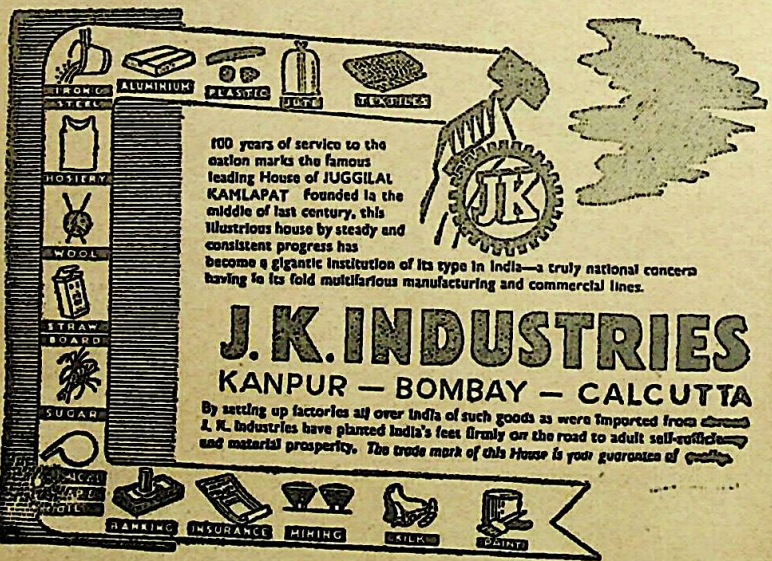
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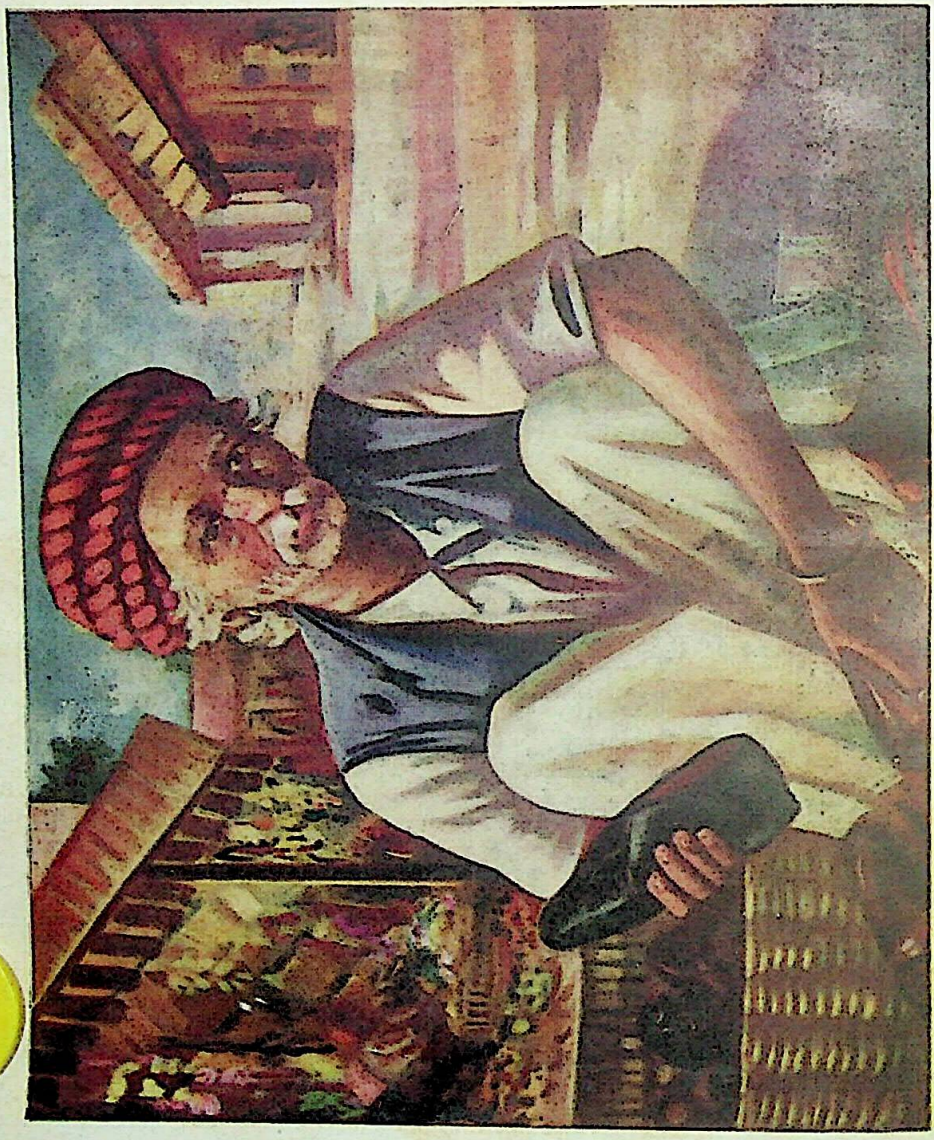
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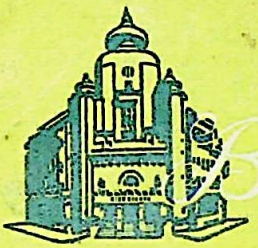
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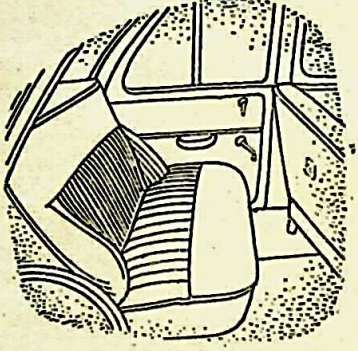
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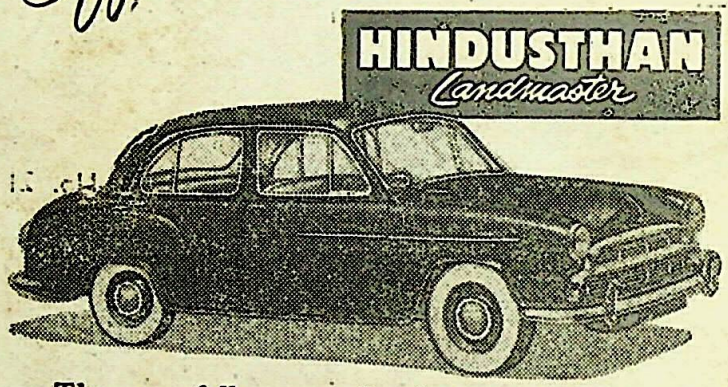
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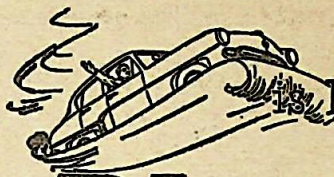
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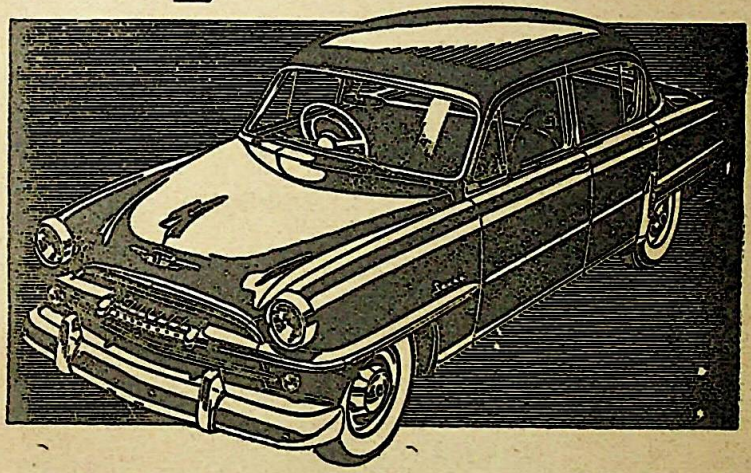
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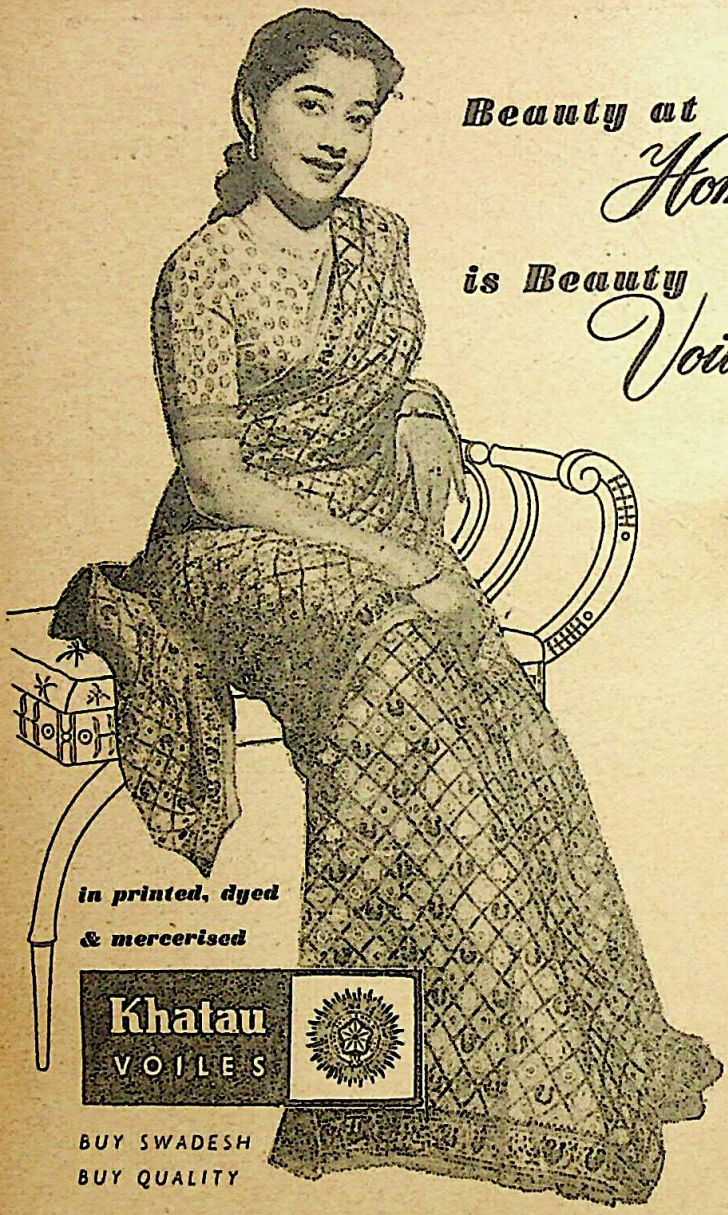
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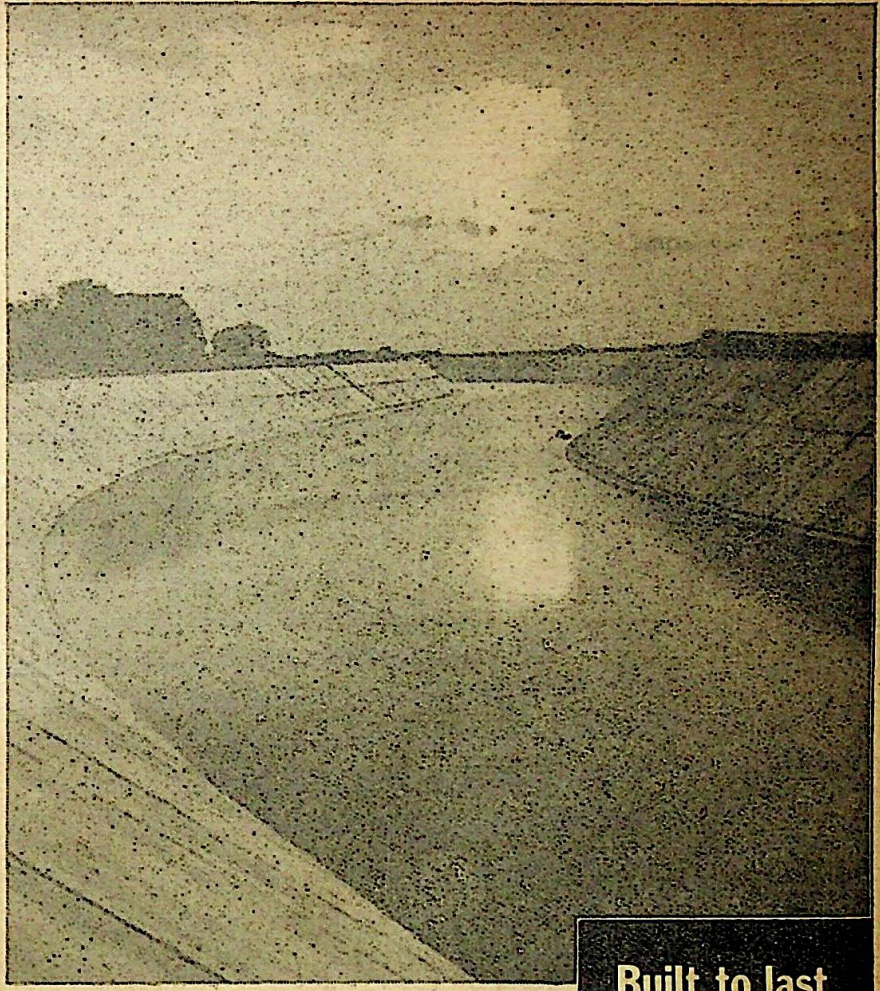
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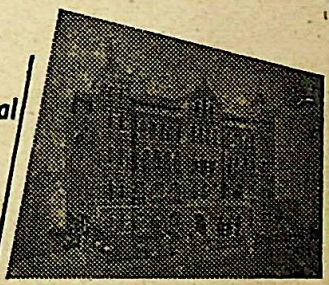
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 21] [MAY 22, 1955

THE SUPREME SPIRIT

यदि मन्यसे सुवेदेति दभ्रमे-
वापि नूनं त्वं वेत्थ ब्रह्मणो रूपम्।
यदस्य त्वं यदस्य च देवेष्वथ नु
मीमांस्यमेव ते विदितम्।
यस्यामतं तस्य मतं मतं यस्य न वेद सः
अविज्ञातं विजानतां विज्ञातमविजानताम्।

He who thinks he knows, really thereby proves himself ignorant.

He who realizes that he cannot know Him has best understood Him.

Those who seek to know Him, as they can grasp things of ordinary knowledge, can never achieve their object.

Those who realize the limitation of the human mind in respect of the knowledge of the Supreme Spirit and, therefore, frankly confess ignorance, really approach a true understanding of it.

—Kenopanishad II - 1.3.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 75

★ A Freak City ★ Bhakra Nangal

★ The Tribune Case

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
May 22, 1955

My Young Friend,

On the 16th, 17th and 18th of December, 1954, we were at Chandigadh as the guests of my friend Shri C. P. N. Singh.

Had Chandigadh, the new capital of East Punjab, been a toy exposed for sale in a shop, it would have found no buyer. Its design is so unfamiliar that at a first glance it is difficult to see whether there is any design at all. Nor would it be easy to discover that it is planned in every particular to suit the complexities of our modern urban needs.

There are roads, parks, streets and markets, arranged to fit into geometrically well-drawn localities, each of which is provided with self-sufficient amenities. They are connected by a special road system, which provides complete freedom for all types of traffic. There are special roads for motor cars and separate ones for cyclists.

Above all there is a feature which will restore freedom and dignity to that man who normally uses the means of transport which is the most despised in these days, namely, the human legs! For this form of transport a separate system of roads has been provided and that is the amenity I liked the most. When it is completed a pedestrian will be able to walk in Chandigadh with his head held high and without fear of a motor-car running over his feet or honking him into ignoble flight—not even an *ekka-wala's* pony will be able to push its impertinent nose in his neck-

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He will be able to go about happily, whistling gay tunes if he likes, weaving impossible dreams and feeling a monarch in his own right.

Geometry has been in evidence throughout the design of Chandigadh. There are localities marked out for the University campus; for Government buildings; for the Raj Bhavan; for industries and so forth. Their distance, their approach, their convenience have all alike been thought out in the light of their minutest needs.

There are poor men's houses with amenities; middle-class houses opening out, not on to the roads but away from them, with compound walls in the rear which shut out both the dust of the road and the danger to their playing children. There are public buildings to which you climb on ramps.

The High Court is a marvel of convenience for the Judges, the officers and the litigants. The public windows have sunbreakers, ugly devices which I was told will let in the air but not the sun, and they look like a grocer's shelf with hundreds of little compartments.

There are other public buildings: the Secretariat with each ministry accommodated next to the Minister's Chamber; the hospital, where patients suffering from a particular ailment can reach their own special wards without jostling those of another;



Le Corbusier and Co-architects

and a college where every architectural device has been provided to let in light and air.



At first sight Corbusier's strange-looking buildings make one doubt whether people will find the town convenient.

Corbusier is thought by his admirers to be the world's greatest living architect. Anyhow, his achievements in the sphere of town-planning have been the most noteworthy in recent times. At an early age he developed the theory that a house is a "machine to live in, not a thing to be looked at and admired from outside." Its design therefore should proceed from within to without.

It was Corbusier who started the fashion of what are called "radiant cities," sixty-storeyed glass-walled skyscrapers. I saw one or two of them being constructed in New York. I have no doubt in my mind that when

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people begin to live in these glass-houses, they will look more or less as do our pilgrims taking their dip in the old-fashioned style in the waters of the Ganga. The onlooker will have one advantage over those who congregate to witness the pilgrims however. On the banks of the Ganga you can only see the monotonous sight of men and women doing nothing but bathing. In glass-walled houses the acrobatics performed by the residents will hardly lack variety.

Corbusier's structures are certainly not poems in brick and stone. Anyway, I do not think them to be so—perhaps I am too old-fashioned. It is always possible that they look ugly because they are strange. They certainly appear to be more convenient. And man, who is a creature of habit, may one day begin to grow into these machines and come to enjoy them.

Corbusier has built famous buildings in Paris, Moscow, Rio-de Janeiro and Ahmedabad. The whole of Chandigadh is in conception, his marvel city. In this brand-new township he has brought together all what he has planned and devised in other parts of the world. Chandigadh will therefore be the pride of India. It is sure to influence, if not to modernise, the art of city-building in India.

I was told that these structures will create a better understanding of the traditional spirit of architecture. I do not claim to understand either the spirit or the tradition, so I must accept the opinion of experts.

But Chandigadh today is what Washington was intended to be by the fathers of the American Government: a seat of Government with "needful buildings." So far it has only camp followers, no public.

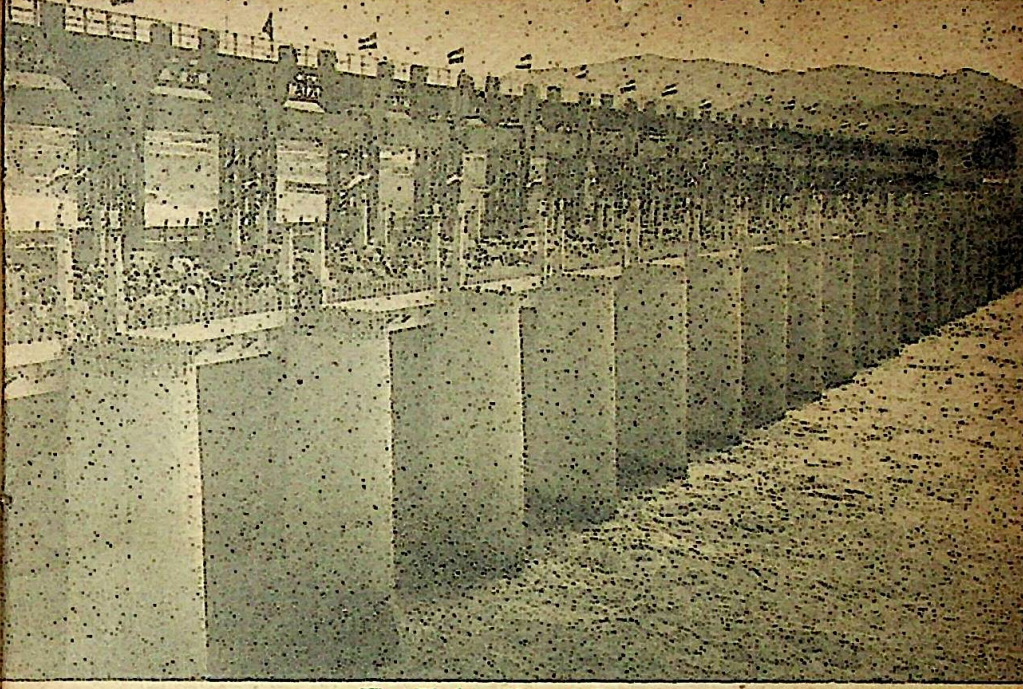
*

We then went to see the Bhakra Nangal Project. On the way we went to Ruper to see the excavations which have disclosed the relics of the Harappan and Aryan Cultures. I have referred to them in an earlier Letter.

I will not venture to describe the Bhakra Nangal Project. It is something stupendous. You must read about its details yourselves; or, still better, take a trip to East Punjab. It will complete your education.

According to the 1954 estimates, the cost of the Project when completed, will be Rs. 159 crores. At its peak, it has employed 1,67,000 men. The Bhakra Dam is 680 feet high and is the second highest in the world, and the highest as a straight gravity dam. It is the second in the world as regards the quantity of rock excavated; the third in power generation and as regards the quantity of concrete used. The first and second ones are both in the U.S.A.

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The Bhakra Nangal Dam

The project, however, is easily the first in the world as regards irrigation. It will serve no less than ten million acres. Computing in terms of food resources it might grow an additional million-and-a-half or two million tons of food-grains.

When all the units have been installed, it will generate about 2500 million Kw. hours (units of energy); and, in addition, secondary power of the same magnitude. I was told that in Russia the biggest plant generates no more than 2,000 million units of energy every year.

Most of the expert work is being handled by Indians. In 1954-55, there were 41 foreign experts as against 382 experts from India. Most of the engineers I met were old boys of Roorkee. As Chancellor, I may be permitted to blush a little at this compliment to my little University.

Modern India should be very proud of this vast engineering feat. If you go to Bhakra Nangal, you will see wonderful things. You will see giant machines doing more than a giant's work. You will see mountains being broken up; valleys filled up; rivers made to run this way or that way to order; and you will be able to stand in an underground chamber with a river rushing past over your head—almost like Mahadevji, with the Ganga on His head.

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As a people, we are not sufficiently conscious of the rapid strides we are making. The only way to awaken an emotional awareness of our achievements in the country, is to make people see them with their own eyes.

When I meet members of delegations recently returned from foreign countries, I find them in a state of ecstasy over the achievements they have seen. I am afraid our Government is not fair to these men and women. No one should be allowed to go to foreign countries in a delegation, particularly to those countries where visitors are taken round in carefully conducted tours, without a six months' course of seeing what India has been doing.

Suppose one has seen the Bhakra Nangal, the Sindri Fertiliser Factory, the Chittaranjan Locomotive Works, the Tata Steel Works, the Jayaji Rao Cotton Mills in Gwalior, the Ganga Canal and Pathri Electric Works in Uttar Pradesh, the Kolar Gold Mines, and the Hindustan Aircraft Factory in Bangalore; suppose one has paid a visit to the Pusa Institute at New Delhi, the Forest Research Institute at Dehra Dun, a couple of national laboratories, the Dayalbagh at Agra, the Loreto Convent, Lucknow, and the Shanti Niketan; and suppose one has also been taken round to a few Community Projects and the *Shramdan* centres in Uttar Pradesh, I am sure one might develop—unless one is a congenital slave—the faculty of keeping one's inferiority complex in restraint when one goes to a foreign country as a member of a visiting delegation.



On the 17th of December 1954, we were at Ambala. The address which I delivered at the Convocation of the new Punjab University has already been the subject of a former Letter.

Even during the short time that I was at Ambala, I could not resist the temptation to visit the office of my old client, the *Tribune*, once of Lahore, and of meeting Bali.

Bali is the prince of newspaper reporters. In reporting he never misses a word, nor if he can help it an accent. During the years 1940 and 1947, single-handed, he restrained the vagaries of the Punjab Government and its officers by a meticulous reporting of all that they said and did. I do not know how many causes he served and how many rights he protected through the columns of the *Tribune*.

My close contact with the *Tribune* began in 1943, when I was engaged by its trustees to appear for it, as also for Bali and the printer of the newspaper, in an appeal before the High Court of Lahore. The Full Bench consisted of the Chief Justice, Trevor Harries, Munir and Teja Singh J.J.

Justice Munir — now the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pakistan — had held them guilty of contempt of Court in relation to

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the publication of several matters in the columns of the *Tribune*. They were (1) comments on the arrest of Bali under the headings — "Arrest made on flimsy grounds"; (2) a petition for *habeas corpus* filed before Munir J. for the protection of Bali; (3) the comments of the learned Judge and the submission of Bali's Advocate when the petition was presented in open Court; (4) a news item regarding a transfer application in the court of the same judge under the heading "Lawyer Insulted".

Before I attended the Court, the Bar was exercised over two questions: first, whether Munshi the lawyer and Munshi the author were the same or different persons; and secondly, whether he would appear with a Gandhi cap, which had been prohibited within the Court premises by a notification.

My host, Sir Manoharlal, then a minister and a trustee of the *Tribune*, was also anxious about my cap. When leaving for the Court, he gave me a mild hint as to the wisdom of my appearing in the Court in a Gandhi cap. I said I would. I think Bakshi Tekchand had told me about the notification and reminded me that several leading Congress lawyers left their Gandhi caps behind when they went to Court. I told him that if any objection was taken to my cap, I would apply for an adjournment of the case till such time as the trustees of the *Tribune* were able to engage a lawyer whose headgear was more palatable to their Lordships.

The Punjab at that time was passing through not only one of its worst periods of Hindu-Muslim tension, but the authorities were also dealing with the "Quit India" movement with a heavy hand. At such a time for a lawyer to appear with a Gandhi cap in defiance of the notification was quite unexpected.

The Court room was crowded to capacity. I made my appearance and thanked the Chief Justice for permitting me to appear before the Court. He was good enough to make a pleasant remark of welcome. My cap stood the test.

For several days we went into the Law of the Contempt of Court. I soon discovered that the Chief Justice, Trevor Harries, was one of the greatest Judges whom I had had the honour to appear before in the course of my practice: pleasant, informal, clear-headed, open-minded, courteous. All in all I have never come across a better Judge in my life.

We waded through law report after law report, the pleasant remarks of the Chief Justice relieving the boredom of reading dull judgments, sometimes two centuries old.

To give but one instance. When I referred to a law report, the Chief Justice said: "There is only one copy in the Judges' Library, while in the Patna High Court from where I come, there were

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seven copies of each report, so that each Judge could have a copy for his own use."

"But surely, My Lord, the Punjab is a rich province," I said.

"The riches are not reflected in our Library," said the Chief Justice.

"Maybe", I replied, "the wisdom of the Judges of this Court makes law-books a superfluity."

The Chief Justice had the habit of quietly grasping the principle underlying a case and after summarising it in precise terms having the summary confirmed by me. "This is what you mean, is it not?" he would repeat again and again.

Justice Munir was naturally annoyed that somebody should have the temerity to question his judgment in the way I was doing. He was comparatively a young judge then.

One of the first principles which I had learnt as a raw junior at the Bombay Bar was never to be impatient or angry with the judge; never to hit back at him; never to be unpleasant; and never to sacrifice independence.

I had had quite a few lapses from this standard in my forty-two years of practice. But every time I had a lapse, I was sorry that I had not been able to find the right word to turn unpleasantness away.

Irrepressibly sarcastic, he tried to find fault with every argument advanced. More than once he was annoyed with my English; justifiably perhaps, for my English is none too good.

I bore his comments as patiently as I could. Ultimately, to one of his remarks on the inaccuracy of language I had used, I replied, of course with a low bow: "My Lord, you know the handicaps under which all of us suffer. We have to express ourselves by means of a foreign tongue; and not having been to England for my Bar examination, as Your Lordship has had the good fortune to do, you will forgive me if my English does not come up to your Lordship's expectations!"

The atmosphere became a little tense. A breeze was anticipated. But Sir Trevor Harries rose to the occasion. "Don't say that Mr. Munshi. You are very modest. We in England speak English; you in India learn English; and you speak it better any day than most of us Englishmen."

On another occasion, Munir J. asked me: "Why should the papers publish the comments of a Judge? For their own safety they should only publish judgments."

"If Your Lordship's view was accepted, the liberty of the Press would be in jeopardy and the meaning and purpose of the proceedings in open court would be lost," was my reply.

"Justice is not a handmaid of journalists," returned Justice Munir.

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"Neither, My Lord, it is a cloistered virtue that cannot stand the public gaze," I replied.

Soon the Chief Justice and Justice Teja Singh were in my favour. A stage came when they themselves replied to all the objections that were raised by Munir J.

At the end of the argument our nerves became a little frayed. Munir J. observed with a touch of temper:

"If Bali comes before me again in a case like this one, I shall deal with him in the same manner."

I bowed ceremoniously and said: "My Lord, Your Lordship is unjust to yourself. With the volume of learning to which I have drawn Your Lordship's attention, I am sure the next time Your Lordship would find it difficult to do as you say you would."

Later, I appeared before Munir J. in one or two other cases. I was glad to find that my impression of him in this case was just a passing experience. For instance, in a long argument in a very difficult case which went on before him for weeks, I found him a Judge both pleasant and patient. And no quality in a Judge is more indispensable than that of creating a happy atmosphere in which the tedium of a long and boring case can be made enjoyable.

The *Tribune* case ended in a majority judgment in my favour, Munir J. dissenting. The Full Bench judgments are reported in AIR 1943, Lahore, page 329. The Judgment of the Chief Justice is a leading authority on this branch of the law.

★

This first professional visit of mine to Lahore gave me a number of good friends, the principal among whom was Bakshiji (Tekchand). Later, I appeared in several important cases in the Lahore High Court, the most sensational being the *habeas corpus* application in regard to the detention of Jayaprakash Narayan and the Pardiwala Case. Some day I will tell you all about them.

The trustees of the *Tribune* have always treated me as a friend rather than as their lawyer. On this occasion at Ambala they brought out the old files of the *Tribune* in which the several cases I did for them were published *in extenso*.

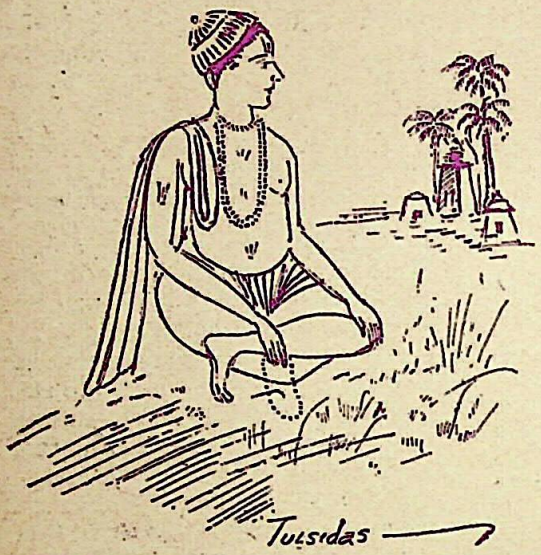
It was like the old, old days.

But the old Lahore is no more. Never again shall I be given a welcome by my friends in their old homes; for they are all scattered to the winds, these martyrs of India's disruption.

Yours sincerely,



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THE HOLY PHYSICIAN

Sri Tulsidas

IGNORANCE is the root of all sicknesses, from which again spring many torments. Lust is wind; insatiable greed is phlegm; choler is bile, that continually inflames the soul; and when these three brothers form an alliance, there comes into being a painful state of general paralysis. Then there are all sorts of carnal desires that are hard to satisfy—too many to name—and these are all painful diseases. There are the ringworm of selfishness, the itch of jealousy, the swollen goitre of elation and despondency, the phthisis of envy at the sight of another's happiness, the leprosy of vice and perversity of soul, the excruciating rheumatism of egoism, the Guinea worm of hypocrisy, deceit, vanity and pride, the dreadful dropsy of greed, the fierce tertian ague of the three ambitions, the two fevers of covetousness and lack of discrimination—but why enumerate all the many diseases?

Men die when in the grip of only one disease, and these are many and incurable; they are constantly afflicting the creature; then how can it find rest? There are myriads of alleviations, observances, religious duties, right conduct, penances, knowledge, sacrifices, prayers and almsgiving—but these are no permanent cures. All the creatures in the world are sick of these diseases, preys to anxiety, elation, fear, love and bereavement.

I have mentioned some of the diseases of the mind; everyone

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suffers from them, but only a few recognize them. These evil afflictions are slightly relieved by diagnosis but not wholly cured; they thrive on the indigestible food of sensual objects and so sprout up even in the hearts of sages; then how can poor ordinary mortal escape?

Yet by the grace of Rama all these diseases can be cured if the following treatment be observed. A holy *guru* must be the physician and there must be faith in his prescription; abstention from worldly objects is the regimen, devotion to Raghupati the revivifying drug and a mind full of faith its vehicle. Such treatment will assuredly heal these diseases; otherwise they will not be cured in spite of all one's efforts. Only then, my lord, may the mind be known to be healed of its disease when the soul grows even stronger in detachment, and good sense, the appetite, grows daily keener and the weakness of material desire disappears.

Then when a man bathes in the pellucid stream of knowledge, his heart is filled full of faith in Rama. Siva, Brahma, Sukadeva, Sanka and his brethren and Narada, sages pre-eminent in apprehension of the divine, all agree in this doctrine—one must love the lotus feet of Rama. Veda, Purana and all the holy books proclaim that without faith in Raghupati there is no peace.

—*Ramacharitamanasa.*

Son, consider that the powerless must never be insulted; let not the eyes of the weak burn you and your kinsmen. If one insulted, beaten or harassed, does not get his saviour, in that kingdom, divine punishment kills the king. Son, remaining in power, don't you live upon the powerless people. The tears that fall from those who weep, being falsely accused, kill the sons and cattle of those who make the false accusation.

—Mahabharata.

To man time is given like a piece of land, as it were, entrusted to him for faithful tilling, a space in which to strive incessantly, achieve self-realization, move onward and upward. Yes, with the aid of time, man becomes capable of wresting the immortal from the mortal.

—Thomas Mann.

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N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

RAMA AND KRISHNA

RAMA and Krishna are the two most famous *avatars* or incarnations of God. As between them, Krishna is more popular than Rama. Probably this is so because, though Krishna was a noble by birth, he was *of* the masses and mingled with them freely as their chum or comrade. Rama was always the royal Prince, no doubt faultless and beloved, but still rather aloof and distant.

Rama practised what he preached and his life and conduct were exemplary. Krishna preached what he *did not* practise and his life is full of incidents, which require elaborate explanations and defence!

It is easy for the general man or woman therefore to hug Krishna as their idol or ideal. Rama is a different proposition altogether.



★

Each man has his own *Ishta-devata* or favourite God or Goddess whom he worships daily. Some set much store by a reading of the *Ramayana,* while others pay homage to the *Srimad Bhagavata.* There is no antagonism between the two. Krishna has explained in the *Bhagavad Gita* that *puja* offered to different Gods are really offered to Him and it is He that grants prayers through these Gods.

This is a reconciliation between the one-God idea and the widely prevalent practice of the worship of different deities with various denominations and attributes and qualities. Fanatic devotees often forget this grand idea.

We are told that a great Tamil saint, who was an ardent worshipper of Krishna, was taken to a temple, where the chief image was that of Rama; and he promptly

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prayed for a transformation of the figure from that of one with a bow and arrow to that of one with a flute, whereupon the change sought for took place. The sincere prayers of devotees never go in vain.

There is a remarkable story called the शरसेतुबन्धनम्. (*Sara Sethu Bandhanam*), which illustrates the absurdity of regarding Rama and Krishna as different Gods and points to the moral that in reality they are one and the same.

As is well known, Rama was the hero of Anjaneya: Krishna was the idol of Arjuna. The two devotees happened to meet each other on an occasion during Arjuna's pilgrimage tour and in the course of the conversation each extolled his own Master's greatness and heroism. Each narrated incidents detracting from the prowess or valour of the other's Master and they nearly squared up the account.

Ultimately, the question arose whether it was at all necessary for Rama to build a bridge across the ocean after so much trouble, when a single arrow properly directed could have brought the edifice into existence. Then Anjaneya took a vow that if Arjuna could construct a bridge that would withstand his march he would acknowledge Krishna to be superior and leap into the fire; but if the bridge crumbled Arjuna was to immolate himself likewise.

Arjuna accepted the challenge, thought of his Patron and shot an arrow; and lo! a strong wonderful bridge came up. Anjaneya got upon it, marched from end to end and employed all his strength to shake it, uproot it and break it to pieces but he was unsuccessful. Thus humbled, Anjaneya was about to enter the fire that was lit for the purpose.

As he was going round it thrice before the final plunge, Arjuna became sorrowful that he was to be the instrument of the great Anjaneya's extinction. Just at the moment, a very old man, bent down by age, decrepit, with a staff in hand, hardly able to walk and see, came towards them. He questioned them what they were about. On being told what had happened, he said that if he was to be of any help the whole thing was to be reenacted as there must be a competent witness to the taking of the vows by them.

Arjuna and Anjaneya agreed to this suggestion. But this time Arjuna puffed up with pride at his own prowess never invoked Krishna. His arrow produced a bridge but it was not as strong as the previous one. Anjaneya humbled by previous discomfiture fervently prayed to Rama to come to his help. As soon as he set foot on the bridge, it collapsed.

Now it was Arjuna's turn to enter the fire. As he was about to do so, he thought of his Krishna. Anjaneya thought of his Rama as

(*Contd. on page 46*)

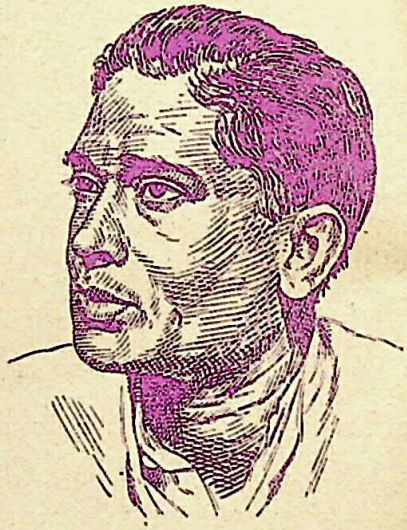
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Jayaprakash Narayan

BHOODAN REVOLUTION

I WAS in America 25 years ago. I became a Communist. I returned from there as a full-fledged Communist. But, soon it became clear to me that the dream-world which I had built up in my conception was wrong. I felt that a great experiment launched in a very big country under the able leaders had come to naught. The methods followed in that one-sixth part of the globe—I mean Russia—could not bring freedom and equality. I was not satisfied with what had come out of that experiment. Today the same conditions continue there. Till such time as a real revolution does not take place in Russia, there is no hope for the peoples of that country.

I realise that if along with Socialism we do not have democracy, we cannot achieve our object. I was always convinced and remain so, that there is no advance possible for human society till such time as every one does not have equality of opportunity. We have always desired that changes should come in, in our society as soon as possible. All these years this conviction was growing deeper within me that our object can be achieved



only through Sarvodaya. That feeling was growing. But I was to reach the goal. And the path became increasingly clearer to me as the Bhoodan movement developed. So, finally at Bodh Gaya I decided to leave politics and devote myself to this work. I feel that all people who believe in Sarvodaya ideals should take a similar course.

The position is very clear. If through State power we cannot build Sarvodaya, if a non-violent revolution in our society is not pos-

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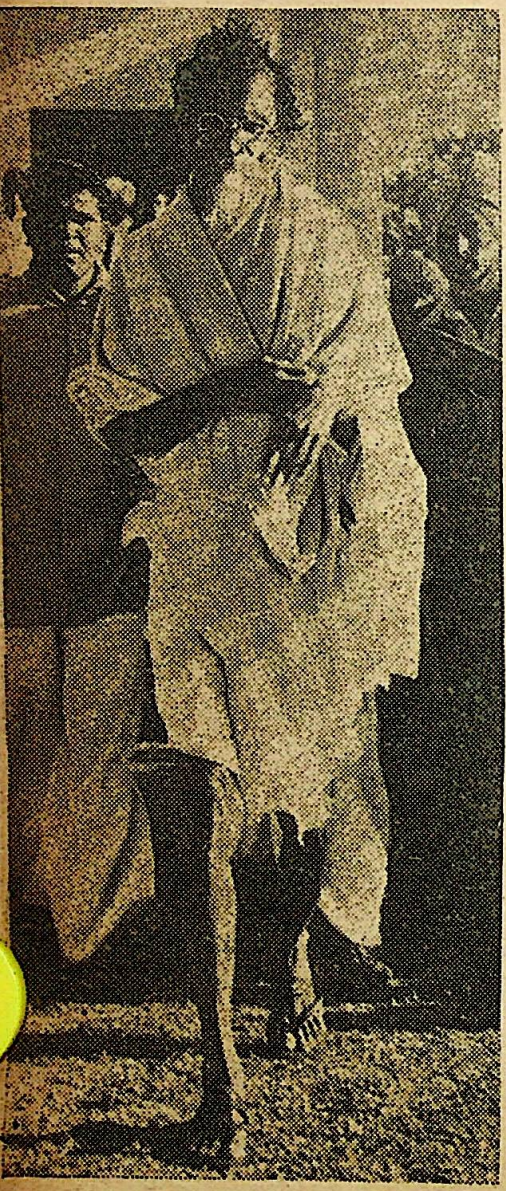
sible through the administrative machinery, then what other alternative remains before us for building up a new society? I feel that the path of changing society in accordance with Mahatmaji's ideals is an entirely new one, which has hitherto not been attempted in the world. And working upon the premises laid down by the Father of the Nation, Vinobaji has successfully reduced it to a science.

What can be the method of pushing forward the viewpoint of truth, and what can be the method of mass *agraha* (insistence)? Vinobaji has placed before us his ideas on Bhoodan and Sampattidan which are meant only for pushing forward this conception. I feel that there is no path better than this. The basic question is not how much land we got in Bhoodan. The important thing is that this point of view is being more and more accepted that land belongs to society, that property belongs to no individual. Bhoodan and Sampattidan have a tremendous revolutionary significance because they non-violently make their way forward and the principles are being increasingly accepted by Indian society. No doubt, our views can be propagated through pamphlets and speeches. But, as long as that propaganda is not accompanied by actual movement which affects the lives of the people, till then no movement for social transformation can achieve a mass character.

I am reminded of the Salt Satyagraha. When Gandhiji struck upon this novel method, there were many who pooh-poohed and laughed at it. But that small Salt Satyagraha transformed the entire nation. Indian people, who were afraid of the mighty British Empire, got courage and became fearless. More or less the same role is being played today by the Bhoodan movement in transforming the society. As far as the question of transformation of Indian society is concerned, there are a lot of people who think well of the Bhoodan movement. I would tell them that if they think that Bhoodan is just one of the scores of other work being done in this country, then they have not fully understood its implications.

If you consider that Bhoodan is just one of the scores of other activities, then nothing is going to materialize. Not that other activities are bad or unimportant. We will have to put all our energy into this Bhoodan work. We will have to jump into it with all our energies, just as in times of revolution. We have to bring about this revolution in the minds and thoughts of every one in all homes and villages of our motherland. We have to make every one realise that an economic revolution has to take place in our society. For the masses of our people economic factors are the most dominant. That is why Vinobaji has taken up the economic issue with a view to

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Vinobaji

changing the society, and has been telling us how there exists a non-violent way of solving the economic problems.

The Bhoodan movement has been progressing during the last four years. We have received over 35 lakhs of acres. In Orissa over 100 villages have been fully donated to the Bhoodan movement, which means that in these 100 villages at least the land revolution is complete. The inhabitants of these villages have given up their property rights over land.

Experience has shown, and will show, that to the extent the Bhoodan movement advances, to that extent all other constructive activities advance and the creative capacities of our masses will develop. Actually speaking, I visualise so many things to be done once the Bhoodan movement is complete. But we have not enough workers to cope with the task.

The main idea is that we should bring about a revolution in people's thoughts. That is not likely to take place through enactment, through legislatures. We have at last got at a point where we can take a final stand and that is the idea of Bhoodan and Sampattidan. Here is an opportunity for everyone to take some part if he is willing to leave his property rights fully, or if he cannot do that, partly. Thus revolutionary ideas spread through the country.

There is a great difference between violent revolution and non-

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violent revolution. The latter is entirely dependent upon mobilising the sanction of the enlightened masses. In a scheme of non-violent revolution, the greatest emphasis is upon changing the views of the people and their methods of behaviour in society. In a violent revolution it is the power of the State, with all its vast appendages, which plays a decisive role. In the Soviet Union, after the revolution, big landlords fled away and the peasants occupied all the land left behind. But the values of human society did not change essentially. The question remained one of "my" property and "your" property. So, when the State took up the task of collectivising agriculture, which essentially meant renunciation of property rights by the masses of peasantry, then they had to pay a heavy price for the transformation. Nearly two crores of people had to be uprooted from their ancestral land and sent away to Siberia. What I would like to say is that a society of Sarvodaya conception will not come by sharpening the conflict of interests.

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What do we see in Russia? Lenin had said that there would be no differences between the salaries of the officers and labourers. Today, in the Soviet Union the difference between the salary of the worker and that of the officer is 80 times. Lenin had said that after the revolution the State will wither away. But today we find that the State power in Russia has assumed gigantic proportions.

The conclusion is obvious. It is not possible to achieve any success through developing the power of the State. The real method lies in developing the power of the masses and their moral strength. We have before us the slogan of Welfare State. I would like the Sarvodaya workers to fully understand the various concepts which seem to be jumbled up in this much-talked-of Welfare State. It is a slow-moving conception of changing society into a socialistic one.

But our Bhoodan movement is not merely one among the many other numerous activities. It is the *main work* today. Vinobaji first got the inspiration. He has become the means for this task. Whatever it may be, I must say that revolution cannot be accomplished by work at leisure. If we want revolution we will have to work with quick speed. I therefore call upon everyone who in their heart of hearts believe in the Sarvodaya ideals to jump straight into this movement.

[Condensed from his speech at Puri.]

A man without religion is like a ship without a rudder.
—Mahatma Gandhi.

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Immortal India—19 *J. H. Dave*

PUSHKAR

सर्वतीर्थेषु राजेन्द्र तीर्थं त्रैलोक्यविश्रुतम्।
पुष्करं नाम विख्यातं महाभागः समाविशेत्।
दशकोटिसहस्राणि तीर्थानां वै महामते।
सान्निध्यं पुष्करे येषां त्रिसन्ध्यं कुरुनन्दन॥
—वनपर्व ८०;२०,२१

SAGE Pulastya describes to veteran Bhishma the greatness of the various Tirthas. After introducing them generally, he mentions them one by one. The first and foremost in Pulastya's list is Pushkar.

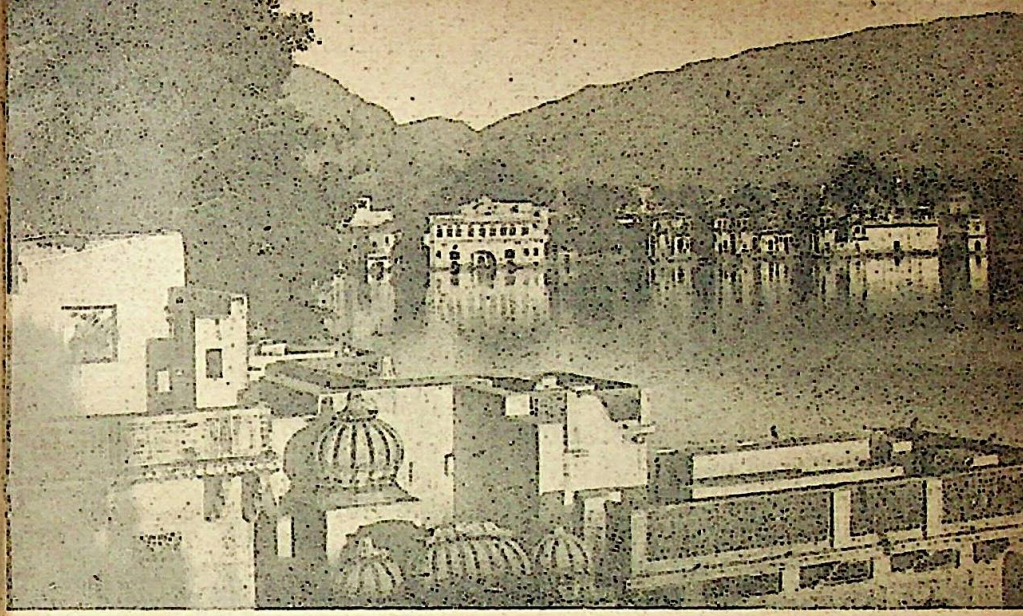
Says Pulastya, "O Rajendra! the learned scion of the Kuru family! Only the lucky can visit Pushkar —the best and the most universally known Tirtha among all Tirthas. Ten thousand crores of them abide here permanently."

The sacred Lake of Pushkar is situated seven miles west of Ajmer. Between the two lies the Nag Parbat or the serpent mountain. In the narrow valley surrounded by rocky hills stands this most sacred lake in India which is since time immemorial frequented by millions of Hindus year after year. It is called Pushkar-Raja or the king of Tirthas. Visits to other famous spots like the four Dhamas—Badari, Puri, Rameshwar and Dwaraka—would be incomplete without a bath in Pushkar waters. The grandfather of all creation, Brahma, eternally stays here and is being worshipped by Gods and Demons alike. One visiting Pushkar in the month of Kartik secures the abode of Brahma. All sins committed from birth onwards are said to be destroyed by a mere bath here. "Just as Krishna deserved the first place of honour among men and Gods, so too is Pushkar said to be the first among all Tirthas" (Vanaparva) पुष्करादीनि तीर्थानि। If we want to make even a casual reference to Tirthas, the invariable phrase used is "Tirthas beginning with Pushkar".

It is said "everything was pure in the Krita age; in Treta Pushkar became sacred; in Dwapara Kurukshetra; and in Kali age Ganga became sacred." (Vana parva 83-90). This shows the antiquity of Pushkar in the matter of sacredness.

Anusasana Parva 64-9 groups together Pushkar, Prabhas, Naimisha, Ocean, Devika (Sarayu), and the Hiranyabindu Tirtha, and states that after a visit to these Tirthas, one has only to be awakened by welcome speeches of

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The Holy Lake at Pushkar

heavenly damsels in the Vimana carrying him to heaven, of course, after death.

पुष्करं च प्रभासं च नैमिषं सागरोदकम्।
देविकामिन्द्रमार्गं च स्वर्णबिन्दुं विगाह्य च।
विबोध्यते विमानस्थः सोऽप्सरोभिरभिष्टुतः॥

Pushkar is referred to in *Valmiki Ramayana* Balakanda 61 as the place where Visvamitra settled down to perform penance. King Trisanku wanted to go to heaven in his physical form itself. He was driven out of heaven. He approached Visvamitra who finding that Trisanku was being hurled down became ready to create a new heaven for him with the strength of his spiritual lustre. The Gods compromised with Visvamitra and gave Trisanku a fit place in the sky. After this event, sage Visvamitra desired to squat down at some sacred spot so that none would disturb him in his penance. Then he came down to Pushkar.

एवमुक्त्वा महातेजाः पुष्करेषु महामुनिः।
तप उग्रं दुराधर्षं तेपे मूलफलाशनः॥
—*Balakanda* 61-4.

While Visvamitra was engrossed in his Tapas at Pushkar, Sunahsepa came to him seeking shelter. The version according to Balakanda 61 and 62 is this. King Ambarisha wanted to perform a sacrifice. The animal for the sacrifice was stolen by Indra. The sacrifice must be completed. It was suggested that a substitute could

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be given. Ambarisha offered a good price for that. One Richika (also called Agigarta) had three sons. The eldest was liked by the father, the youngest by the mother. The middle-one Sunahsepa, therefore offered himself as a substitute. Ambarisha while carrying him from his parents stopped at the Pushkar hermitage of Visvamitra. As Sunahsepa fell at the feet of the sage, the latter asked his sons whether any of them would substitute himself for Sunahsepa and thus save him. None came forward to do that charity and they were all cursed by the sage. Then Visvamitra gave two special gathas to Sunahsepa whereby Indra was pleased and Sunahsepa was released. Thereafter Visvamitra again continued his penance. He was once disturbed therein by Menaka who stayed with him for 10 years. Again he started penance. Then Rambha came to disturb him. This time the sage did not relent and cursed her to be a stone. The penance continued. Brahma himself came to him and made him a Brahmarishi. But no! ब्रह्मपुत्रो वसिष्ठो मामेवं वदतु देवता:! (Balakanda 64-24). He wished that Vasishtha must acknowledge him as such. Appreciation should come from the topmost leader in the line.

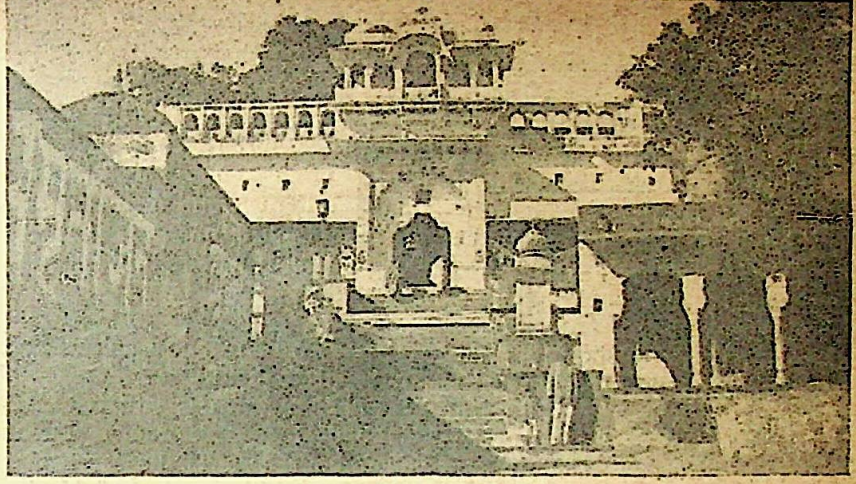
ततः प्रसादितो देवैर्वसिष्ठो जपतां वरः।
सख्यं चकार ब्रह्मर्षिरेवमस्त्विति चाब्रवीत्॥
विश्वामित्रोऽपि धर्मात्मा लब्ध्वा ब्राह्मण्यमुत्तमम्।
पूजयामास ब्रह्मर्षिं वसिष्ठं जपतां वरम्॥

Balakanda 65, 25 & 27.

"Vasishtha, the best of Munis, was then gratified by the Gods; he agreed to and did make peace and friendship with sage Visvamitra. The latter, too, having acquired the best of Brahminhood with his suaterities, honoured Brahmarshi Vasishtha, the great sage".

In Aitareya Brahmana 7-3, the story of Sunahsepa is narrated with reference to King Harischandra and not to Ambarisha. There the deity to be pleased was Varuna and not Indra. In *Rig Veda* 3-53 it is stated that Visvamitra had acquired the Sasarpari Vidya from Jamadagni. It could give mental brilliance and capacity to compose the best of literature in prose and verse (Sayana). The whole of the 3rd Mandala of *Rigveda* is attributed by tradition to Sage Visvamitra, proving the efficacy of this Sasarpari. He conversed with rivers Vipas (Beas) and Sutudri (Sutlej). He is the Rishi of the famous Gayatri *Mantra* (*Rigveda* 3-62-10) which means "We contemplate upon the lustre, most divine and the best, identical with the highest principle Tat,— The Bharga, which breaks the mass of darkness and ignorance—that lustre of the inner impeller Savitri, the Antaryamin of all. May he guide and direct our intellect to the righteous path." This prayer, as is evident from the verb "Dhimahi" in plural, is not merely an indi-

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Brahma's Temple at Pushkar

vidual but also a mass prayer of the humanity. This *gayatri* is called the essence and the mother of Vedas. It originated from the intuition of that sage who acquired the higest Brahmavarchas and spiritual supremacy through continued self-discipline and the most severe austerities and who stuffed in it the entire Bala of his accumulated Tapas. It has been adopted by the whole of Bharata as the quintessence of Vedas. Without it there can be no initiation. It is the *mantra* repeated with worshipful reverence by millions since millenniums and the countless devout have contributed their mite in augmenting its strength.



Padma purana (srishti, 15 to 19) describes Pushkar in detail. Once, Brahma was taking a round of the earth. He came across the forest near Pushkar. It was like Nandanavana, pleasing the eyes, full of green trees, fragrant flowers, and sweet fruits. Brahma who was holding a lotus in his hand was very happy to be there. The trees welcomed him with a shower of flowers. Pitamaha Brahma accepted their hospitality and asked the trees to seek any grace they desired. The trees requested the Pitamaha to stay for ever in the Pushkar forest. Brahma granted the grace and stayed there for a thousand years. This was the first and the great *Vana-Mahotsava*, where trees luxuriantly grown invited the Lord Creator to accept the flowered bouquets reverantially offered by them.

While Brahma was at this place, he once dropped on the ground the lotus in his hand. It created an enormous sound and shook the earth. Gods came to Brahma and asked him what it was. Brahma explained that there was a demon called Vajranabha who was killing young children; he had therefore killed the demon with the lotus

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sanctified with *mantras*. The place where that lotus was thrown became known thereafter as the Pushkar (Lotus) Tirtha. The lotus which fell from his hand rebounded at three places and at all of them water issued forth from the ground. These three places are situated within a circuit of six miles and are known as the Jyeshtha, the Madhya, and the Kanishtha Pushkar. The presiding deities of the three are Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra.

At Jyeshtha Pushkar, Brahma resolved to perform a sacrifice. Brahma was to perform it with his wife Savitri. At the appointed hour of the Yajna, Savitri got very late as she was waiting for her female friends. The hour was so auspicious that Brahma would not let that moment pass without the intended Yajna. He therefore asked Indra to find out a suitable girl for him to sit by his side as his wife for the Yajna. Indra secured a Gopa Kanya. She was thrown into a cow's mouth and on her rebirth from the cow she was called Gayatri. Brahma married her and kept his time. In the meantime Siva caused interruption in that sacrifice. He was somehow pacified on the Gods undertaking to build a temple of Siva at Pushkar. The sacrifice then proceeded. At this moment Savitri came. She saw Gayatri in her place and was naturally, highly enraged. There were curses, counter-curses, and then the suggestions of the means to restrict the effect of these curses. Savitri cursed Brahma by saying that none would worship him. Savitri then went away to a hill to the South of Pushkar where there is still a temple dedicated to her.



At Pushkar no animals are allowed to be killed.

Pushkar town is situated on the lake of the same name. Pushkar is famous as a Tirtha for Brahma. On the full-moon day of Kartik a great fair is held at this place. On this day, Brahma is worshipped throughout India. The old temples of Pushkar were destroyed by Aurangazeb. The present temples, Dharmashalas and Ghats are constructed by the Rajputana Princes. In Kartik, lacs of pilgrims visit this place. The area round about this lake is famous for lotuses. It is said that river Saraswati starts from this Pushkar lake after it disappeared at Vinasana near Kurukshetra. Pushkar is the vedi or the sacrificial altar of Pitamaha Brahma. There are various ghats like Brahma-Ghat, Gaughat, Kapala-mochana-ghat, Badarighat and Swarupghat.

The story of Swarup ghat is this. In the 9th century, the famous Parihar King Narhar Rao came here while hunting, and finding a pool of water in this area, he took a little of it in his hands to drink. Immediately, the white spots in his hands were cured with the mere touch of the water. He therefore rebuilt the lake which

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was in a bad condition and built new ghats on all sides.

In Pushkar there are temples of Brahma, Badarinarayan, Varahaji, Atmeswar Mahadeo and Savitri. The temple of Brahma is the biggest and the most important. The old one was broken by Aurangazeb and the present one was rebuilt by Gokul Chand Parekh, a Minister of Scindhia, in 1809 A.D. The old temple of Varahaji was built by Arnoraja (1123-50 A.D.) who also built the Anasagar at Ajmer. It was repaired at the time of Akbar by Sagar, brother of the famous Rana Pratap of Chitor. This Varahaji's temple was broken by Jehangir in 1613 A.D. and again by Aurangazeb. It was reconstructed in 1727 A.D. by Maharaja Jai Singh II of Jaipur. The temple of Badari Nathji was repaired by the Thakur of Kharva of Ajmer in 1800 A.D. and that of Atmesvara Mahadeo by Goomanji, Rao, the Maratha Subedar of Ajmer (1809-16 A.D.) That of Savitri was built by the Purohit of Maharaja Ajit Singh of Marwar (1687-24 A.D.)

There is also a modern temple of Shri Rangji of the Ramanuja Vaishnavas.

In the temple of Brahmaji, there is the image of Brahma with four faces; on the left is Gayatri and on the right is Savitri. Near the dome are the images of Sanakadi brothers.

Near the Yajna Kund at Pushkar, there is the hermitage of Sage Agastya. It is said that Rama, Sita and Lakshmana had their ceremonial bath in Pushkar. The legend is that King Parikshit had performed the serpent-sacrifice at Pushkar.

Vishnu Dharma Sutra (100 to 300 A.D.) Ch. 85, 1 to 3, says

पुष्करेष्वक्षयं श्राद्धम्। जप्यहोमतपांसि च।
पुष्करे स्नानमात्रात्सर्वपापेभ्यः पूतो भवति।

"A sraddha performed at Pushkar yields inexhaustible merit. So too do the Japa, Homa, and Tapas. A mere bath here purifies one from all sins."

★

Pushkar is one of the very rare Tirthas where Brahma, one of the three Gods of the Hindu Trinity is being worshipped even today.

In the later Vedic hymns, the highest position is given to Visvakarma (*R.V.* 10; 81 and 82). He is an all-seeing God with faces in all directions. He is the creator of heaven and earth, knows all, and cannot be comprehended by mortals. He is also called Dhatri, and Vidhatri. Brihaspati and Brahmanaspati are also given attributes of the supreme being. Prajapati is called the creator and identified with Hiranyagarbha and Ka. One full hymn is addressed to him (*R.V.* 10-121). Throughout the hymn he is referred to as the God 'Ka', the preposition "who". Only the last *Rik* makes it clear that the God prayed is Prajapati. In later

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Samhitas and Brahmanas Prajapati is regarded as the chief of the Gods, the father of not only Gods but also of Asuras and as the first sacrificer. He creates the worlds, the Vedas and the varnas. He is identified with Brahma (masculine).

One of the legends of Prajapati is his incest with his daughter Ushas who ran away from him after becoming a female deer. Prajapati assumed the form of a male deer and followed her. Rudra, angry at the incest, aimed an arrow at him. *Aitaraya Brahmana* 3-33 says that Rudra was created by the Gods out of terrible substances to punish Prajapati. This myth is transferred to the sky where the deer (Mriga), the archer (Mriga Vyadha) and the arrow (Isu Trikanda) are still pointed out in the form of stars. Rudra represents the wrath against incest and sensuality and the sublimity of the ethical principles. See Pushpadanta's *Mahimnastotra,* verse 22:

प्रजानाथं नाथ ! प्रसभमभिकं स्वां दुहितरं
गतं रोहिद्भूतां रिरमयिषुमृष्यस्य वपुषा ।
धनुष्पाणे र्यातं दिवमपि सपत्राकृतममुं
त्रसन्तं तेऽद्यापि त्यजति न मृगव्याधरभसः ॥

"Lord! Your arrow, from the hand wielding the bow like that of an archer hunting a deer, does not leave even now the terrified Prajapati who is afflicted with the wound of your arrow and who desired to have a forced incest on his daughter who had assumed the form of a deer, and who with that intention was even following her in the sky."

The other legend is the fight between Narayana and Brahma for supremacy. Both saw in between them a column of light which was Siva. Siva asked both of them to find out the upper and lower ends of this column of light. Vishnu went down but returned unsuccessful. Brahma went up and though unable to find it out, he fabricated the evidence of a cow and a ketaki. He was found out and this incident is said to have made Brahma the last in the Trinity and one whose worship was avoided. Another instance of Rudra insisting on truth, and meting out punishment on ethical principles even to the most highly placed. Brahma performed severe penances by way of expiation on the Gandhamadana Mount and then only his worship was restored.

At the time of the destruction of the Tripura Demon by Siva, Brahma had become Siva's charioteer and Vishnu had become the arrow.

Brahma had originally five heads but once on quarrel with Siva, the latter plucked his fifth head with his nail. Siva then had the demerit of Brahmahatya which followed him. Siva, in expiation, had to move abegging with a skull-bowl in his hand and it was only near Kashi that Siva could get rid of the begging bowl or Kapala and the Tirtha at Kashi is therefore

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known as the Kapala Mochana Tirtha. That even Rudra could not escape Brahmahatya again establishes the supremacy of the ethical principles.

Apart from these legends, the greatness of Brahma is frequently referred to in the Upanishads. He was the first to be created. He imparted the Brahma Vidya to sage Atharvan. Similarly he imparted the highest knowledge to Narada. Prajapati imparted knowledge to Indra and Virochana alike, though Indra being more disciplined understood the purport much better. *(Chhandogya Upanishad).*

Many theories of world-creation are referred to in Puranas. In most of them Brahma is connected. He was born of the lotus from the navel of Vishnu. He then created the world in the same manner in which it originally was before it was absorbed into him at the time of Pralaya. Vedas came from him. Gayatri also came from him. She never leaves Brahma. He is called the Pitamaha.

In portions of the *Markandeya Purana* and the *Padma Purana,* Brahma is identified with the highest Brahman (neuter) of the Upanishads. It is believed that *Padma Purana,* which also contains the Pushkar Mahakavya, was originally a *Brahma Purana.* Padma and Pushkara both mean a lotus. In the Trimurti, Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra represent the three gunas of the Prakriti, the Rajas, the Satva, and the Tamas. But beyond these three, the fourth and the highest principle is said to control all the three. This fourth or the Turiya is identified by Saivas with Siva, Bhagavatas with Vishnu, Sauras with the Sun, Saktas with Sakti, Brahmas with Brahma, Ganapatyas with Ganapati etc. The wise describe the same highest principle in different ways.

एकं सद् विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति

(RV. I-164-46).

Rig Veda describes it in the form of Hiranyagarbha, Ka or Prajapati in this way:

हिरण्यगर्भः समवर्तताग्रे
भूतस्य जातः पतिरेक आसीत् ।
स दाधार पृथिवीं द्यामुतेमां
कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
प्रजापते न त्वदेतान्यन्यो
विश्वा जातानि परि ता बभूव ।
यत्कामास्ते जुहुमस्तन्नो अस्तु
वयं स्याम पतयो रयीणाम् ॥

"Prajapati, the embryo in the Golden egg, existed before this world was created. On being born as this world, he became its one Lord. He supported the heaven and the earth. To 'which deity' shall we worship with offerings?

"O Prajapati! None other than you can pervade this entire creation. With whatever aspirations we worship you, let those be fulfilled. Let us be prosperous."

Rigveda 10-121, 1 and 10

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KEY TO THE DOOR OF PEACE

G. L. Mehta

INDIA does not want to assume the leadership of Asia; indeed, we have to think in these days not in terms of leadership but of partnership. Situated as India is in the centre of Asia, we do desire to develop closer relations, economic and cultural, with countries in that area.

The countries of Asia and Africa comprising sixty per cent of the world's population and forty per cent of its land area have a gross national income which is only eight per cent of the world's total income.

We do wish to expand our trade, increase our knowledge and information about other lands, give and receive technical advice and build up useful contacts.

We feel that the forces which give rise to totalitarian movements in Asia should be properly understood; unrest in Asia has many phases and facets. There is a deep yearning for national independence in many lands and there are economic causes of discontent which cannot be ignored.

We feel that there is inadequate recognition of the importance of Asia in the counsels of nations. For instance, Asia is hardly represented in the Security Council of the United Nations. Asian countries feel that they have little say even in settling Asian problems.

Equality of status and co-operation on a free and equal basis are more conducive to mutual understanding than aid and alliances.

But the emphasis on the importance of Asia which contains such a large part of the world's popula-

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tion, which has immense natural resources and has great potentialities of development in future does not involve any doctrine of exclusiveness; it does not connote any movement of "Asia for Asians".

Speaking on 24th April, 1954, at the time of the Geneva Conference, when Prime Minister Nehru submitted his six-point proposal for an Indo-China settlement, he said:—

"We do not seek any special role in Asia nor do we champion any narrow and sectional Asian regionalism. We only seek to keep for ourselves and for the adherence of others, particularly our neighbours, a peace area and a policy of non-alignment and non-commitment to world tensions and wars. This is essential for us for our own sake, and can alone enable us to make our contributions to lowering world tensions and further disarmament and world peace. Peace to us is not just a fervent hope; it is an urgent necessity."

Events have proved that co-operation among Asian and African nations is essential not merely for achievement of their rightful place in the comity of nations but also to extend the area of peaceful co-operation. In so far as these countries achieve political stability and strengthen their mutual relations, in so far as they develop their economies and improve the conditions of their masses, to that extent they will contribute to the forces making for peace in the East as well as in the West.

No one country possesses the key which would unlock the door of peace. There are no short-cuts to an international society. We are all searching for common ends in which peoples of different countries sometimes help one another, sometimes seem to get into one another's way and unwittingly hamper or impede one another. As Burke said: "We can never walk surely but by being sensible of our blindness."

[*From his speech before the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations.*]

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Manubhai C. Pandya

SAGE KAPILA

KAPILA is the reputed founder of the Sankhya which was at first theistic philosophy but later on in about the 4th century A.D. became atheistic in the time of Isvara Krishna the author of *Sankhya Karika.*

Kapila was a historical personage of an age not later than 700 B.C., distinguished from the mythical figure of the same name mentioned in the *Svetasvatara Upanishad* where it stands for Hiranyagarbha.

In the *Bhagvadgita* Kapila is mentioned as the sage who had obtained perfection and liberation and as a Vibhuti or partial manifestation of the Lord. The *Ramayana* also refers to Kapila as a historic personage and a great sage.

Further light is thrown on his personality by Vyasa, the author of the commentary on the *Yoga Sutra* and Vachaspati Misra author of a gloss on the commentary of Vyasa, both of whom refer to a tradition according to which Kapila the historic personage was called *Adividvan* (the first of the knowers) and *Bhagavan Paramarishi* (the revered great sage).

Lastly the *Bhagavata Purana* lays special stress on his being the first in the line of the *Siddhas* (perfected souls) who had by spiritual enlightment secured liberation. In the *Bhagavata Purana* Kapila is mentioned as the son of the sage Kardama by Devahuti who was married to him by her father Manu Svayambhu. There is an account in the said Purana of the religious discourse of Kapila—the son of Kardama and Grandson of Manu to his mother Devahuti whereby Kapila imparted to her, discriminating knowledge of the highest spiritual principle identified with Vasudeva as distinct from Prakriti (nature) which teaching was received by him from his grandfather Manu Svayambhu. Thereafter, Kapila is said to have renounced the world and retired to a lonely place.

*

Kapila has been recognised by tradition to be a historic personage. From a quotation in *Vyasa Bhashya* on *Yoga-sutras* traced by Vachaspati Misra in his gloss thereon to a work of Panchasikhacharya it appears that according to the tradition, "the revered sage Kapila had out of compassion

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taught the *tantra* i.e., the science of Sankhya to his pupil Asuri who was anxious to be enlightened."

Asuri on his part taught the knowledge to his pupil Panchasikha. The said tradition of *Sankhya Karika* of Isvara Krishna who derived knowledge of the Sankhya doctrine handed down to him by a tradition of successive teachers and pupils as stated in the *Karika*.

As regards Asuri it may be mentioned that, he is one of the teachers whose name is mentioned in the *Vans'a Brahmana* at the end of the 6th Chapter of *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*. All these three teachers were reversed by the orthodox *Vaidikas* as theistic and not atheistic.

Though there is a controversy and doubt among several European scholars about the historic existence of the said personage, yet from sources of contemporary literature it appears that there is no reason for doubting the correctness of the said tradition and that the verse in the *Sankhya Karika* reiterating the same teachers and in the same order is a merely versified form of the statement of Panchasikha whose views were more akin to the Vedanta of the Upanishads.

The classical Sankhya was clearly of a later age. It has eliminated the twenty-sixth principle, Isvara—God though recognised in the *Yogasutra* of Patanjali and has enumerated twenty-five categories only, including twenty-three emanations of Prakriti (nature) and two eternal principles of Prakriti (nature) and Purusa (spirit) set against one another.

The classical Sankhya of Isvara Krishna, though atheistic and without a belief in a personal God, yet it cannot be derived from materialism pure and simple as stated above but from materialism, supplemented by a belief in spirit set against matter.

Mr. Keith in this connection observes "with this accords the fact brought out by Professor Jecobi, that the presence in the list of Rishis invoked in the Tarpana ceremonial (daily religious practice of the orthodox Brahmanas) includes name of Sankhya authorities (viz., the teachers Kapila, Asuri and Panchasikha) and that at one time the Sankhya appears to have been studied in communities based on the same principles as Vedic Schools, whose members were united by the ideal of attaining self-perfection by spiritual discipline."

Poverty is a thing created by that which is called civilized life.

—Thomas Paine.

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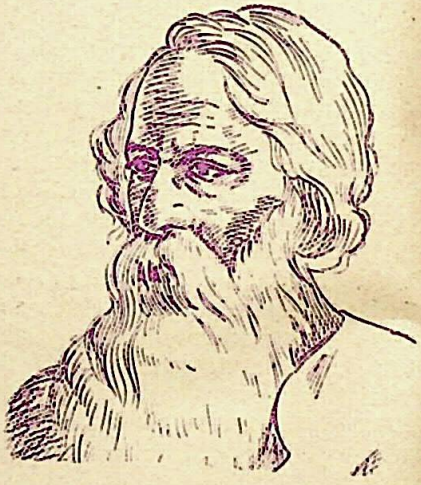
C. F. Andrews

POET TAGORE

IF I were asked to analyse the outstanding things in the Poet's own character that have drawn me to him most of all, I should mention in the first place the fearless love of freedom and passionate devotion to truth, which make him the most daring adventurer of our own times, both in his thoughts and his actions.

He has learnt the secret of perpetual youth. He has always retained the heart of a child, and has also kept the eager outlook of new-comer upon the future. He is filled with admiration, hope and love. Suffering may come to him in incredible forms of pain. No one has suffered more acutely and sensitively than he has done. But as long as the ideal is set before him and a fresh adventure of faith and hope is in sight, he will go through torture, almost intolerable, to one of his supremely refined nature, in order to reach his goal.

The goal itself with him is always glorious, always noble. He had the poet's deep love for the colour and music, the song and drama of life. But all the time, there is an austerity of refinement



Gurudev

that is fastidious in its purity, lest the ideal itself should become debased and the aim low. He cannot bear for a single moment that the beauty of the end in view should be tarnished by any meanness in the process. At the same time his moral idealism is never formal or conventional. It rests upon an unerring aesthetic instinct, which is like a strain of music played upon a perfect instrument by a master-hand. The slightest discord mars for him the whole song. It jars upon his inner spirit, creating an agony which

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less sensitive natures could not for a moment understand.

One incident is vividly recalled to my mind, which I personally witnessed in Japan. When he was in the country, he was asked on one occasion to write a short poem concerning a deed of violence which had been committed by two chiefs of rival clans. They had fought from dawn till evening on a grassy plateau, high up in the hills near Hakone. A great rock overshadowed the place. When the sun had set on that day of battle both the warriors had fallen dead, smitten with many wounds, and the ground had been covered with their blood. The leaders of the Japanese people who had come to the spot with the Poet, asked him to write an epigram in a few words commemorating this heroic occasion.

I could see, at that moment, the strained anguish of the Poet's face as he quickly grasped the incident just as it had occurred and shrank back from it in his own mind in horror. In a moment, with a quick gesture, he wrote these words:

"They hated and fought and killed each other:
And God in shame covered their blood with His own grass."

The beauty of the thought was only equalled by its daring. It is his spirit, ever new, ever young, ever fresh with the fulness of new life, and tender with the wisdom of sorrow, that has continually won my heart and quickened my inner spirit.

There is a sentence in the *Book of Psalms* of David that I have often remembered when Rabindranath Tagore's personality has come before me in some unexpected aspect of greatness. The psalmist speaking to the Divine Lord says:

"Thy humidity hath made me great."

That verse is true of the Poet. The divine humility in him has made him great. He is humble as a little child. The immortal spirit within him, keeping him thus childlike, has wrought this sovereign inspiration of true genius.

There is one more significant passage, this time taken from the *Sermon on the Mount,* which seems more than any other to complete for me the whole picture. It runs thus:—

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

In the untarnished mirror of his own innocent and childlike heart the vision of God is reflected.

[From *Golden Book of Tagore.*]

History never embraces more than a small part of reality.

—La Rochefoucauld.

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If wrinkles must be written upon the brow, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should never grow old.

—James A. Garfield.

GROW OLD HAPPILY

Norman Peale & Smiley Blanton

THERE is a time in our lives when sheer drive and energy, or beauty in the case of women, overshadows such traits as selfishness, or irritability, or an insistence on dominating others. But when that youthful drive, or that loveliness of youth, is gone, unpleasant traits have a way of standing out with startling clarity. In the middle years and beyond, deficiencies of personality not only become increasingly and painfully obvious but also have a tendency to assert themselves more and more, until they take over the whole personality.

The person inclined, at twenty-six, to repeat his jokes occasionally or tell over-long stories, may become an interminable bore at sixty. The short-tempered, irritable youngster who is merely an annoyance to his friends becomes, if he is not careful, a hopelessly angry and irascible old man, shunned by all. An exaggerated but rather harmless sense of economy in youth may develop into a contemptible miserliness. Or an over-inclination to worry may develop in the final years into a shattering state of anxiety.

Before we reach even the middle years, it is wise to stop and take stock of ourselves. There is still time enough to alter those tendencies in the character which we have managed to gloss over in the past but which will, if not remedied now, cause real unhappiness later. And there is still time to cultivate those character traits which will help us to grow older happily. Our happiness and well-being depend on those attitudes which will gain for us the love and respect of our families and friends. We need to cultivate generosity, kindness, unselfishness, sympathy, tolerance, an appreciation of the value of every individual as an individual, and a willingness to let other people think and feel differently than we do without becoming angry at them. And, above all, we need to cultivate the ability to listen. These are qualities of mind

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and heart which will enrich the passing years. Such attitudes, if they are deeply ingrained in our personalities, will not diminish as our physical powers inevitably must. But, without them, we invite a sad, embittered loneliness.

The displacing of unpleasant and destructive attitudes with pleasant and creative ones is a most urgent task of the middle years. Another, and no less important task, is the combatting of a certain cynicism which frequently assails one at this time. The most dangerous pitfall in the process of growing older is this disillusionment and lack of faith.

Some of the more apparent physical changes which come in the forties are a hard blow to many people, harder to take, often, than lack of unqualified success, particularly to those who have taken great pride in their physical charm, or in their sheer energy or strength. Baldness, graying hair, wrinkles that spread their net from eyes to forehead and finally to the whole face, flabbiness of figure, all viewed with daily despair in the mirror, are taken as proof that the best of life is finished. Our contemporary civilization places a false emphasis on the value of youth and beauty as compared to other virtues. Advertisements, the motion pictures and much popular fiction din into our minds the superficial idea that surface loveliness is what really counts.

Men, sensing a loss of strength and virility, fruitlessly and pathetically assert that they are "as good as they ever were." But in the physical sense, and of course only that, they are not. They may play thirty-six holes of golf, or six sets of tennis in the broiling sun to prove the unprovable. But they are just letting their feeling of inferiority drive them to excesses which, unhappily, often result in physical injury.

The same fear of losing their grip may drive them to overcompensate in other directions. It is not uncommon, for example, to see men in their forties get involved in a series of flirtations with women much younger than themselves. It is frequently observed that men who have led straightforward, sane lives sometimes suddenly embark on extramarital affairs that violate their consciences and the moral standards they have faultlessly adhered to until now.

In their self-induced blindness they are unable to see the one all-important truth which can guide them through the difficult, complicated period of growing older; that real, lasting charm and beauty and virility exist not primarily in the body but in the spirit. The most effective prescription for growing older with success and dignity is a steady, persistent development of one's inner resources.

Most people who age before their time do so not because of stiffening joints or muscles, but because

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of stiffening minds which become rigid with intolerance, and irritability and selfishness. But as long as the mind remains alert, flexible, tolerant, and undominated by hatred and resentment, it can function at peak efficiency well beyond three score years and ten.

The athlete is soon "old", because his standards are those set for muscles. But the brain worker, the musician, the chemist, the engineer, for example, need never be. A baseball star's prowess fades in his late thirties; but a writer, such as Somerset Maugham, may be powerfully productive in his seventies. The fine co-ordination of eye, muscle and nerve may lose its sharp edge, but the creative mind and soul gather experience and skill from year to year. They become stronger and more resourceful. But, for this to happen, the person must become wiser and more honest with himself.

And so the wise person, as he grows older, must turn to the perfecting of his creative and appreciative abilities, which mellow and improve with age. He must take inventory of his personality, realising that whatever it is now, so it will tend to be in later years, multiplied many times.

Young or old, our greatest interest tends always to centre in ourselves. But now is the time to give that up; it is a luxury that the aging cannot afford! By building up interests completely outside of ourselves, aches and pains and unhappiness can be minimized. Self-centredness is a deadly disease that destroys the creative outgoing part of us. The more points at which we touch the world around us, the more tendrils of affection we send out from our hearts, the less likely we are to wither in spirit.

A man of about fifty who looked much older, complained of feeling very nervous and unable to sleep. A medical examination had shown there was nothing organically wrong with him. Thoroughly discontented with his life and with himself, he felt that his time had just about run out. Certainly there seemed nothing left that gave him any real pleasure.

He had been married, though he had no children, and a good many years previously his wife had gone away with another man. He had been left with a savage bitterness toward the world and everyone in it. For the past ten years he had lived by himself and for himself. In his opinion there was no one who could be trusted. He simply endured life. He hated it and was waiting to die.

Practically his only social contacts were through his yearly attendance at his college reunions, for his college was one of the few things about which he was not utterly disillusioned. After several talks with him, we suggested that he might want to do something for his college: setting up a scholarship, for instance, for some boy who could not afford tuition. This appealed to him and he did it.

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He began to take a personal interest in the first youngster he helped in this way. And, since he had a generous income, he could afford to expand his new-found activity. Before too long a time he was making it financially possible for no less than twelve boys to go through college. This became the paramount interest of his life. He thought of these boys as his sons, and he loved them as much as if they had been his own. In ten years he not only helped send nearly a hundred boys through college, but also gave many of them a start in business or professional life.

The change in him was truly remarkable. His nervousness and tenseness disappeared. He began to sleep well. And he now weighed what he should weigh. Most important of all, he was really happy. Getting an interest outside of himself had brought about a rejuvenation of his body and mind. This process literally transformed his life. He forgot himself, but scores of men will never forget him!

No matter how vigorously one attacks life, no matter how consistently one refuses to be whipped by it, there comes inevitably the time when life has a tendency to run down and grow stale. As long as one wakes up each morning and eagerly thinks what great things may happen that very day, one is young. But when the first waking thought is "Well, it's just the same old grind. One more round of the same old things. Nothing good or different can happen to me today, nothing but more of the same." then something has gone out of life. When that attitude gets to be a chronic state, age has really overtaken a person, no matter what the sum of the years may be. The creative process has unwound itself; the spring has gone out of life. It has run down.

So the ideas need to be freshened up. There is a desperate need for a new sense of adventure and eagerness. It takes a true re-creation to restore the old zest and the old pleasure in living. The cause of this feeling of dullness may be family burdens, business cares, routine, monotony, or just plain disillusionment; but these are all of the spirit, and they indicate that the spirit is in trouble.

The cure is to drink again of the Eternal Fountain of energy and interest which is God. One must bring God into the very centre of his life. When this is done, the vitality and the sense of wonder and boundless enthusiasm will be restored. Both the mind and the heart will be renewed.

To live with power and to achieve self-fulfilment is to bring God from the shadowy edges of the mind into its bright centre. It is to master the most demanding and yet the most rewarding of all human achievements, the art of real happiness.

[Courtesy: *Omnibook.*]

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Our Fortnightly Profile—21

NGO DINH DIEM

OF all the Prime Ministers of Asia, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem of South Viet-Nam is the most unenviable today. He finds himself at the wheel of a new Noah's Ark whose passengers are the hostile communists, a pathetic, absentee emperor, religious fanatics, feudal warlords with crocodiles as pets, uniformed hoodlums, racket bosses and gratuitous advisers, with endless D.P.'s crossing over from communist North and an empty treasury.

With the Geneva Plan and the calendar dangling over his head like the sword of Democles, Diem would appear to be hopelessly matched against the well-entrenched Dr. Ho on the other side. But if his study of Gandhian technique is going to pay any dividend and his recent handling of the cabinet crisis is any indication of his ability, the odds are not quite uneven with him.

Five feet-four, weighing just one hundred and forty-three pounds, of stocky build, Diem looks young at 54. A tuft of black hair shrouds his troubled head. The deep lines on his forehead stamp his past ordeals and present resilience. Under heavy lids, his round eye-balls betray a certain loneliness. By nature, he is an introvert and would need to be drawn into a conversation rather than of his own accord.

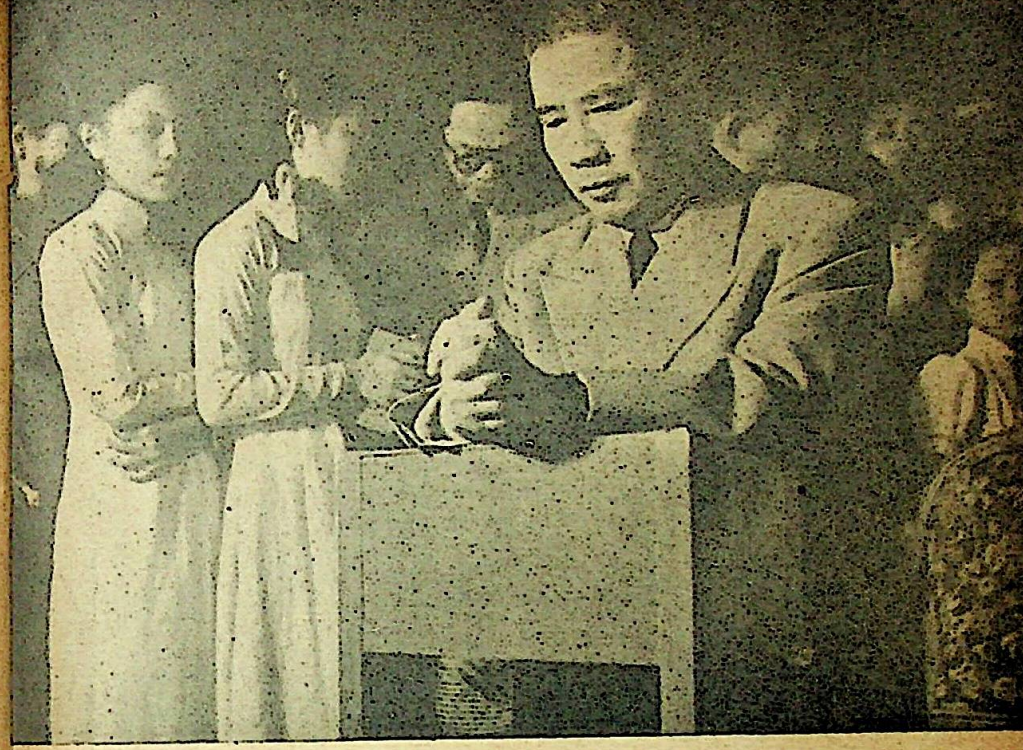
A devout Roman Catholic by faith, Nationalist by profession, he has a monkish appearance although one will not fail to detect his penchant for the shark-skin suits of the Western type. The Christian saints and Gandhiji fascinate him. He owned a personal library of over 10,000 volumes on similar stuff but the communists burnt them when they raided his place.

Diem's moral convictions are impeccable and it is said that his heart palpitates at the sight of women, so much so the female of the species is taboo in his personal staff.

In a sense Diem is a man of contrasts; for although he is indulgent, it is not uncommon to find him snarl, shout and spit on a person who touches him on the raw. He likes hunting—especially the tiger and the duck.

Diem comes of a family which is famous as the defenders of Viet-Nam against the Chinese for over a thousand years. They became converts in the 17th century. His

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Premier Diem kneeling in prayer

father, a mandarine at the emperor's court, was a leading educationist and was in command of the eunuchs at the royal harem. He wore silken robes and grew two-inch finger-nails. His octogenarian mother lives in Hue—his birthplace.

Born as the third among nine children, Diem was groomed for the priestly order and therefore trained in deep religious traditions. As a toddler he flew into tantrums when obstructed. At five he won a prize for assiduousness; at 20 he graduated at the top of his class.

He started opposing French colonial rule in his early twenties. Even at that time Ho Chi Minh was active and Diem had the opportunity of measuring up with him by counter activities.

At 28 he became a provincial Governor and at 32, Minister of the Interior in the French puppet Government which post he chucked off in protest. For seven years he was in the wilderness biding his time, all the while offering active passive resistance to French exploitation of his country.

In the aftermath of World War II, the French, the Communists and the Japanese who were then

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on the Viet-Namese soil sought his Nationalist support, all of whom he refused as none of them would do good to the country. In 1945, Ho's troops arrested him, burnt his books and buried his elder brother alive. He was released after four months.

The French looked for some one who would hold their baby with impunity and offered him on 15th June 1954, the Prime Ministership of South Viet-Nam which he accepted with a view to finding through it a way to help his country free itself from foreign exploitation.

When he joined, the treasury was empty and communications disorganised. Conditions were chaotic. Yet he set himself the task of redeeming his country under these handicaps. What transpired later, the Civil War, the deposing of Bo Dai, the U.S.-French discord and the 'Big 3' meet in Paris to resolve the crisis form current history.

RAMA AND KRISHNA—(*Concld.*)

his saviour. The old man was before them both. The one saw Rama in the old man and the other saw Krishna in him. Both rushed forward to embrace their respective heroes but the old man vanished from the scene and they found themselves in each other's embrace!

Rama and Krishna as indeed all Gods of the Indian pantheon are thus one and the same Reality. May they enter into the hearts of the people of this great land! May sin and suffering diminish! and may there be universal peace, happiness and prosperity!

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

OUR COLLEGE

On May 15, Prof. Correia-Afonso, M.A., (Oxon.) retired from the Principalship of the Bhavan's Arts & Science College and assumed



Prof. Correia-Afonso

charge as the Head of the new English Academy of the Bhavan. Our good wishes are with this devotee of learning for success in his new mission.

Dr. R. D. Adatia took over charge as principal of the Bhavan's Arts and Science College on same day. Students of Botany all over Western India know him well. Other universities too have engaged his learned services often.

Dr. Adatia passed his B.Sc. examination with Botany-Chemistry from the Bombay University in the First Class in the year 1934, and his Thesis for M.Sc. in Botany was accepted in the year 1937. He received his Doctorate in 1944. His teaching experience started from 1934 and has benefited many colleges in the Bombay State and the D. G. N. College, Hyderabad (Sind).

He joined Bhavan's College from its inception in 1946 and has been its Vice-Principal since 1947. He was Acting Principal in the year 1952-53. He is also a Fellow of the Bombay University and the Indian



Dr. R. D. Adatia

Botanical Society, a Member of the Managing Council of the Gujarat Research Society and the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad.

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Vetala Pachchisi—18 Serial

HARDATT'S PROBLEM

He is a thief and is stuck on the impaling-stake; but life would not part because he is unmarried; providence produces the maid who bears him a son under strange circumstances. But the latter's bewilderment is acute when three parents claim him as their son. That is the problem posed in this instalment. King Vikramaditya proves once again that he is more than a match for the wily ghoul.

YOUR majesty! There was a city named Kubalpur, the king of which was Sudakshi.

A merchant named Dhanakshi used also to live in that city, and he had a daughter whose name was Dhanvati. He gave her in marriage in her childhood to a merchant named Gauridatt. After a considerable time she had a girl, whom she named Mohani.

When she attained some years, her father died, and the merchant's kinsfolk seized all his property. Dhanvati, in her helplessness, left the house in the darkness of the night, and taking her daughter with her, set out for the house of her parents.

*

After proceeding but a short distance, she lost the road, and came upon a burning-ground, where a thief was stretched upon an impaling-stake. Her hand quite unexpectedly came in contact with his foot. He called out, "Who is it that put me to pain just now?"

On this she replied, "I have not willingly inflicted pain on you; forgive my fault."

He said, "No one gives either pain or pleasure to another; according as the Creator decrees one's fate shall be, so he experiences; and those who affirm that they did such and such things, are very unwise; for men are fixed to the cord of fate, which draws them after it whithersoever it pleases. The ways of the Creator are utterly inscrutable; for men propose a thing to themselves, and He brings something quite different to pass."

On hearing this, Dhanvati asked "O man! Who art thou?"

He replied, "I am a thief; this is my third day on the impaling-stake, and life will not quit the body."

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She said, "For what reason?"

He replied, "I am unmarried; if thou wilt give me thy daughter in marriage, I will give thee ten millions of gold-mohurs."

It is notorious that greediness is the root of all evil, pleasure the source of pain, and love the source of sorrow. Whoever keeps clear of these three lives happy. It is not every one, however, who can give them up.

Eventually, Dhanvati, through greed, was willing to give him her daughter, and asked, "It is my desire that thou shouldst have a son; but how can this be?"

He replied, "When she attains womanhood, let her choose a young man and give him five hundred gold-mohurs, and ask her to live with him; thus will she have a son."

When she heard this, Dhanvati married the girl to him by giving her four turns round the stake.

Then the thief said to her, "There is a banyan-tree near a large well of masonry to the east of this; the gold-mohurs lie buried beneath it; go thou and take them."

He said this, and died.

★

Dhanvati went in the direction indicated, and on arriving there, took a few gold-mohurs from those buried, and came to her parents' house.

After relating her story to them, she brought them with her to her husband's land. Then she built a large house and began living in it; and Mohani increased in stature daily.

When she became a woman, she was standing one day with a female companion on the house-top and casting her eyes along the road. Just at that moment a young Brahman passed that way, and she, at the sight of him, was smitten with love for him and said to her friend, "O my friend! Bring this man to my mother."

On hearing this, she went and brought the Brahman to her mother.

She said, on seeing him, "O Brahman! My daughter is young; if thou wilt live with her, I will give thee a hundred gold-mohurs for a son."

On hearing this, he said, "I will do so."

Whilst they were conversing thus, evening came on. They gave him food to his mind, and he supped.

★

It is a well known saying that enjoyment is of eight kinds: perfume, woman, apparel, song, *pan*, food, the couch and ornaments. All these existed there. To be brief, when the first watch of the night was nigh passed, he repaired to the nuptial chamber, and spent the whole night in pleasure and enjoyment with her.

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When it became morning, he went home, and she arose and came to her companions.

Then one of them enquired, "Say! What pleasures did you enjoy with your lover in the night?"

She replied, "When I went and sat near him, a kind of tremor made itself felt in my heart; but when he smiled and took hold of my hand, I was quite overcome, and no consciousness of what took place remained to me. And it is said that if a husband be possessed of renown, brave, clever, a chief, liberal, endowed with good qualities, a protector of his wife, then such a man a wife never forgets even in the world to come, much less in this world."

On that very night she conceived.



When the full time came, a boy was born.

On the sixth night, the mother saw in a vision an ascetic, with matted hair on his head, a shining moon on his forehead, ashes rubbed over him, wearing a white Brahminical thread, seated on a white lotus, wearing a necklace of white snakes, with a string of skulls thrown round his neck, and with a skull in one hand and a trident in the other, thus assuming a most awesome appearance, come before her, and say, "To-morrow, at midnight, place a bag of one thousand gold-mohurs in a large basket, and enclosing this boy therein, leave it at the gate of the palace."

As soon as she heard this, her eyes opened.

And on its becoming morning, she told all the circumstances to her mother.

When her mother heard this, she, on the following day, put the boy in a basket in the very manner directed, and left him at the king's gate.



At the palace the king saw an apparition with ten arms, five heads, each head having three eyes in it, and a moon upon it, very large teeth, a trident in his hand—a most terrifying form, which came before him and said, "O king! A basket is placed at thy door; bring away the child that is in it; he it is who will maintain thy dominion."

As soon as the king heard this, his eyes opened. He then related the whole affair to the queen. After that, rising up thence, and coming to the door, he perceived the basket placed there. On the instant of opening the basket and peering into it, he beheld a boy and a bag of one thousand gold-mohurs in it.

He took up the child himself, and told the door-keepers to bring in the bag. He then went into the harem and placed the child on the queen's lap.

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By this time the day broke. The king came out, and summoning the sages and astrologers, questioned them, saying. "Tell me, what marks of royalty are perceptible on this child?"

Thereupon one of the sages, who was acquainted with the science of interpreting the spots on the human body, spoke, "Your majesty! Three marks are distinctly perceived on this child; a broad chest, a high forehead, and a large face; in addition to these, your majesty! the whole thirty-two marks which are assigned to royalty exist in this one. Have no apprehensions on his account; he will rule over the kingdom."

On hearing this, the king was pleased, and taking off a chaplet of pearls from his own neck, presented it to that Brahman; and after giving large gifts to all the Brahmanas, he bade them name the child.

★

Then the sages said, "Your majesty! Be pleased to sit down with the queen fastened to you; let her majesty sit with the child in her lap; and summon all the musicians, singers, and others employed on festive occasions, and cause rejoicings to take place; then will we give him a name after the manner prescribed by the sacred writings."

When the monarch heard this, he ordered his minister to do whatever they bade him.

The minister had rejoicings for the birth of the child forthwith proclaimed throughout the city.

On hearing this, all the professional rejoicers were in attendance, and congratulatory songs rung forth from every home; festive music began to strike up in the king's palace, and rejoicing to take place.

Then the king, and the queen with the child in her arms, came and sat within a square filled with coloured meal, perfumes, and sweetmeats, and the Brahmanas began reciting the scriptures.

An astrologer having first determined the auspicious time, named the child Hardatt.

After that, he grew daily.

At length, at the age of nine years, he finished the study of the six learned shastras and fourteen sciences, and became a profound scholar. In the meantime, according to what was willed by God, his father and mother died. He ascended the throne, and began to govern justly.

★

After several years, the king one day thought to himself, "What have I done for my parents in return for being born in their family? The saying is that — those who are compassionate, deal compassionately with all; they it is who are wise, and to them it is that Paradise is allotted. And the gifts, wor-

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ship, religious penances, pilgrimages, and listening to the scriptures of those who are not pure of heart, is all in vain. And those who perform the funeral ceremonies and worship of the Manes without faith, and in pride, derive no advantage thereby, and so, their fathers go with their desires unfulfilled."

Reflecting in this manner, the king decided that he ought now to perform the funeral ceremonies of his fathers.

Thereupon King Hardatt proceeded to Gaya, and on arriving there, invoked the names of his fathers, and began offering oblations to them on the bank of the River Phalgu, when the hands of *three* came up out of the river.

He was troubled in mind on seeing this, wondering to which of the hands he should give the oblations and to which not.



Having reached this stage of the story, the ghoul asked, "O King Vikram! To which of the three was it right to give the oblations?"

Then the king said, "To the thief."

The ghoul again asked, "For what reason?"

Thereupon the king said, "The seed of the lover had been bought; and the king took a thousand gold-mohurs and brought up the boy; and therefore neither of these two had any right to the oblation."

On hearing these words, the ghoul went again and hung on to that tree, and the king carried him away bound from thence.

[*To be continued.*]

INVOCATION

O our Mother, O Soul of India, Mother who hast never forsaken thy children even in the days of darkest depression, even when they turned away from thy voice, served other masters and denied thee, now when they have arisen and the light is on thy face in this dawn of thy liberation, in this great hour we salute thee. Guide us so that the horizon of freedom opening before us may be also a horizon of true greatness and of thy true life in the community of the nations. Guide us so that we may be always on the side of great ideals and show to men thy true visage, as a leader in the ways of the spirit and a friend and helper of all the peoples.

—The Mother.

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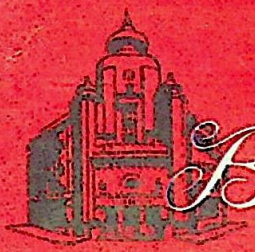
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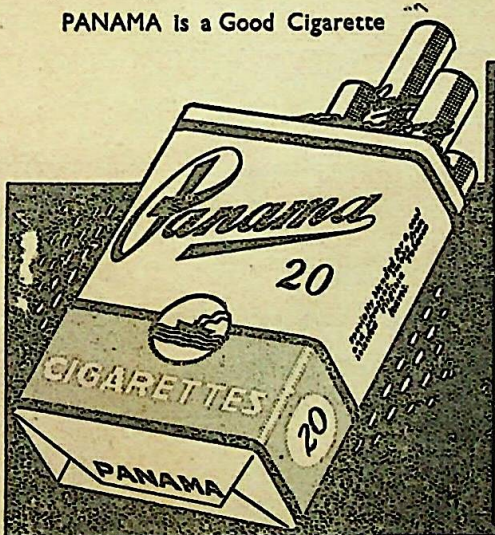
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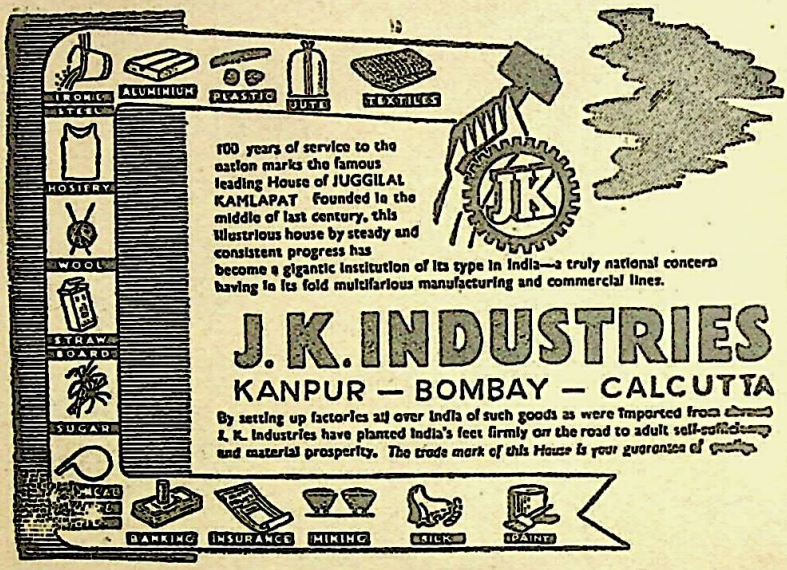


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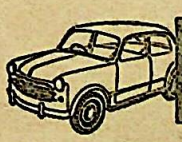
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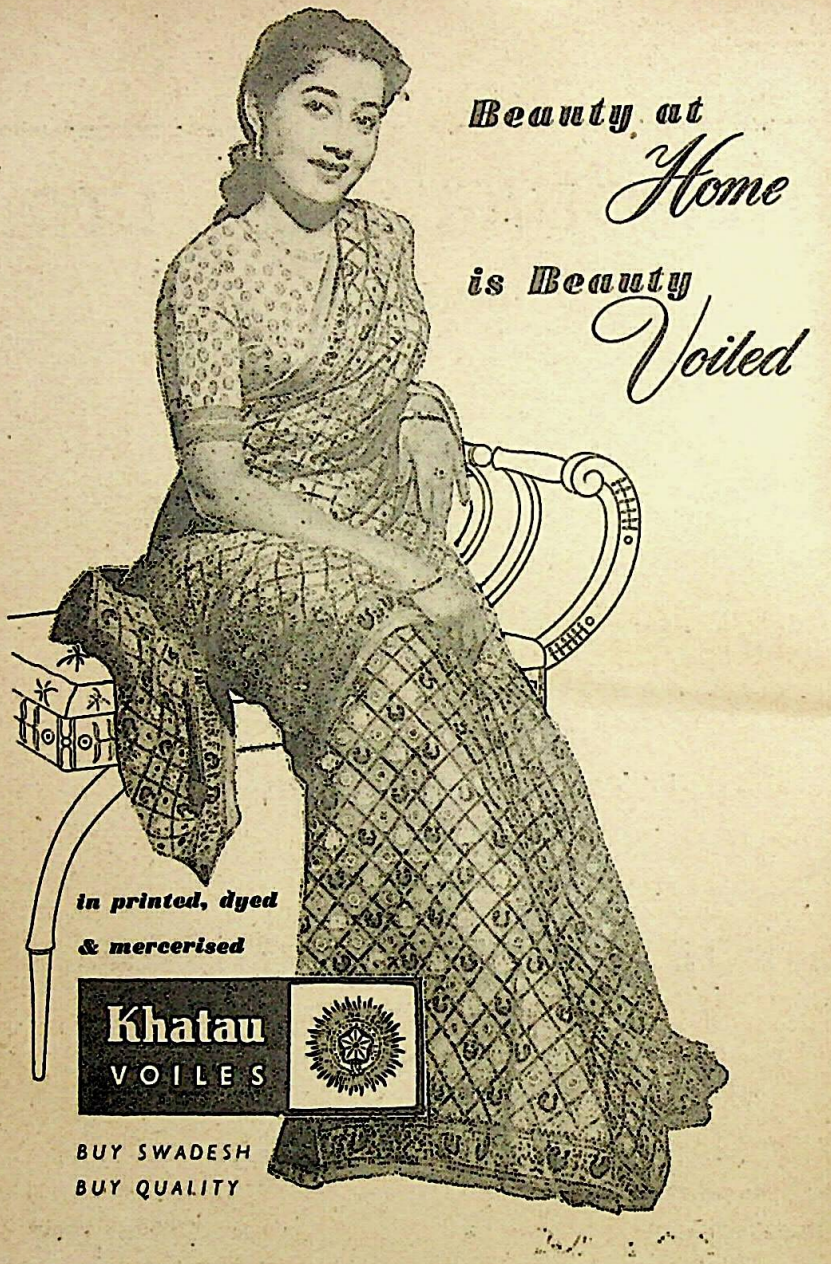
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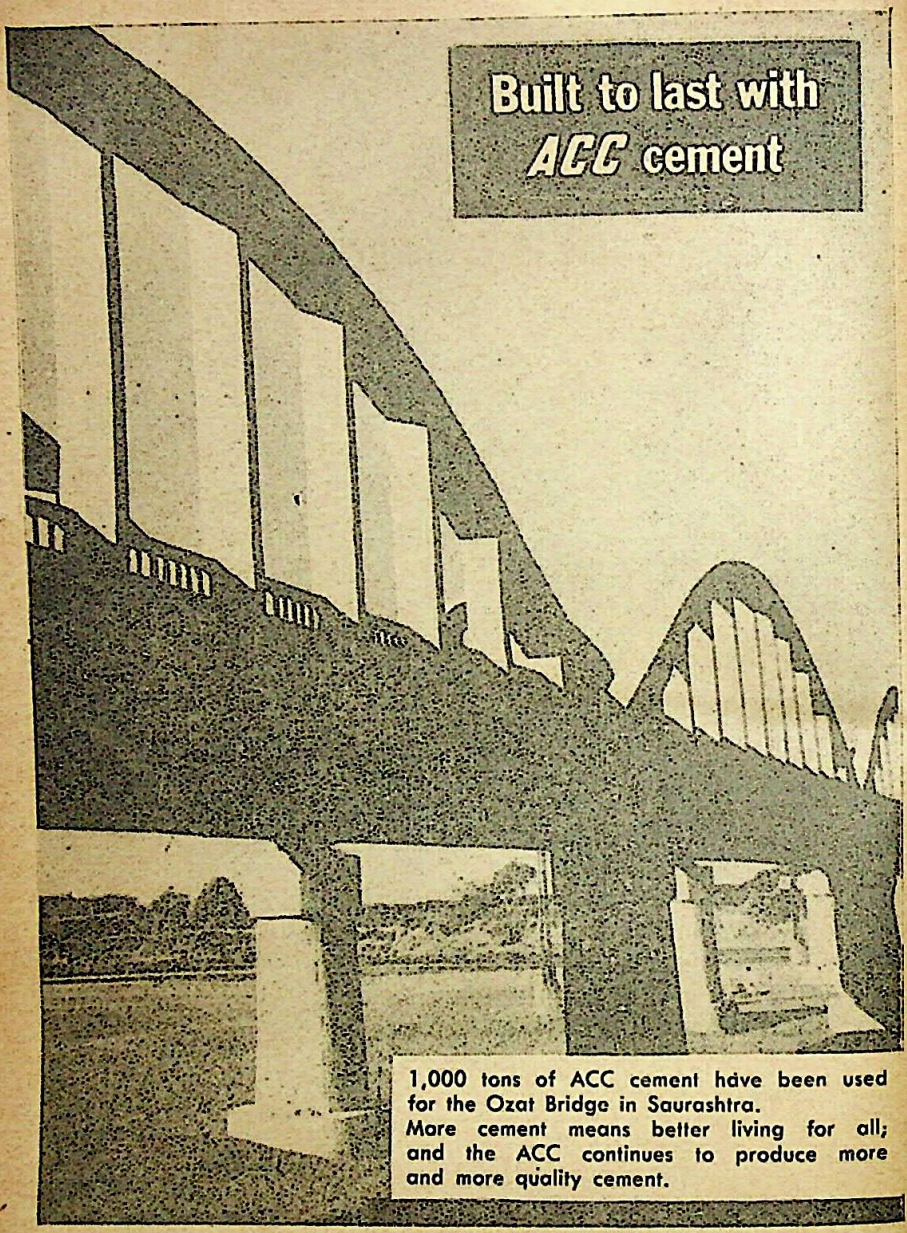
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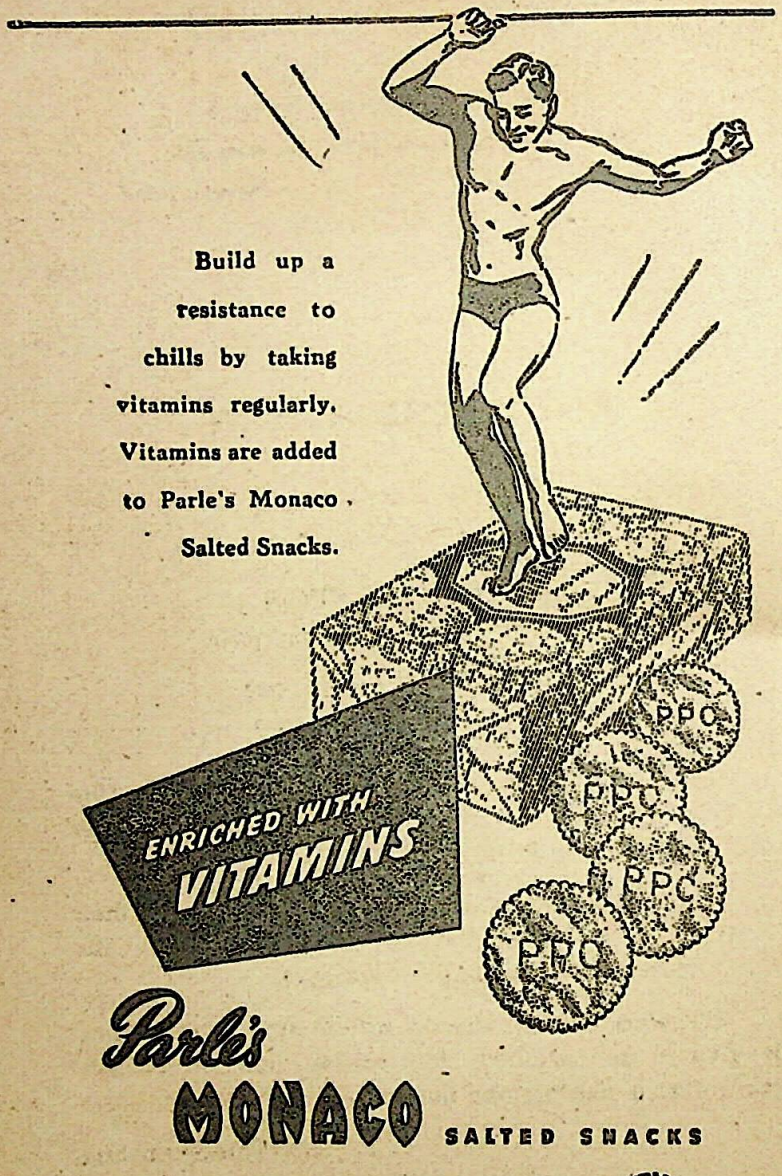


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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 22] [JUNE 5, 1955

KNOW THE ATMAN

आत्मानं रथिनं विद्धि, शरीरं रथमेव तु ।
बुद्धिं तु सारथिं विद्धि, मनः प्रग्रहमेव च ॥१॥

इन्द्रियाणि हयान्याहुर्विषयांस्तेषु गोचरान् ।
आत्मेंद्रियमनोयुक्तं भोक्तेत्याहुर्मनीषिणः ॥२॥

यस्त्वविज्ञानवान् भवत्ययुक्तेन मनसा सदा ।
तस्येन्द्रियाण्यवश्यानि दुष्टाश्वा इव सारथेः ॥३॥

Know the Atman as the Lord of the chariot, the body as the chariot; know intellect as the charioteer and the mind again as the reins.

They say, the senses are the horses and their objects are the roads; the Atman, the senses and the mind united, the wise call the enjoyer.

He who has no discrimination and whose mind is always uncontrolled, his senses (horses) are not controllable like vicious horses of a driver.

—Kathopanishad.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 76

★ Holiday Thoughts ★ Swan Love
★ The War of the Peacocks

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
JUNE 5, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I AM now at Naini Tal. I am taking a holiday for about 10 days. I am not sufficiently arrogant to say that I can now do without a holiday. I have had eight months of touring and hard work and eight weeks of indifferent health. So I want it. It nourishes my spirit.

I propose to enjoy this holiday by giving free rein to myself.

★

I have peculiar views on holidays. Whenever I have been to one hill-station or another for a holiday, I have found train-loads of visitors rushing up in a frenzy to escape the heat of the plains. At Matheran, my favourite hill-station, they say: "Bombay is so crowded; the plains are so hot; I must have a month away."

But when they come to these hill-stations, what do they do? They go to the bazaar in crowds; they congregate in the gardens in crowds; they parade the mall in crowds; they invite each other to endless teas, lunches and dinners. They arrange elaborate bridge parties; they attend sports, races, picincs, and always in crowds.

The so-called holiday on the Riviera or at Miami is something much worse. There, a holiday means a mad race of crowding into theatres, clubs and gambling houses, or lying in thousands on sea-beaches. From the bustle of the city they plunge into the frenzy of an even more suffocating bustle. They are at the mercy of the herd-instinct, physically, morally and spiritually.

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Even here in Naini Tal there is a fashionable club. The visitors behave exactly as they would in fashionable clubs in Bombay or Delhi: they play bridge, gossip, drink and dance. They live the same life and pay more for it than they would in their own home town.

★

I do not believe in such a holiday. I find anchorage for the spirit in a holiday when the normal life is changed; when its tempo is slowed down; when I have ample time to find myself. Such a holiday then becomes the fresh adventure of a return to myself and of gathering, where necessary, the threads of my life or ideals or of my *sadhana* into my hands once more.

Such a holiday should be taken by a husband and wife together. Nothing can better repair the bonds of love and mutual understanding which have been frayed by the wear and tear of daily life.

I hate the theory propounded by some modern misanthropes or mismated partners, that a husband and wife should escape from each other by taking their holidays away from each other. The theory is hopelessly wrong. I speak from experience.

Normally, when a husband and wife go on holiday together, he wants to play or tramp or climb and she wants to dress nicely and meet interesting people. In fact what they both want is to forget the drudgery, he of the office and she of the household; or, if they happen to be public workers, to forget their public work. They should forget for the moment that they are partners in the business of life and become lovers. No one else, except the children, should exist for them, at least for the time being.

That is where the great joy of a holiday comes in. He should take a greater interest in her and the children and drop his role of the "man who goes to the office". She should be able to forget the boredom and drudgery and the scars which his scowls may have inflicted. They will fall to and admire each other—maybe as an effort to start with—and re-capture afresh the colours of a fading romance.

Nothing is more refreshing than the communion of two souls on a holiday by means of silent and continuous physical proximity. If you like you may exchange opinions on trifles for which you have had no leisure at other times. You may review the several five-year plans which you have made but failed to implement. What you do want is not a change from each other, but a change to be with each other. You want to walk in steps together; to sing your old songs; to narrate your old experiences; in short, to swim like swans on the stream of idle time.

★

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I love swans. They spend most of their time swimming together or nestling against each other on the margin of the lake. They are the symbols of communion through silent, continuous proximity.

While I am on the subject of swans, I feel that I have been guilty of neglecting the romantic swan in the Lucknow Zoo. Before coming here I should have paid him a visit.

One day last year I heard that he had been brought from Nepal to our duck-pond. A hunter had killed his mate. Like a chivalrous knight he had gone to her rescue, but he had not been able to save his beloved and one of his wings had been crippled in the effort. Our Zoo received the wounded knight and the vet treated his injured wing. But the heart of the swan was broken. He would not eat, nor even drink the glucose water which was placed temptingly before him.

When his wound had healed, the swan was set free in the duck-pond. There he behaved with a strange detachment. He would neither eat nor drink. Only at times would the heart-broken lover swim in the pond in a disconsolate way.

When I heard of this romantic but unfortunate swan, I went to see him. He was sitting alone on the sandy bank of the pond, with his beak twisted back and thrust into his wing; for all the world he was like King Aja bemoaning the loss of Indumati, the very picture of misery. With an effort the keeper got him to step into the water. In lonely detachment he swam across the pond to our side, without so much as casting a glance at the hundreds of fluttering beauties which swam across or flew over him. Mournfully he stepped on to the sandy bank and stared at the birds sporting in front of him. Then he put his beak once again into his wing and stood lonely and inconsolable. He looked a touching monument to grief.

After a few days I could not resist the temptation to go and see him again. He was as miserable as ever. He had not taken any food and had grown thin. He was dying, this noble soul. The world without his beloved was to him a wilderness from which he wanted to escape. I felt moved as Valmiki was once moved at the plight of another bird.

After a few days I was going to repeat my visit when I received the news that he had taken to eating. He had done it after exactly twenty-one days. Evidently, he was now reconciled to life. Unfortunately, our Zoo has no mate for this bird. Alone, unfriended and melancholy, he still swims across the pond in superior aloofness from the vulgar feathery world that surrounds him.

★

But to be frank, I must tell you the story of a swan I remember to

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have read of, which shocked my faith in swan-love. The hero was an Irish swan, so of course he could be forgiven many things. His ancestors never had the chance of living in company with their beloved mates in the holy Mana Sarovar Lake, like the ancestors of our Indian swans and of hearing the *rishis* chant the *Grihya Sutra*, which lays down that man and wife are one, the bone of bone, the flesh of flesh, the soul of soul.

The story, however disillusioning, is a drama of passion. Its hero was a patriarch of the winged world in a bay somewhere in Ireland, the name of which I have forgotten. Accompanied by his inseparable mate he went up and down the bay, steering a flotilla of four or six cygnets which was replaced every year by a fresh one.

This swan was a great champion of family planning. If his annual arrivals were a group of five or seven youngsters, he would drown the odd baby. And his was a welfare state; he permitted none of his progeny to live as a bachelor or spinster.

This swan was a good father and a devoted husband. One day, however, the wife broke her wing and was brought to the shore to be treated. The lord and master felt very disconsolate. Two days later, he disappeared from the bay. A few days later he returned and brought back with him—alas, for my faith in swans!—an unknown lady.

Some days later, the wife recovered and was restored to the waters of the bay. Men, women and children, who stood on the margin of the bay, the planets in their courses and the stars in their Einsteinian orbits all waited breathlessly. There was a situation which no Einstein could conceive or explain; one swan with two mates.

The swan sighted his old wife from afar. He gave a resonant cry of joy, tore through the water and embraced her. The new lady was furious with rage. For a moment she stood rigid and attacked the wife in a white whirl of fury. Wings flapped on wings, beak twisted beak, as angry cries arose from slender throats.

The heroic swan, overflowing with steadfast loyalty, rushed upon the wicked temptress, fought her with beak and wing and drove her out of the bay. Thereafter he settled down happily, his beloved companion of thirty years swimming by his side.

Three days later, the brute—I am sorry to misuse the word, but there is no more expressive word in the English language, even for a bird— attacked his wife with unrelenting fury. He held her under water till she was almost dead. Then he drove her out of the bay for good. She disappeared never to appear again.

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The wicked swan went forth the next day from the bay, and—returned with the temptress!

Thank God! the romantic swan of the Lucknow Zoo has restored my faith in swan love.



Now that I am on the domestic aspect of bird life, I am reminded of my college days. When at home in Broach, I lived in a large second-floor room; I generally sat and read in a balcony and watched with a friendly eye the birds which came fluttering over the neighbouring roofs which it overlooked.

Those were the doves, plentiful in number; the dark-blue rock pigeons which you find almost everywhere. Their domestic affairs, or whatever you choose to call them, were of the most shamelessly irrepressible variety. There was no marriage, sacramental, contractual or companionate.

I wonder why Picasso selected the dove as immortalising peace; perhaps because they never quarrel when they steal each other's mates. But I will not carry the research further lest I find the the dove in many men and women in modern times.



I found that the pea family which lived in the *neem* tree of the New Temple was the very emblem of solid respectability. Also I found that the pea-cocks were the first propounders of a new substitute for war.

I knew the whole family very well. My friend the peacock, had five or six consorts. The whole family came out on the neighbouring roofs every day on parade, picking up small insects as afternoon snacks. The lord and master strutted majestically in front, preening himself with great dignity. The obedient wives followed him and surrounded him with care and admiration, an advantage which we modern men will have to deny ourselves as soon as the Parliament passes* the law of monogamy.

The ladies of the family were a tolerant lot. They lacked the malicious vigour often displayed in similar circumstances by the fair sex of the human variety. They never quarrelled, and never tore out each other's feathers from jealousy.

When the monsoon came and the clouds thundered overhead, the lord and master would develop a gay mood. He would lift his neck and look round with jerky vanity. He would open out his plumage and dance, and the worshipful ladies would stand, as the Gopis must have done once, eyeing their lord's performance in mute ecstasy. But the family as a whole were a highly decent lot; they had great taste; they never offended public susceptibilties.

* Passed since writing this letter.—*Ed.*

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One day, however, I witnessed a performance which I shall never forget. Another pea family, almost of the same size, strayed on to these roofs. Both families, picking their delicious little bits from the tiles, looked disdainfully at each other from afar. Then my friend looked at the head of the other family suspiciously.

I thought there would be a cock-fight, but nothing of the kind happened. You know these wonderful birds. They are wise, for they have been from the days of the creation, associated with Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning.

My friend of the temple tree strained his neck. From his throat, as from a cheerful trumpet, issued two or three resounding notes, and he began to dance.

At first the head of the stranger family was non-plussed. He did not know what to do. In a minute or two, however, he accepted the challenge. He too began to dance. They had found in rival dancing a substitute for war. I wish the ancient Greeks had known this art when Helen was kidnapped by Paris. But then there would have been no Iliad for Homer to compose nor for us to read.

For about twenty minutes both heroes danced for all they were worth. Each one spread his plumage and rattled his quills in brave challenge. And the harem of each of them continued to look upon its master with adoring eyes.

Then a miracle happened. The stranger peacock could not keep pace with my peacock. He lapsed into slow motion and, opening his wings, flew away to a distant roof, followed by his heart-broken, vanity-wounded women-folk.

My peacock continued to dance for a few minutes. Then he too flew back to the temple tree. His mates, raising their necks in pride, flew in his wake. I am not sure, but I think one of the pea-hens of the stranger family left it to join that of the conquering hero.

★

Now I have the privilege to observe a pair of large birds presented by the Chinese Prime Minister Chou-en-Lai to our President. They are here in the Raj Bhavan for a summer holiday but I do not know them well enough yet to tell you about them. But they appear to be overgrown *Sarasa* birds, white body, black tails, black necks and beak and huge red *chandla* on their foreheads!

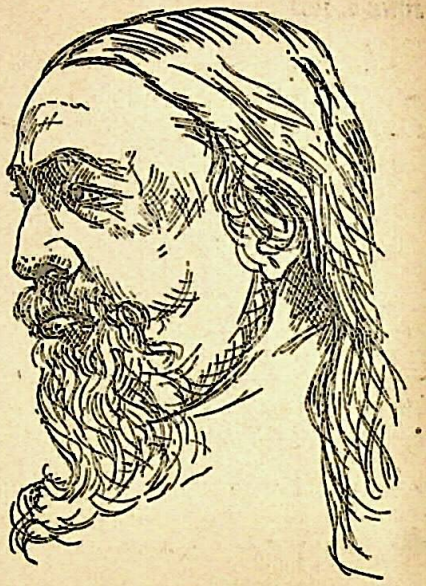
Yours sincerely,

Rajendra Prasad

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Sri Aurobindo

SOCIAL PERFECTION



IN spirituality lies the ultimate, the only hope for the perfection whether of the individual or of the communal man; not the spirit which for its separate satisfaction turns away from the earth and its works, but that greater spirit which accepts and fulfils them.

A spirituality taking up into itself man's rationalism, aestheticism, ethicism, vitalism, corporeality, his aim of love and perfection, his aim of knowledge, his aim of beauty, his aim of power and fullness of life and being, revealing to them their divine sense and the conditions of their godhead, reconciling them all to each other, illuminating to the vision of each the way which they now tread in half-lights and shadows, in blindness or with a deflected sight, is a good which even man's self-sufficient reason can accept; for it reveals itself surely in the end as a logical, inevitable development and consummation of all for which he is individually and socially striving. The evolution of the inchoate spirituality in mankind is the possibility to which an age of subjectivism is the first glimmer of awakening or towards which it at least shows the first profound potentiality of return. A deeper, wider, greater, more spiritualised subjective understanding of the individual and communal self and life and reliance on the spiritual light and spiritual means for the solution of its problems are the only way to true social perfection.

The free rule, that is to say, the predominant leading influence, guidance of the developed spiritual man—not the half spiritualised or the raw religionist—is our hope for the divine guidance of humanity. A spiritualised society is our hope for the communal happiness, or in words which, though liable to abuse by the reason and the passions, are still the most expressive we can find, a new kind of theocracy, the kingdom of God upon earth, a theocracy which shall be the Government of mankind by the Divine in the hearts and minds of man.

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THE SPIRIT CAN DO IT

Albert Schweitzer

THE wars of today are wars of annihilation and decisive steps for peace must be taken and results achieved with the least delay. Of this only the spirit is capable.

Can the spirit do effectively what we in our great need must ask it to do?

We must not underestimate its power. For it is the spirit which is manifest throughout the history of humanity.

It is the spirit which has created humanitarianism which is the origin of all progress towards a superior form of existence. Animated by humanitarianism, we are true to ourselves and capable of creation. Animated by the opposite spirit, we are untrue to ourselves and fall prey to every error.

The power which this spirit was able to exercise was shown in the 17th and 18th centuries. It brought the peoples of Europe, where it manifested itself, out of the Middle Ages by putting an end to superstition, witch-trials, torture and many other cruelties and such traditional follies. In place of the old it established the new, causing never-ending wonder in those who witnessed the change. All that we have ever possessed of true and personal civilization, and which we



possess still, has its origin in that manifestation of spirit.

Later it has lost its power, mainly because it has failed to find a foundation for its ethical character in that practical knowledge which resulted from scientific research. It was succeeded by a spirit which

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failed to see clearly the way humanity was proceeding and which lacked the same high ideals. It is to the spirit we must now devote ourselves afresh if we do not want to perish. A new miracle must be wrought, similar to the one which brought the peoples of Europe out of the Middle Ages — a miracle greater than the first.

The spirit is not dead; it lives in solitude. It has surmounted the difficult duty of living without a practical knowledge to match its ethical character. It has understood that it must base itself on nothing except the essential nature of man. The independence which it has acquired in relation to knowledge has proved to be a gain.

It is convinced that compassion, in which ethics have their roots, can only achieve full scope and depth if it is not limited to men but is extended to all living things. Alongside the old ethics, which lacked this depth and force of conviction, have come the ethics of respect for life, and this has become increasingly recognized as valid.

We venture to address ourselves again to the whole man, to his faculty of thought and of feeling, to exhort him to know himself and to be true to himself. Again we want to put our trust in the profound qualities of his nature. Our experiences confirm us in this enterprize.

Truthfulness is of thirteen kinds in the universe: Truth-speaking, equanimity, self-control without doubt, absence of jealousy, forbearance, sense of shame, endurance, freedom from spite, renunciation, meditation, nobility, freedom from the effects of happiness and misery, constant mercifulness, non-injury—these are the thirteen forms of Truthfulness.

—Mahabharata.

Like the gentle dew that falls unseen and unheard and yet brings into blossom the fairest of roses, has been the contribution of India to the thought of the world. Silent, unperceived yet omnipresent in its effect, it has revolutionised the thought of the world.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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Radha Kumud Mookerji

THE INSTITUTION OF PILGRIMAGE



AN intense passion for fatherland utters itself throughout Sanskrit literature. We select some of these references at random. The *Atharva Veda*, for instance, sings the praises of the mother country as the land of the brave and the pious, of heroism and enterprise, of commerce and trade, of science and art, of virtue and greatness, of countless medicinal herbs and plants; 'the land, girt by the sea and fertilised by the sacred rivers like the Indus, and rich in grain and foodstuffs;' the land where our forefathers lived and worked, where the Asuras succumbed to the might of the Devas; the land which boasts of the highest mountain and the most beautiful forest; the land of sacrificial rites and sacred pleasures, of valour and renown, of patriotism and self-sacrifice, of virtue and kindness. There are passages also in other Sanskrit works which refer to India as the chosen land, a veritable heaven on earth, culminating in the great national utterance:

"जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी"
('mother and motherland are higher than heaven itself').

The same feeling for the fatherland has again spread over the whole continent a network of shrines and sacred places which constitutes one of the distinguishing and differentiating features of India. For it goes without saying that the institution of pilgrimage is entirely an expression of love for the motherland, one of the modes of worship of the country which strengthens the religious sentiment and expands the geographical consciousness.

Behind the religious merit and sanctity of pilgrimage there lies the admiration of place, of art, even of geographical significance.

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Banaras in the North and Conjeeveram in the South are loved and visited because they are cathedral cities, rich in architecture, in treasure and in the associations of saints and scholars. We also feel that Jagannath owes its position in no small degree to the sheer beauty of the sea and also perhaps to the cosmopolitanism of the place as the port through which long flowed the eastern trade. Allahabad, the Tirtharaja Prayaga, the prince of holy places, inevitably rose at the confluence of two mighty rivers mingling their waters. The perennial beauty of the Himalayas has captivated the national imagination and has made them the refuge of holy men, drawing unending streams of pilgrims. Indeed, the Hindu's pilgrimages are always to the glacier-clad mountain, the palm-clad sea-shore or ocean-isle, or the almost impenetrable depths of hill and jungle, where the tread of the generations of Man has scarcely been heard, and Nature left free to exercise her healing and healthful influence.

Thus the Indian treats the beauty of place in a peculiar way, foreign to the West; his method of appreciating and celebrating it is quite different. A spot of beauty is no place for social enjoyment or self-indulgence; it is the place for self-restraint, for solitary meditation, which leads the mind from nature up to Nature's God. Had Niagara been situated on the Ganges, how different would have been its valuation by humanity! Instead of occasional picnics and railway pleasure-trips, the perennial pilgrimage of worshipping crowds. Instead of parks, *ashramas*. Instead of hotels, temples. Instead of ostentatious excess, simple austerity. Instead of the desire to harness its mighty forces to the chariot of human utility, an absorbing subjectivity, a complete detachment from the body and the outward world to feed the life of the spirit!

Thus the institution of pilgrimage is undeniably a most powerful instrument for developing the geographical sense in the people which enables them to think and feel that India is not a mere congeries of geographical fragments, but a single, though immense, organism, filled with the tide of one strong pulsating life from end to end.

The visit to holy places as an imperative religious duty has made wide travelling a national habit in India in all ages of life, with young and old alike, and travelling in ages preceding the era of steam and mechanical transport could not but promote a deep knowledge of the tracts traversed which is easily escaped by modern globe-trotters. It was this supremely Indian institution in fact which served in the past in place of the modern railway and facilities for travel to promote popular movements from place to place and

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intercommunication between parts producing a perception of the whole. It allowed no parochial, provincial sense to grow up which might interfere with the growth of the idea of the geographical unity of the mighty motherland; allowed no sense of physical comforts to stand in the way of the sacred duty of intimately knowing one's mother country; and softened the severities of old-world travelling by breaking the pilgrim's route by a holy halting place at .short intervals.

It is difficult indeed to count up the innumerable sacred spots which an overflowing religious feeling has planted throughout India. One of the best lists of these is to be found in the Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata* where two descriptions are given of the principal holy places, one by Narada and the other by Dhaumya. Here it is:

I will tell you all the holy places. Ganga is the holiest of holy places. Though easily accessible at all places, Ganga is specially sacred at three places viz., Haridwara, Prayaga and at the confluence of Ganga and the ocean. Prayaga is the holiest of all places and bestows bliss and salvation on the departed souls for whom *pindas* are offered here. It destroys sins and fulfils the desires of those who reside here. Varanasi is the holy place where Kesava-Visvesa (is worshipped). Kurukshetra is the sacred place that confers prosperity and salvation because of charity etc. distributed here. Prabhasa is the greatest Tirtha as Lord Somanatha resides here. And Dvaraka is a beautiful city, the giver of worldly happiness and emancipation. There are the great tirthas viz., the sacred eastern Sarasvati, Sapta-Sarasvata, Kedara, the destroyer of all sins and the excellent Sammalagrama, Badrikashrama of Nara-Narayana (the incarnation of the God whose abode are the 'waters') is the tirtha of Badarikashrama. Svetadvipa, the city of Maya, Pushkara of the Nimisha forest, Ayodhya, Chitrakuta, a holy place of the Aryas and Gomati are all great Tirthas. The great tirtha Vainayaka, the great Ramagiryashrama, the city of Kanchi, Tungabhadra, Srisaila, Setubandha Ramesvara, Kartikeya Tirtha, Bhrigutunga, Kamatirtha and Amarakantaka are holiest of all places. Mahakala in Ujjayini and Lord Sridhara in Kubjaka; the great Tirtha Kubjamraka and Kalasarpi fulfilling all desires, Mahakesi and Kaveri, Chandrabhaga (the Chenab) with Vipasa (the Beas), Ekamra and Brahmesa, Devakotaka, the beautiful city of Mathura, the great river Sona, the great Tirtha Jambusara (the lake Jambu) are all Tirthas that should be known because Surya, Siva, Ganesa, Devi and Hari stay there. The merit of bath, utterance of Mantras, penances, worship, Sraddha and Pinda-offering for the departed practised at

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these and other holy places become eternal.

The great Tirtha of Pasupati (the Lord of animals) Salagrama will give everything. Varaha with a mouth like that of a Koka i.e., wolf and the banyan tree is called Svamin Mahavishnu in Mohadanda and Madhusudana in Mandara. Kamarupa is the great Tirtha where Kamakhya lives. At Punyavardhanaka Kartikaya lives and there are Tirthas named Virajanta and Sripurushottama. Mahendra mountain, the great river Kaveri, the Godavari and the Payoshni conferring boons, the Vindhyas, the killer of sins, the most excellent variety of the Narmada, the supreme *tirtha* Gokarna, the city of Mahishmati, the best Kalanjara and Sukratirtha are all great holy places. Sarngadhari (Vishnu) in Dandaka grants purity and salvation. Virajatirtha confers everything and Svarnaksha is very great. Nanditirtha bestows emancipation and the merit of pilgrimage to crores of Tirthas. Nasikya is great and then comes Govardhana, Krishnaveni, Bhimarekha Gandaki, Iravati, Bindusara filled with the water of the feet of Vishnu (i.e. equal to Ganga), Sriranga of God Hari, Tapti and the greatest river Mahanadi, Saptagodavara (seven streamed Godavari), the mountain Kona and the river Parama where the Goddess Mahalakshmi resides.

Oh Indra! Devi, the chief of the goddesses, stays at Sahyadri.

After bathing at Gangadvara (the source of the Ganga), Kusavarta, Vindhyaka, Nilaparvata and Kanakhala one does not come to this world again (i.e., gets salvation).

Other such lists are to be found in the various accounts of what are known as the Pithasthanas. The popularly known number, 52, is given by *Tantra Chudamani*. According to *Devi-Bhagavata*, the number is 108 [7-30]. The *Kubjikatantra* also enumerates the various Siddhapithas throughout India. The *Siva-Charita* distinguishes the Mahapithas numbering 51 from the minor Upa-pithas numbering 26. A reference to these holy places is also contained in the *Kalika-purana* (Chh. 18, 50, 61,).

Science seeks truth and discovers rightness. Religion seeks righteousness and discovers truth. Both have acquired knowledge of creative and destructive ways, and both point the same way of right living.

—William Patten.

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Herbert Baynes

THE IDEAL BUDDHIST

ON the Buddhist scriptures the true Bhikshu is described as follows:

Whosoever is desirous of doing good and of striving after that state of perfect peace—*Nirvan*—must be without guile, upright and conscientious, mild in word, friendly, modest, content, and of few wants; without care, of restful heart, without arrogance and without avarice. He must do nothing low, but always live according to the sacred doctrine in thought, word, and deed, and, having become confirmed in the knowledge of the four Noble Truths, should blamelessly tread the Noble Eightfold Path.

Let him not exult at fortune nor be cast down at misfortune; success should not make him proud nor persecution depressed. Let him always preserve the equanimity of one who is free from volition.

Let him ever remember, that it is not the robe that makes the Sramana, not the external observance of oaths and rites, not life in the forest, poverty and dependence, not knowlege and learning. Whoso is free from all sensual



The Buddha

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passions, is of pure heart and has overcome selfishness, he alone is a true disciple of the Enlightened. Let him, therefore, cultivate inner perfection, the attainment of knowledge, equanimity, and benevolence.

Toward all living beings, on earth and in the worlds beyond, the weak and the strong, the high and the low, the good and the bad, the near and the far, let him be well disposed.

Let him deceive none, threaten none, despise none, hurt none. As a mother on her only child, so let him, full of compassion and benevolence, look upon all beings every day and every hour.

As a deep mountain-lake, pure and unruffled, be the spirit of him who walks along the Noble Eightfold Path.

For he who— free from superstition and vanity, from hope and fear, passion and avarice, love and hatred—lives in purity, who has wholly overcome the longing after existence and has obtained true knowledge, will put an end to sorrow and new birth, and enter Peace Supernal, *Parinirvana.*

[From: *The Way of the Buddha.*]

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.

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Immortal India—20 **J. H. Dave**

NASIK

किन्तु व्यादिश मे देशं सोदकं बहुकाननम् ।
यत्राश्रमपदं कृत्वा वसेयं निरतः सुखम् ॥
ततोऽब्रवीन्मुनिश्रेष्ठः श्रुत्वा रामस्य भाषितम् ।
ध्यात्वा मुहूर्तं धर्मात्मा ततोवाच वचः शुभम् ॥
इतो द्वियोजने तात बहुमूलफलोदकः ।
देशो बहुमृगः श्रीमान् पञ्चवट्यभिविश्रुतः ।
तत्र गत्वाश्रमपदं कृत्वा सौमित्रिणा सह ।
रमस्व त्वं पितुर्वाक्यं यथोक्तमनुपालयन् ॥

—*Ramayana*, Aranyakanda, 13, 11 to 14.

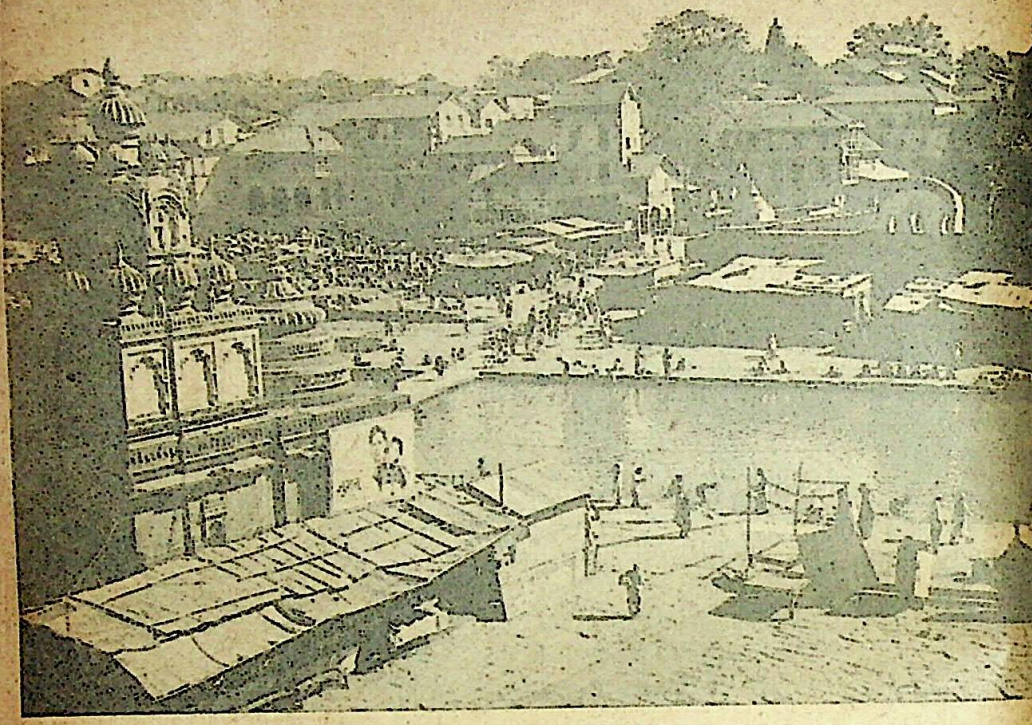
SRI Rama respectfully asked Sage Agastya: "Kindly point out to me a proper place full of forests and with plenty of water, so that I may fix up my hermitage there and lead a happy life." Agastya, the best of sages, heard Rama's request and after giving a careful consideration to it he replied: "At a distance of two yojanas from this Ashrama of mine there is the prosperous spot known as Panchavati. Roots, fruits and water are available there in plenty. Forest deer are numerous. Please go there with Lakshmana, fix up a hermitage, and without violating the words of your father, lead there a happy life".

Nasik is referred to in ancient literature as Nasikya. It is mentioned as Nasikya in the *Mahabhashya* of Patanjali on Panini 6-1-63. The word is derived from Nasikaa or nose and tradition says that the place is so named because it was at this spot that the nose and ears of Surpanakha, Ravana's sister, were cut off by Lakshmana on her making an indecent demand to marry either Rama or Lakshmana and threatening to make a dish of Sita like a cannibal. Nasik is also derived from Nav Sikh.

The proverb is that—"Nasik Nav Tekavar vasavile"—Nasik was settled on nine hills (*Bom. Gaz.* Vol. 16 p. 467).

Nasik is famous as a place of pilgrimage, particularly once in every twelve years when Jupiter is in Leo. Lakhs of people from all over India collect for this Kumbha Yatra of Nasik, Tryambak and a bath in the river Godavari. This year in Bhadrapad, Jupiter enters Leo. There is a slight dispute this time over the question whether Jupiter is continuously in Leo for the whole year, i.e., Akhandi or whether from Leo it goes back by retrogression to

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Nasik-Panchavati on the banks of Godavari

Cancer and again enters Leo, i.e., it is Trikhandi. The question assumes some importance as marriages are usually not recommended when Jupiter is in Leo. In any event a concession is granted that there is no bar to a marriage in Leo-Jupiter if celebrated on the banks of Godavari as all Gods have agreed to abide there at that time.

★

On the opposite side of Nasik is Panchavati and between them flows the river Godavari. The river starts from the hill Brahmagiri near Tryambak, about twenty miles from Nasik.

There are about sixty temples in Nasik which has the reputation of being the Kashi of this side. The reasons are several: the holiness of Godavari, association of Nasik and Panchavati with Rama, Sita and Lakshmana, the vicinity of the Jyotirlinga of Tryambakeswara and the fact that Nasik was the second important city of the Peshwas. *Brahmapurana* devotes chapters 70 to 175 to Godavari and its Tirthas. Godavari is called Ganga of the South and also Gautami.

Nasik was known at least 200 years before Christ. One inscription at Bharhut of about 200 B.C.

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records a gift of Gorakshita of Nasik, the wife of Vasuka. Ptolemy mentions Nasik (150 A.D.). Jinaprabhatusi, a Jain writer of the 14th Century, wrote about Nasik as a Tirtha.

In 1680 the Deccan Viceroy of Aurangzeb got destroyed twenty five temples of Nasik. It was under the Peshwa's rule (1750 to 1818) that most of the large existing temples were built.

The temple of Sundar Narayan is situated in the Aditwar Peth, facing the east. In the shrine there are three black stone images, the image of Narayan, three feet high, being in the centre and smaller images of Lakshmi, on either side. The building is so constructed that at Sunrise on 20th or 21st of March the Sun's rays fall at the feet of Narayan. In about 1750 Peshwa Balaji cleared the site of the old temple, sanctified the ground which was made a graveyard and constructed the present temple.

About fifty yards north-east of the Kala Ram temple is the Sita Gumpha or Sita's cave, very close to some very old and lofty banyan trees believed to have sprung from the five famous banyan trees of Panchavati. It contains the images of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana in a large niche in the back wall. A door to the east leads to the Shrine of Mahadev. Behind the Mahadev shrine is a passage, now blocked, leading six miles north to the Ramsej Hill where Rama used to sleep. It was in this cave that Sita was concealed and was carried away by Ravana disguised as a religious mendicant.

The temple of Kala Ram or Shri Ramji in Panchavati is considered one of the finest modern temples in Western India. The whole temple is simple, elegant and finely finished. The temple is supposed to stand on the spot where Rama lived during his exile. It was built by Sirdar Rangrao Odhekar in 1782. The total cost was Rs. 23, 00,000. In the shrine on a beautifully carved platform stands images of Rama, Lakshmana and Sita of black stone about two feet high. The image of Rama has gold moustaches and golden gloves. Rama-Navami day is specially sacred and the festival is held for thirteen days in Chaitra. On the 11th of these 13 days there is Rath procession through the city.

Narushankar's temple, also called the Rameswara temple, is the richest and the most highly sculptured building in Nasik on the left bank of the Godavari. It is on the east of the Rama-Gaya Kunda in which Rama is said to have performed the Sraddha of his father Dasaratha. The shrine facing the west has the *linga* of Siva. The bell is six feet in circumference at the lip. The temple was built in 1747 by Narusankar Raja Bahadur of Malegaon at the cost of Rs. 18,00,000.

The Kundas or holy pools in the bed of Godavari are between the Sundar-Narayan steps and Muktesvara shrine. The water of the

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river passes through a narrow artificial gully called Tas or furrow. The first pool, about 40 feet to the east of the Tas is Lakshmana Kund. Then comes the Dhanush Kund. This leads to the Rama Kund 83 feet by 40 feet. This is the holiest spot in Nasik as it is believed that at this place Rama used to take his bath. Ten feet north of Rama Kund is Sita Kund.

★

Nasik, along with Prayag, Gaya, Pushkar, and Naimisharanya, is considered one of the great five holy places. Godavari takes a southern bend here and makes it specially holy. Seven other streams join Godavari near Nasik. The Brahma and the Asthivilaya or the bone-dissolving *tirthas* are situated here. Rama, Lakshmana and Sita passed several years of their exile near Nasik.

About twenty miles south-west of Nasik is the far-famed place of pilgrimage of the Jyotirlinga of Siva called Tryambakeswara. The fairs in this temple take place on the full-moon of Kartik and the 14th of the black-half of Magha. The present temple was built by Peshwa Balaji Bajirao on the site of the older but a much humbler shrine. In Leo-Jupiter every twelve years the fair is held here for 13 months. *Bombay Gazetteer,* Vol. 16, p. 653 observes in a note that this fair at every twelve years is so well-known that the word Godavari is ordinarily used in Gujarat for the numeral 12!

Govardhan town is about six miles west of Nasik. It occurs several times in the famous Nasik inscription of Ushavadata. It is noticed about twelve times in five inscriptions of about the beginning of the Christian era in the Pandu caves which are about ten miles to the south-east of the village. It was the headquarters of the district of the Andhrabhritya viceroy.

Tapovan or the forest of austerities is about a mile east of Panchavati. It has a famous shrine and image of Rama who is believed to have lived on fruits collected by Lakshmana from the forest. The magnificent banyan and tamarind trees are believed to be as old as the hermitages of the Rishis who performed their austerities here.

About five miles to the south of Nasik there are three isolated hills. The highest and eastern-most hill 3004 feet above the sea has a group of old Buddhist caves called the Pandu Lena caves (250 B.C. to 600 A.D.). The caves face north and north-east. Their northern frontage saves them from the sun and south-west rains and much of the rich carved work and many long and valuable inscriptions have remained unharmed through the last 2000 years.

★

In *Ramayana,* Panchavati is called a *desa.* Dandakaranya contain-

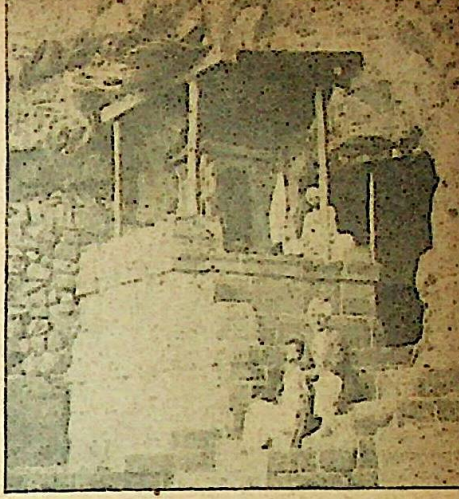
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ed Janasthana and Panchavati was part of Janasthana.

In Kritayuga Nasik was called Padmanagar, in Treta it was called Trikantaka, in Dwapara it was called Janasthana and in Kali it is Nasik.

This Janasthana was the scene of Rama's exile.

Rama with Sita and Lakshmana came near this area. He conversed with Sage Dharmabhrit about lake Panchapsaras. He then came to the hermitage of Sage Sutikshna. Four *yojanas* from that place was the Ashrama of Agastya's brother. About a *yojana* south of it was Agastya's Asrama. Sage Sutikshna advised Rama to go and see the great Sage Agastya that very day. Rama started to offer his homage to Agastya. On the way he saw the forest trees with wild fruits and flowers, joyous elephants, monkeys, birds and deer moving fearlessly and giving out cheerful sounds. Rama at once guessed that the hermitage of the great sage was nearby. It was the halting place of pilgrims and removed their fatigue. The forest was full of the smoke of ghee poured in sacrifice. It was the place of that sage who had conquered the south and made that direction his own. Lakshmana went in, saw a pupil of Agastya and informed him of Rama's arrival. The pupil went in to the Agnisarana to inform the great sage with folded hands. The sage immediately asked the pupil to usher them in, adding that he ought to have brought them in straightaway.



Gangadwar, the mountain source of the Godavari. Under the shed are images of a goddess and a cow's head from which the sacred rivers falls drop by drop.

Rama with Sita and Lakshmana entered the Asrama and what did he see inside? Quiet deer moving round about and the places in the Ashrama of Brahma, Agni, Vishnu, Indra and numerous other deities. Surrounded by numerous pupils, the sage came to receive Rama. The sage was shining with lustre—the image of liberality and the abode of austerities.

एवमुक्त्वा महाबाहुरगस्त्यं सूर्यवर्चसम् ।
जग्राहापततस्तस्य पादौ च रघुनन्दनः ॥

—*Ramayana*, Aranyakanda, 12, 24.

"Having pointed out to Lakshmana Sage Agastya who had the brilliance of the sun, the valorous Rama caught hold of the feet of the great sage as he came down to receive him". Agastya gave to Rama the bow of Vishnu, the arrow of Brahma, two inexhaustible qui-

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vers of Indra full of arrows and a divine sword. On Rama's request the great sage advised Rama to settle down in his exile at Panchavati forest about two *yojanas* from Agastya's Asrama.

Dandakaranya is said to be situated between the Vindhya and the Saivala mountains. Manu's son Ikshvaku had 100 sons, the youngest being Danda. He was stupid and dull-headed and ruled badly. He was given to rule the country of Dandaka between Vindhya and Saivala with Madhumat as the capital. He made Sage Usanas his *purohita*. Once while on a hunting expedition, Danda saw the beautiful unmarried daughter Araja of his *purohita* and preceptor Usanas. In the solitary area he ravished her in spite of her protestations and then returned to his capital. Sage Usanas, coming to know of this heinous crime was flaming with rage. He remarked that the king had caught hold of the flame of fire and burnt his fingers. He warned all the inhabitants of the country to vacate it and cursed that in seven days Indra would rain dust over the entire country of Danda and make it a jungle. This reminds us of the effects of a modern atom- or hydrogen-bomb. He asked Araja who was unfortunately made Saraja to stay in the Ashrama and perform a penance. Only that area was saved by Indra from the dust-rain (*Ramayana*, Uttara Kanda 80-81; Padma, Srishti 34).

In this Dandakaranya, in the place called Janasthana, there was Agastya's Ashrama. Agastya and Vasishtha were the sons of Mitra-Varuna through Urvashi. Once Agastya saw his ancestors hanging in a pit with heads downwards. On inquiry he learnt that it was because he was unmarried and without a son to release them from that special hell. Agastya with his spiritual force created a very beautiful lady, placed her with the king of Vidarbha and when she grew up he married her. She was Lopamudra, the most beautiful, learned and highly accomplished lady of the age. Agastya was reminded of his duty to his ancestors and approached her for a son. Her ideas of the standard of life were very high and like a good wise lady she asked Agastya to acquire wealth before thinking of progeny!

यथा पितुर्गृहे विप्र प्रासादे शयनं मम ।
तथाविधे त्वं शयने मामुपैतुमिहार्हसि ।।

—Vanaparva, 95, 17.

"You deserve to approach me only after providing me with the same standard of life that I had at my father's house".

Agastya recognised her affection and started to earn wealth. He came to King Srutarvana and said, "Give me some wealth according to your capacity without violating the rights of any one". The king showed his audited statement of accounts and the balance-sheet where there was practically no excess of income over expenditure. The sage did not desire to harm any one. He therefore went to King Bradhnasva. He too had no

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money. The sage then came to King Trasadasyu. He too had no money. The sage finally came to Ilvala Demon who received him. This demon used to kill people by feeding them his brother Vatapi cooked as a goat who then came out alive bursting their bellies. Agastya ate the goat and digested it striking his belly three times with his palm. Ilvala had to give him wealth. Subsequently on his treacherous attack on Agastya, the sage burnt him. Lopamudra was satisfied and the sage had an illustrious son called Dridhasya. (Vanaparva 94 to 97).

Godavari is also called Ganga and Gautami. Sage Gautama had his hermitage here on the Brahmagiri. He stayed with his wife Ahalya. No rain fell here for years. Gautama propitiated Varuna who gave him an inexhaustible pit from which Gautama produced sufficient crops. Other Rishis become jealous, pleased Ganesh and with his unwilling help arranged for a ruse. A cow was sent in Gautama's granary and on Gautama trying to avoid her with a bunch of Darbha she suddenly died! Gautama was labelled a killer of cow, driven out of the Ashrama and made to undergo severe austerities. He propitiated Shiva who brought Ganga on the Brahmagiri to purify Gautama. Shiva himself agreed to stay there in the form of the Jyotirlinga of Tryambaka. All Gods came down and promised to come there every twelve years when the Jupiter was in Leo. (Suvapurana, Kolirudra, 24 ff.) Gautama turned the course of Ganga coming down there as Godavari or Gautami with a Darbha blade and this place is known as Kusavarta. The date of the descent of Ganga or Godavari from the Brahmagiri Hill is given as Saturday the 10th of the bright-half of Magha—during the reign of King Mandhata. It is said that when Vishnu and Brahma went to see the end of Shiva down and up, Brahma came back with two subborned witnesses to prove that he had gone to the end. Enraged at the deception, Shiva cursed Brahma that he would have no followers; Brahma in turn forced Shiva underground when the Tryambak Hill rose up by 2000 feet.

It was at Panchavati that Rama passed some of his happy years of exile.

तर्पयित्वाथ सलिलैस्तैः पितॄन् दैवतानपि ।
स्तुवन्ति स्मोदितं सूर्यं देवताश्च तथानघाः ॥
कृताभिषेकः स रराज रामः
सीताद्वितीयः सह लक्ष्मणेन ।
कृताभिषेकस्त्वगराजपुत्र्या
रुद्रः सनन्दिर्भगवानिवेशः ॥

—*Ramayana*, Aranyakanda, 16; 42, 43.

"With water libations they satisfied the ancestors and Gods. They praised the rising sun and deities with Sandhya and Arghya. With Sita and Lakshmana, Rama bathed in Godavari. He appeared like Lord Shiva with Uma and Nandi and having the Abhisheka of water".

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Arnold J. Toynbee

GOD, WAR & CO-EXISTENCE

[The following are some questions put by a newsman to the great historian and the latter's answers to them.]

Q. Do you see any evidence of threat of war lessening?

A. Most definitely. Technological advances in the methods of destruction have forced the West and communist world to speed the findings of ways of getting along together or face the prospect of destruction. We have seen in Korea and Indo-china examples of the kind of stalemate situation that results when both sides are unwilling to enlarge such conflicts into general wars.

Q. What exactly is your concept of God and man's relationship to Him?

A. God is the unseen power controlling the universe and man, and probably can be best defined as Love, although He also has other qualities. Man, through his personal soul, comes to know God often as a result of suffering in which he learns what not to do to become Godlike. Eventually man will experience an entirely spiritual existence.

Q. Does religion offer a practical means for solving the present world tension?

A. Yes, of course, if you are speaking of religion based on faith in God rather than some of the other ideologies which have become what is tantamount to religion from their adherents' view. Religion will be a means, from a long-range view, of bringing all people into harmonious relationship.

Q. What do you foresee as the outcome of an attempt at co-existence?

A. It will be possible, with many stresses, because both sides know the alternative to be destruction.

Q. Can the West and the communist world continue to co-exist peacefully in view of the present situation?

A. In my view a general war will not result over the conflict of ideologies for the reason I have already given.

Q. What have people learned from hsitory to assist their efforts for durable peace?

A. They have learned to discipline themselves from the examples and mistakes of others. They have learned to put up with each other and to get along while living side by side.

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A K. Majumdar

PANINI

INDIAN historians are often restrained from adequately praising their ancestors even where an eulogy is due, lest they should be accused of writing "patriotic humbug." It is therefore refreshing to turn to European writers and find Dr. A. L. Basham writing: "Though its fame is much restrained by its specialised nature, there is no doubt that Panini's grammar is one of the greatest intellectual achievements of any ancient civilization, and the most detailed and scientific grammar composed before the 19th century, in any part of the world." Again, "By this time (Panini's) the sounds of Sanskrit had been analysed with an accuracy never again reached in linguistic study until the 19th century. One of ancient India's greatest achievements is her remarkable alphabet, commencing with the vowels and followed by the consonants, all classified very scientifically according to their mode of production, in sharp contrast to the haphazard Roman alphabet, which has developed organically for three millennia. It was only on the discovery of Sanskrit by the West that a science of Phonetics arose in Europe". (A. L. Basham, *Wonder That Was India*, p. 388).

It may be thought that we have quoted here only an isolated opinion of a Sanskrit enthusiast, hence a few more are added.

W. S. Allen begins his book *Phonetics in Ancient India*, (p. 3) thus: "In the sphere of grammar it is a gratifying custom of present day linguists to pay lip service to the greatest of descriptive grammarians, the ancient Indian Panini". Further on he quotes Professor J. R. Firth: "Without the Indian grammarians and phoneticians whom he (William Jones) introduced and recommended to us, it is difficult to imagine our nineteenth century school of phonetics."

Mr. Allen is also a Sanskrit scholar, so we quote from Prof. L. Bloomfield, one of the greatest of modern linguists, who cannot be said to have any bias in favour of Sanskrit or Panini: "Outside the tradition of Europe, several nations had developed linguistic doctrines, chiefly on antiquarian basis... It was in India, however, that there arose a body of knowledge which was destined to revolutionize European ideas about language... In time they worked out a systematic arrangement of grammar and lexicon. Generations of such labour

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must have preceded the writing of the oldest treatise that has come down to us, the grammar of Panini. This grammar which dates from somewhere round 350 to 250 B.C., is one of the greatest monuments of human intelligence. It describes, with the minutest detail, every inflection, derivation, and composition, and every syntactic usage of its author's speech. No other language, to this day, has been so perfectly described... The Indian Grammar presented to European eyes, for the first time, a complete and accurate description of a language, based not upon theory but upon observation... The Hindu grammar taught Europeans to analyse speech-forms; when one compared the constituent parts, the resemblances, which hitherto had been vaguely recognised, could be set forth with certainty and precision" (L. Bloomfield: *Language* 1950, 10-13). Mr. Allen quotes from another work of Prof. Bloomfield: "For no language of the past have we a record comparable to Panini's record of his mother-tongue, nor is it likely that any language spoken today will be so perfectly recorded."

At present, however, several charges are levelled against Panini: he destroyed the flexibility of Sanskrit by fixing its form and allowed the formation of strange words and compounds thus being directly responsible for the degenerate Sanskrit literature which was produced about a millennium and a half after his time.

As for the first accusation, we would venture to point out that the form of the languages of all the civilised nations are practically fixed. Even in English, both the word-formation and syntax are fixed, and pits await the unwary man who takes liberty even with the pattern of the sentence. One need only remember the famous advertisement culled by *Punch* long ago: "Wanted arm-chair for old gentleman *with sliding back and oak legs.*"

But even if it is possible to pass off with slightly unusual English, there is hardly any scope for innovation in French. As a modern writer puts it, "the French language has been deliberately shaped by grammarians", and any rule of grammar can only be altered by an act of Government. This rigorous discipline has not marred the development of French, why should it have hindered the growth or flexibility of Sanskrit?

Next is the charge against Panini (i.e. Sanskrit Grammar) for having permitted formation of fantastic words. But the fault lay in contemporary taste which attributed special virtuosity to this type of writing and leading authors were sometimes tempted to indulge in tricky writing which were considered as feats and proved one's command over the language. Panini bestowed liberty, not license.

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There will be freaks and aberrations in every language. Though we cannot call James Joyce anything but a supreme artist we would very much like someone to translate his *Ulysses* into intelligible English with the help of grammars and dictionaries alone. The literary propensities of Joyce are not the criterion for evaluating the merits of English of the twenties, neither should the occasional fantasies of Magha and Sri Harsha fix in our minds the nightmarish possibilities of Sanskrit.

Next is the use of long compounds of which the most guilty is the greatest Sanskrit prose writer Bana. There is no need here to include any passage from him, as one sentence from Bana can run into several pages in translation, though most of his sentences do not. There is, however, not a single Sanskrit writer who has not used compounds. Kalidasa has used compounds of five to six words; *Gita-Govinda*, hailed as probably the most musical poem ever written in any language, depends entirely on the long compounds and conjuctions for its sound effects. It was in the genius of the language as Panini found it, and we have inherited it. We shall quote as example the first word of our national anthem.

'Jana-gana-mana-adhinayaka'; quite a long compound of four words. Kalidasa usually did not use compounds of more than five words. Even Hemachandra did not use longer compounds in his *Trishashtisalakapurusacharita*, though where necessary, he could be more maddening than Bhatti. Anyway, Tagore can be readily quoted as having used a compound of seven words if not more, without seeming to be pedantic. Not surprising, as he was a great admirer of Bana. Tagore's "compounding" tendencies are not usually noticed, as modern Bengali like English does not follow any rule about joining the compounded words (e.g. Baby Corona noiseless portable typewriter).

It is however not intended to suggest that a knowledge of *Ashtadhyayi* is necessary to acquire a working knowledge of Sanskrit. We have practically dispensed even with *Siddhanta-Kaumudi* or even *Mugdha-bodha* which was written for the edification of *'mugdhas'* a word which is just a shade less disparaging than 'fool'. But for a scientific study of Sanskrit, Panini will ever remain the Master, and for all grammarians the model. His precise and immutable grammar far from being a liability is an asset: one of our most valuable inheritances from the past.

A little learning is not a dangerous thing to one who does not mistake it for a great deal.

—Blanche White.

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Modern life is so fast, so extraordinarily varied, it has become so "homogenized," that the rhythm and aims of marriage are essentially affected by it. Marital life must, consequently, adjust itself to the rhythm and wealth of modern life.

KEEP YOUR LOVE YOUNG

Edward Kaufmann

AGAIN and again women have complained, and are complaining, that their husbands do not take an interest in their problems, their activities, their life.

A woman who complains of her husband's lack of interest in her person and activities must have become more or less uninteresting to her husband in the course of their married life. Or the husband has never learned to be interested in her, and she has neglected to train him to be interested. For we must not forget that at one time the same woman, at the beginning of the marriage, must have been interesting to her husband.

The husband's indifference cannot be a sudden phenomenon. It develops gradually, and usually over a long period of time. At first the wife does not notice it, or refuses to notice it, or is unwilling to admit it. The wife has neglected to discover, or create, common interests with her husband. She has neglected to remain continuously stimulating and interesting.

The interest of one person in another, in his activities and being, does not arise and develop of itself. It must be aroused, fanned, enriched, and renewed again and again, if it is to be kept alive. This is a partnership procedure in itself, a game both must play with equal zest, pleasure, and sincerity.

A woman remains stimulating as long as she has a hundred qualities that her husband approves, and ninety-nine that he disapproves. Approval and disapproval are both exciting and interesting—if they are properly handled. If the husband can discuss everyday professional problems with her as with a stranger; if they can be serious together; if they can laugh and have fun together; if the husband unexpectedly skips an afternoon at his office, in order to spend it with his wife; if he now and then leaves his business to look after itself and looks after his wife instead; if he sometimes racks his brains about her; if he once in a while is angry about her, with or without

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reason; if, with or without reason, he is a little jealous of her; if he likes to surprise her pleasantly, with or without any special motive, then it would seem that he has a stimulating wife.

The wife who never lets her husband be quite sure of her keeps him alert. He does not forget her easily. She herself can afford to be a little jealous, but only a very little. Why? Because, if she shows no jealousy, the husband thinks that she is indifferent to him; if she shows too much, he thinks she is desperately in love with him, and becomes too sure of her. He feels too safe in his "spirit of adventure", or he feels deprived of "very breath of freedom." The under-jealous wife may be accused of coldness, the over-jealous one of lack of common sense.

A gift is a proof of love and respect, an expression of insight into the world of the other, of interest in it, of understanding of it. It is not the price of a gift that constitutes its value, but the bit of joy, happiness, fantasy that a gift releases. It is such gifts that a woman wants. An occasional unexpected flower, book, bottle of perfume, presented without any particular pretext, a superfluous object brought in on an ordinary week-day, keeps love young in a woman. The husband learns to give his wife not only routine items, but gifts to make her sing.

Women's interests must be constantly and substantially extended. Her education and knowledge must be greatly enriched. She must be intellectually alert and stimulating. Modern life is so fast, so extraordinarily varied, it has become so "homogenized", so to speak, that the rhythm and aims of marriage are essentially affected by it. Marital life must, consequently, adjust itself to the rhythm and wealth of modern life.

A woman should have her own interests, even if her husband does not share them. The stimulation and refreshment that she herself draws from them are in turn transferred to her marriage.

A woman should have her own friends, even when the husband does not approve of their opinions. Both husband and wife should have time out, an evening or a day, for themselves, for their own friends, either in the home, or outside the home.

It is largely incumbent on the wife to infuse the marriage with interest, and to make it intellectually exciting. Men tend toward mental stagnation in marriage. They acquire a sort of "intellectual paunch." A woman can guide her husband toward intelligent alertness, or she can let him deteriorate intellectually. Much depends upon her energy, upon the direction she takes from the very first day of the marriage.

[From *You and Your Marriage.*]

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Polio Conquered

WITH the discovery of the anti-polio vaccine by Dr. Jonas E. Salk of the University of Pittsburgh, his name passes into the immortal line of Pasteur, Koch, Jenner, Curie and Fleming who have contributed substantially to the alleviation of world's ailments by their medical discoveries.

In the year 1784, one Dr. Michael Underwood of Great Britain noted that infantile paralysis was regular and not endemic, and since that time medical men of many countries were tracking it down.

On April 12th this year a quiet announcement from the U.S. that the vaccine developed by Dr. Salk has proved 60 to 80% effective against polio, brought a sigh of relief to the entire world which of late had become very anxious about its younger generation in whom the incidence of the fell disease is greatest.

After 17 years of research, experiments and expenditure amounting to crores of rupees in the United States, quantities of the vaccine are to be sent to all nations of the world. Lakhs of school children



Dr. Salk inoculates a small girl with th new anti-polio vaccine.

in America were inoculated last year and the vaccine has proved safe and potent.

The Salk vaccine is not a cure; it is a preventive. It immunizes you against the polio virus particularly of three strains. It takes nearly a month for the immunity to develop. It is characteristic that the vaccine is ineffective after a polio attack.

The vaccine contains millions of dead polio viruses. Because they are dead, the viruses cannot cause polio. But they still have the power to stimulate the creation of antibodies, the body's natural fighters against disease.

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The Salks at home: Peter, 11, Darrell, 8 and Jonathan, 5, the three sons of Dr. Salk got the first shot of the new vaccine before others. Mrs. Salk stands at the doorway.

The successful Salk vaccine consists of three types of polio virus, treated with a solution of formaldehyde to make them harmless. When injected the vaccine induces the human body into setting up a defence against polio virus as explained above.

The monkeys of India have once again attained immortality (once before in the *Ramayana)* by offering to be experimented upon in the great task of saving humanity. For, monkeys imported from India have till lately provided the only live tissues on which the virus would grow. Enough vaccine to give 2,000 children a course of inoculation can be prepared from the kidney of one monkey. Four different laboratories used 17,500 monkeys in this research.

India which is one of the countries to receive the benefit of the discovery by the communication of its formula, will be grateful to the great discoverer.

Quite young for his age, Dr. Salk was born in Manhattan, New York City, in 1914 as the eldest of three sons of a women's-wear manufacturer. After a period of advanced practical work following his passing from New York University's Medical School, he won a National Research Council fellowship for work in viruses, and went to the University of Michigan. In 1947, Dr. Salk went to the University of Pittsburgh to start a virus laboratory where he did research on this polio problem. He is now Director of the Virus Research Laboratory at the Pittsburgh School of Medicine.

Dr. Salk hopes that with improvement his vaccine will give children lifelong immunity against infantile paralysis. If this proves to be the case, it would mean that within the next decade, polio could join diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid, and plague that have finally been conquered by medical resarch.

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Our Vedic Seers—5

T. A. V. Dikshitar

SAGE VISWAMITRA

A KING called Isiratha undertook a penance to the end that a son, equal in valour and might to Indra be born to him. Indra coming to know of the purpose of the king's *tapasya* and anxious that no one else should be born with powers similar to his own, permitted himself to be born as a son to the said king. He assumed the name of Gadhi for this purpose and was begot as Viswamitra.

Another version is contained in the *Ramayana* of Valmiki. According to it Prajapati is the progenitor and Kusa, Kusanatha, Gadhi and Viswamitra form the scions of what has come to be called the Kausika house.

Viswamitra was an ideal king, powerful and very much devoted to the welfare of the state. He gave to his country much needed peace and plenty. He was beloved of his subjects as they were treated with justice and affection by him. He conferred upon the needy whatever they required and he was ready and willing to extend protection to those afflicted with difficulties.

One day the king Viswamitra went ahunting. At the end finding no water with which to quench his thirst, the king repaired to sage Vasishtha's hermitage. The sage at once extended to the king such a wonderful reception, lavish hospitality and threw him a wonderful banquet that very soon the king was wondering how the sage could get such miraculous deeds performed at a moment's notice. But soon he found that it was the divine cow Kamadhenu (the giver of all desires) that had wrought this miracle.

He was consequently possessed of a burning desire to obtain the cow by fair means or foul. At first he pleaded with Vasishtha that the cow be given to him as it was but proper that she should adorn a royal palace. But Vasishtha firmly but politely informed him that the secret of all his oblations, penances and the means of feeding his guests lay locked up in the divine cow and that therefore, he would not part with her.

Viswamitra, finding that arguments were of no avail, resorted to a show of force for obtaining the cow. A long and bitter fight ensued between the two.

Kamadhenu, seeing that her innocent master was pitted against

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brute force, created a few warrior-classes called Saka, Kirata, Yavana, etc., to help her master. Ultimately, Viswamitra was defeated. He realised that to fight a great sage like Vasishtha he must also be armed with the powers of a sage.

So, entrusting the affairs of the State to his son, he started making severe penances as a result of which he came into possession of various divine weapons. But even these were found to be quite useless against the single stick of Vasishtha called "Brahma Danda". No sooner did Viswamitra's weapons touch this Danda than each one of them was devoured by it. It was then that the realisation dawned on the king that he was opposing his Kshatriya might against the sage's Brahmanical power. Therefore, he made up his mind to attain brahminhood in the course of the same life.

Valmiki Ramayana gives us a very vivid account of the arduous *tapasya* performed by Viswamitra in order to obtain brahminhood and the various impediments that well-nigh baulked him of his final reward.

He engaged himself in penances in all the four directions. At first he went south and for a thousand years did *tapasya* of an intense type at the end of which a-not-too-pleased Brahma appeared before him and while admitting he was a Rishi, informed him he had yet to travel far before he could be a Brahmarishi.

Highly stung by this declaration of Brahma, the sage recommenced his penance. It was then that he chose to protect Trisanku, who was pulled down from Heaven by the Gods. Viswamitra assured the falling Trisanku that he need not despair and that he would create a new world for him. In fact, he very nearly did it and threatened even the Gods, but had to stop because of the pious pleadings of the Devas.

These exploits of his, nevertheless detracted from the object with which he originally started his all-consuming penance—the attainment of brahminhood. Thus disturbed, he renounced the south and started on a similar project now at Pushkara in the West. Here again, whatever powers he obtained had to be expended in trying to protect his nephew Sunahsepa from being offered as an oblation in a sacrifice of Ambarisha.

He again started on his penance for a thousand years more. At the end of this period, Brahma again appeared before him but was not prepared to hail him as a Brahmarishi. Here again, his amorous adventures with the celestial nymph Menaka tended to disturb his *tapasya*.

Then he proceeded north where he had to contend with innumerable obstacles till he ultimately

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reached the east. He was now bent upon achieving his object and so, for a thousand years he entered on a silent round of perfect *tapasya*. At the completion of this period, Brahma fully satisfied, presented himself before him along with the Gods and blessed him with brahminhood.

But Viswamitra was not pleased with the mere assurance of Brahma. He insisted that he should be recognised so by the great Vasishtha himself. The Gods, therefore, requested Vasishtha to admit Viswamitra's claim which he accordingly did. Thenceforward, both Viswamitra and Vasishtha became the thickest of friends.

The story is related how, once wanting to test the sage's claim for brahminhood, the presiding Deity of Dharma approached him in the guise of Vasishtha and begged for food. But unfortunately, at the time no food was ready and Viswamitra, therefore, requested his guest to wait for a while. But the visitor would not and went away sans food. Then the sage atoned for his lapse by staying where he was for a hundred years, at the end of which Vasishtha, the host, came back and pronounced him a Brahmarishi. *Tapasya* was in the sage's blood, and he had once before been a great *tapaswin* in the Krita Yuga. His penances on the banks of the Kambu Teertha invested him with rare powers among them being his eminent right to father the noblest and best race of men.

There is an interesting story which relates how, when Vasishtha became the Priest of Harischandra the True, Viswamitra tried his best to make Harischandra utter a falsehood by creating a host of unenviable situations for him but to no purpose. The king stuck to his guns and the sage had to go away disappointed.

The sage had a number of hermitages. One of them was situated near the forest of Thataka of blessed memory. It was here that Lord Vishnu, in the guise of Vamana, received the thrice-measured earth as gift from Mahabali. This hermitage of the sage is called "Siddhasrama". Another of his hermitages was on the western bank of the Saraswati. A third one was on the Sthoma river in Kurukshetra and yet another one on the banks of the river called Kausika.

The sage is called "Devarata" because he was instrumental in rescuing his nephew Sunahsepa from being offered as an oblation at a sacrifice.

He is reputed to have had a hundred sons. Madhuschandra was the name of his 50th son. We are told that about half the number of his sons did not recognise him as so great as he claimed, while the rest, loyal and devoted that they were, accepted him as really great. The dissidents, there-

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fore, adopted the "Kausika" Gotra and the obedient ones chose the "Viswamitra" Gotra.

Viswamitra was the priest of king Sudasa for whom he created a horse to be offered as a sacrifice in his Asvamedha Yagna.

The authorship of the whole of the third Mandala of the *Rig-Veda* is attributed to Viswamitra and his sons. We come across many a hymn by the name of Vaiswamatric, leaving us in no doubt about their authorship. The Viswamitra clan is otherwise called the Kausika clan also. In one of the Vedic hymns Viswamitra styles himself the son of one Kausika. Wherever a reference is made to the Viswamitra clan, it is usually done by the introduction of the word Viswamitra in the plural number.

There are a number of hymns called Sampata on the authorship of which there is no unanimity of opinion, some regarding Viswamitra as having composed them, others holding Vamadeva as their author.

The word Viswamitra means a friend of the world. Of the great Gayatri Rik, the sage is the Mantra Drashta or the seer.

In the *Ramayana*, we come across the sage in the character of one, who is all love and affection for young Rama. It was he who took Rama and Lakshmana from Dasaratha as their preceptor and it was he who was responsible for Rama's marriage with Sita. It may be mentioned here he was responsible for establishing the greatness of Sri Ramachandra.

The Pravara of the Viswamitra Gotra runs thus:

वैश्वामित्र आघमर्षण कौशिक

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance on many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.

—Mazzini.

Laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As new discoveries are made, and new truths disclosed, institutions must advance also and keep pace with the times.

—Thomas Jefferson.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—22

Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed

THE autumn of 1934 were days of strife and struggle and the streets of Srinagar flowed with the blood of martyrs. Maharaj Sir Harising's police had opened fire on his people who demonstrated against his rule. Behind the mosque on the riverside lay on cots the wounded. Indeed tragedy lurked at every corner. An anxious soul with a parent's heart went flitting about the scene of tragedy, pressing into service all manner of help to the wounded.

The scene now changes to the morrow of Indian Partition. Marauders equipped with most modern weapons of war knocked at the gates of Srinagar. The same anxious soul ran about Srinagar from *mohalla* to *mohalla* mobilizing young and old, women and children, who got hold of everything that could be laid hands on or used as a weapon, and ditched themselves to one man against the tide of invasion. The spirit of Kashmir had been whipped up to a frenzy and it blazed forth and threw sparks of fire from every eye. The "boys" from India rounded off the job and saved the land of RAJATARANGINI for the nonce. The man who thus kept the morale of his people and staved off tragedy is Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, the iron man of Kashmir, even as he had been the moving spirit behind its freedom struggle all these two decades and more.

A six-footer, big, burly, with broad high forehead partly covered by the fez cap, guileless, expressive eyes, aquiline nose, large nostrils, curved lips on pearly teeth, it may well have been chiselled out of granite by an Ajanta sculptor. That is what Bakshi's face looks like. He has a clear ringing voice which reverberates with sincerity and honks bluntness. Vigorous of mind and body, his thoughts do not move on a groove. He has no intellectual pretensions, but has a fund of rugged common sense. Like the late Sardar Patel, he is a man of few words and big action. He is an organizer *par excellence*. The National Conference of Kashmir owes all that it is worth to his untiring zeal.

Born in 1907 with hardly a penny he could claim as his, Bakshi has risen to the position of Kashmir's number one man by sheer dint of

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Shri Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed with Shri Morarji Desai.

merit. Starting life as a school teacher, he later on joined the All-India Spinners' Association. He entered politics in the early twenties when he was arrested for participating in the movement for the boycott of foreign goods. In 1931 he threw himself wholeheartedly into the national struggle and suffered repression at the hands of the autocratic government. The state government had a price placed on his head because of his organizational genius and imprisoned him several times.

During the 1938 movement he went underground and worked against the Kak regime. He mobilized public opinion in India in support of the national struggle. Kak had to quit in the end. Bakshi was able to return to his country, following Gandhiji's return from Kashmir, after seventeen months of self-imposed exile.

A man of the people, his sympathies are always with the common man, the lowly and the downtrodden. The minorities find in him their best friend.

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Sheik Abdulla, the ex-Premier of Kashmir was hand-in-glove with him till the fateful May-August of 1953. By a strange quirk of Fate, Abdulla lost his balance at a psychological moment and ran out of gear. In an effort to bolster up his failure to run on an even keel he hobnobbed with reactionary forces in and outside his country and turned a blatant *volteface* to the Delhi Agreement of July 1952. Even the worst calamities are not without their good parts; popular will asserted itself against the harmful policies of the Sheik and so the Sadar-i-Riyasat was compelled to dismiss him and entrust Deputy Premier Bakshi with the stewardship of his country.

On assuming Prime Ministership on the 9th August 1953, Bakshi told his people: "It has been a very painful decision to part from our erstwhile colleagues with whom we fought shoulder to shoulder for the freedom and honour of the country. In times of historic crisis, when the fate of millions is at stake, personal relations and affections have to be subordinated to the paramount interests of the country." That shows the born democrat that he is.

The Constituent Assembly of the Kashmir and Jammu State has in its sovereign right, ratified the state's accession to India and that has settled its future so far as the people are concerned. Let the Kashmir problem continue to remain on the U.N. agenda; let the Nehru-Ali talks proceed on the most cordial terms; Bakshi and his people are sure of their minds.

During the short tenure it has been in office, the Bakshi Government has made considerable progress in its reforms on the social and economic life of its people; in education, communication, agriculture, industrialization, public health, tourism etc. The National Conference which had not met for four years during the Abdulla regime for obvious reasons, met on October 30 last year and expressed overwhelming confidence in the leadership of Bakshi.

Whenever he can take time off, Bakshi goes about hiking which has been a passion with him since his schooldays. Another hiker, Nehru, whenever he is in Kashmir invariably goes a-hiking with him. Bakshi has climbed mountains in Gilgit and Ladakh and roamed through the villages in the Pir Panjal range probably more than any other man in Kashmir today. When his body is a trifle taut and he is tired by overwork, he allows himself the luxury of a thumping massage on the green lawns of his villa.

There are industrious rich and industrious poor, as there are idle rich and idle poor.

—Ruskin.

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Dharma. By Agamananda Swami. Published by Ramakrishna Adwaita Ashram, P.O. Kaladi (T.C. State): pp. 8 + 79; 1955. Price: Re. 1/-.

The modern world is in the grip of rank materialism. Moral values are all perverted. Man wants to continue to live at the cost of man. Individualistic ideologies are seen on the surface and nations have become fanatic. Life is in danger every moment and the edifice of morality is tottering. Survival of the fittest is the watchword and the weakest are being dashed against the walls. In a word, Adharma has usurped the place of Dharma.

The book under review is brought out just under these circumstances. It is titled *Dharma.* It has thus the strongest justification for its birth. The book which is written in Sanskrit has added significance especially when we all are eager to see Sanskrit placed on the highest pedestal which it once occupied with a legitimate claim.

The revered writer had originally written the essays constituting the book, in *Prabuddha Keral.* They thus had a limited scope. At the request of his friends, Swamiji put the essays in Sanskrit, thus widening its extent and sphere.

Swamiji's grasp of the subject is unquestionable. He has said nothing that is not there in the holy scriptures, the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, the Smritis. The book bristles with quotations. It is the reorientation of the Aryan conception of the Law, the Dharma. Swamiji concludes that it will be India, Bharat Varsha, which will save the world from its spiritual death, by treating it with Vedic, Aryan ways and methods, preached and practised by our ancient Rishis, the Seers.

★

Sramika Dharma Rajya (Part IV) By R. Mandeswar Sarma. Published by the All Bharat Cultural Contact Committee, Viramandir, Kovvur; pp. 78; 1954. Price: Re. 1/-.

The book under review contains a cultural retrospect from Rig Vedic Bharat, S. D. R. Synopsis and recent essays. On the second cover page of the book the symbolic Sramik Badge characterised by the Lotus, Hammer and Plough, Orange Colour, Spinning Wheel and Sky Blue Colour is described and explained. On the third and the fourth cover page is to be

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found a further detailed explanation of the same. An appreciative tribute in the form of a blessing and good wishes from the Vice-President of our Indian Republic, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, goes a great way in proving the philanthropic cause for which the Sramika Dharma Sabha is founded and stands.

Kabir. Translated from original Hindi into English by S. H. Jhabvala. Published by S. H. Jhabvala, 10th Road, Khar, Bombay-23; pp. 7+104. Price: Rs. 3/-

It is an axiom in the Hindu philosophy that the Seers, Preachers, Teachers, Philosophers take births, *avatars*, in this world when there is utter chaos, disorder, degeneration, moral delinquency, in order to set the mistaken mankind on the path to progress and accelerate the speed of the current of growth and development that might have temporarily come to a standstill.

Kabir is one of such universal Teachers, Prophets. He sang for the mankind, lived and died for it.

The songs of Kabir were originally in Hindi. In order to make them available to the English-knowing people and thus to serve them with spiritual food, the present author has translated them in expressive, forceful language. In his versification the original aroma flows and spreads.

Marshal Tito (The Story of His Life). By H. R. Aiyar. Men of Today Series—Book 18; Krishna Raja Publications, "Bhadran Nagar," Malad, Bombay; pp. 44.

The book under review gives in a succinct manner some of the main facts responsible for the shifts which Tito had to make from time to time in the increasing light of his knowledge and experience. This narration of facts in the book ably accounts for the eventful change that altered communist Broz of the past into today's Tito. The book also describes how Tito and Stalin differed in the defence of the former's country against Fascism and Nazism. It is here that Tito's real stuff comes out in the limelight. The book serves a useful purpose for the readers who would not like to go to big books for the material.



Tito—A Man of Peace. By Shridhar Telkar. Published by Atma Ram & Sons, Kashmere Gate, Delhi—6; pp. 21. Price: Re. 1/-

A colourful life has been picturesquely depicted in the book under notice by the writer in a charming, elegant manner which is also marked with a fine sense of balance and criticism.

A.S.G.

The Gospel of Unity is the true Cure for Evil.

—The Koran.

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Vetala Pachchisi—19 Serial

LAUGHTER AT DEATH

In this instalment the ghoul relates a moving story on the lines of the Sunahsepa episode but with a different finish. It is an unequivocal castigation of greed, of love for the yellow metal, of infatuation on the part of humanity at all levels, including a mother, a father, and a king who give no quarter to that sublime quality, pity—which is the hand-maid of God Himself.

THE ghoul continued:

O king! There is a city named Chitrakut, the king of which was Rupdatt.

One day he mounted his horse and went forth alone to hunt; and, having lost his way, got into a great forest. What does he see on going there but a large tank, in which lotuses were flowering, and various kinds of birds sporting! On all four sides of the tank cool and perfume-laden breezes were blowing under the shade of the dense foliage of the trees. He, for his part, was overcome with the heat, so he tied his horse to a tree, and spread the saddle-cloth, and sat down.

A half-hour or so had passed when the daughter of a holy sage, very beautiful, and in the prime of youth, came to gather flowers.

Seeing her plucking the flowers, the king became deeply enamoured of her. When she was returning to her abode after gathering the flowers, the king stood in her way and asked, "What conduct is this of yours, for you not to attend to me when I have come as a guest to your abode?"

On hearing this she stood still again. Then the king said, "They say that if one of low caste come as a guest to the house of one of the highest caste, even he is entitled to respect; and whether he be a thief, or an outcast, or an enemy, or a parricide,—if even such a one comes to one's house, it is right to show him honour; for a guest is to be honoured more than anyone else."

When the king spoke thus, she stood still. Then, in truth, the two began to ogle each other.

★

In the meantime the holy sage himself came up.

The king saluted on seeing him, and he in return blessed him, saying, "May you live long."

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Having said so much, he asked the king, "Why have you come here?"

He replied, "Your Holiness! I have come ahunting."

He said, "Why dost thou commit a great sin? It is said that one man commits a sin and many men reap the fruits thereof."

The king asked, "Your Holiness! Kindly favour me with your judgment of right and wrong."

Thereupon the sage said, "Attend, your majesty! A great wrong is done in killing an animal that lives in the forest, supporting itself on grass and water; and it is a very meritorious act in man to cherish beasts and birds. It is said, moreover, that those who tender unapprehensive the timid and refuge-seeking, receive the reward of those who are most liberal givers. It is also said that no religious austerity equals forbearance, and no happiness equals that of contentment, and no wealth equals friendship, and there is no virtue like mercy. Moreover, those men who are conscious of their duties, and show no pride on acquiring riches, accomplishments, learning, renown, or supremacy; and those who are content with their own wives, and are truth-speakers —such men obtain final salvation hereafter. And those who kill ascetics with matted hair, and without clothes and arms, experience the torments of hell at the last. And the king who does not punish the oppressors of his subjects, he also experiences the torments of hell. And those who take to a king's wife, or the wife or daughter of a friend, or to a woman eight or nine months advanced in pregnancy—they are cast into the lowest and greatest hell of all. Thus is it declared in the book of law and religion."

On hearing this, the monarch said, "The sins which I have heretofore committed in ignorance are done, and are beyond recall; henceforth, God willing, I will not commit such again."

The holy sage was pleased at the king's speaking thus, and said "I will grant thee any boon thou may'st ask for; I am highly pleased with thee."

Then the king spoke, "Your Holiness! If you are pleased with me, give me your daughter."

When the sage heard this, he married his daughter to the king, after the manner of *Gandharva* marriages, and departed to his own place. Then the king took the saint's daughter and set out for his capital.



On the road, about mid-way, the sun set and the moon rose.

Then the king, seeing a shady tree, alighted beneath it, and tying the horse to its root, spread his saddle-covering and lay down along with her.

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Thereupon, at the hour of midnight, a Brahman-devouring demon came and awoke the king, saying, "O king! I will devour thy wife."

The king said, "Act not so; whatever thou askest for, I will grant."

Then the demon said, "O king! If thou wilt cut off the head of a Brahman's son seven years' old and give it to me with thine own hand, I will not eat her."

The king replied, "Even so will I do; but do thou come to me seven days hence in my capital, and I will give it thee."

Having bound the king by a promise thus, the demon departed to his own place; and on the morn arriving, the king also left and came to his palace.

★

The minister hearing of the king's arrival made great rejoicings, and came and presented gifts; and the king, after telling the minister of the adventure with the demon, asked, "Say, what expedient shall we adopt in the matter, for the demon will come on the seventh day?"

The minister said, "Your majesty! Feel no anxiety whatever; God will make all right."

After saying so much, the minister had an image made of a maund and a quarter of gold, and jewels studded therein, and having it placed on a cart, and conveyed away, and set up at a point where four roads met, he said to the keepers thereof, "If any persons come to look at this, say to them that any Brahman who will allow the king to cut off the head of a seven-year-old son of his may take possession of this."

Having said this, he came away. Thereupon the keepers used to say this to those who came to look at the image.

★

Two days passed away without any result. On the third day, however, a weakly Brahman, who had three sons, hearing of this matter, came home and said to his wife, "If thou wilt give a son of thine to the king for a sacrifice, an image of a maund and a quarter of gold, and studded with jewels, will come into the house."

On hearing this, his wife said, "I will not give the youngest son."

The Brahman said, "The eldest I will not part with."

When the second son heard this, he said, "Father! Give me up."

He replied, "Very well."

Then the Brahman spoke again, "Wealth it is which is the source of all happiness in this world. Now, what happiness can reach him who lacks wealth? and if one be poor, his coming into the world is useless."

Having said this, he took the second son, and gave him up to the guards, and brought away the image to his house; and the peo-

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ple, for their part, took the boy to the minister.

When seven days passed away, the demon came. The king took sandal, unbroken rice, flowers, perfumes, lamps, food for the deity, fruits and betel-leaf, and paid adoration to him; and, summoning the boy, took his sword in his hand, and stood ready to sacrifice him.

Thereupon the boy first laughed, and then wept.

While he was doing this, the king struck him a blow with the sword; so that his head was severed from his body.

True it is, as the sages have said,—Woman is the source of misery in the world, the abode of imprudence, the destroyer of courage, and the occasioner of infatuation, the bereaver of virtue. Who has pronounced such a source of venom to be the highest good? Again, it is said,—Store up wealth against adversity, and disburse wealth to guard your wife, and give up wealth and wife to save your own life.

Having related so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Your majesty! A man weeps at the moment of dying; will you account for this,—Why did the boy laugh?"

The monarch replied, "He laughed at the thought of this,—viz., That in infancy a mother protects her child, and on his growing up, the father cherishes him; and in both good and bad times a king befriends his subjects,—such is the way of the world; whereas, my predicament is such that my father and mother have delivered me over to the king through greed of wealth, and he stands, sword in hand, ready to slay me, and the demon desires a sacrifice; no single one of them feels a spark of pity."

On hearing this, the ghoul went and hung on to that same tree; and the king also speedily arrived there, and binding him, placed him on his shoulder, and carried him off.

[*To be continued.*]



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"DAUGHTERS OF THE FOREST"

Artist: B. Gopalakrishna. *Courtesy:* "*Navaneet.*"

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June 19, 1955



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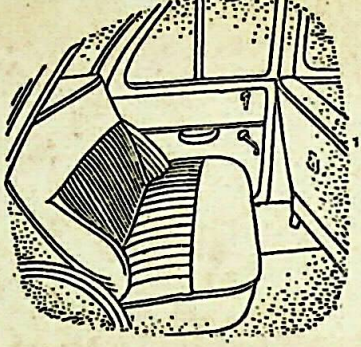
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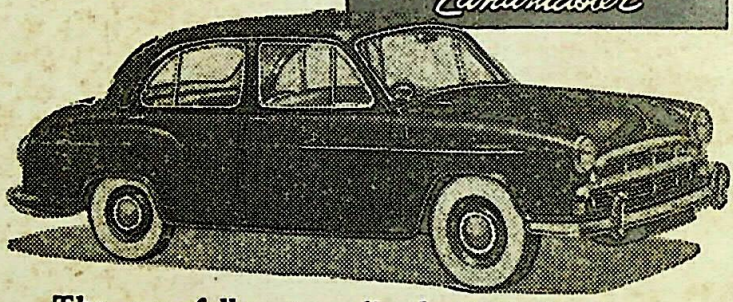
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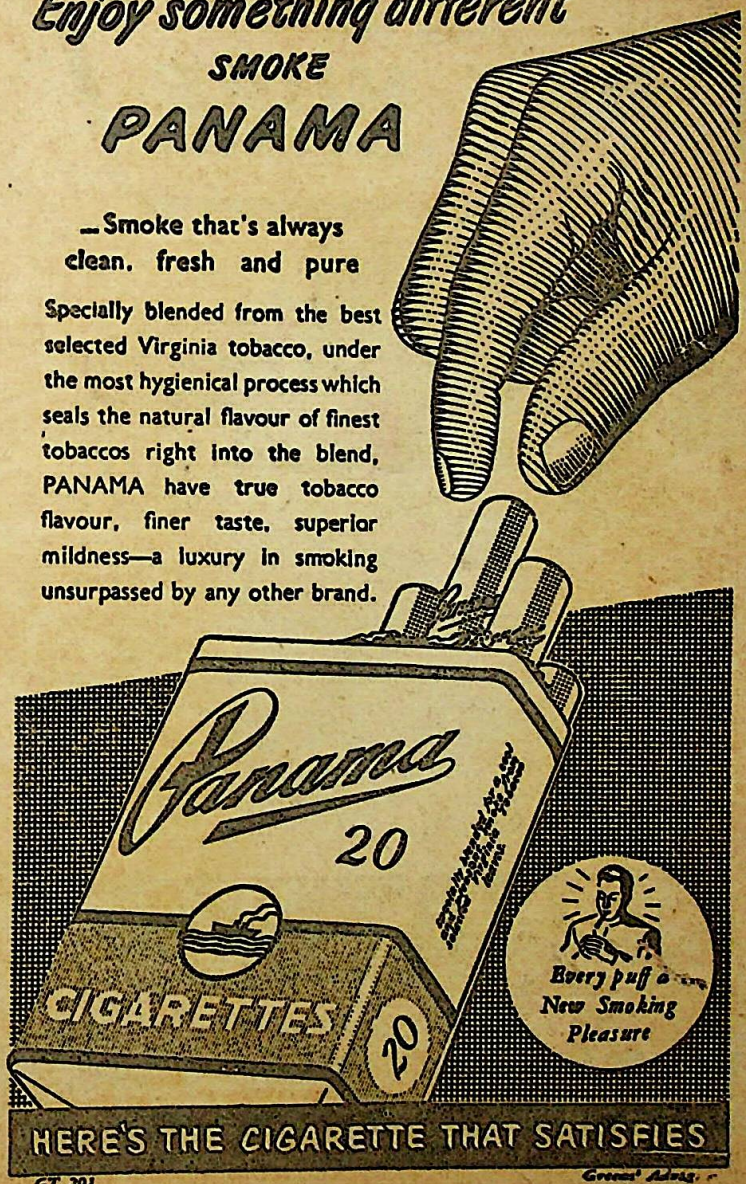
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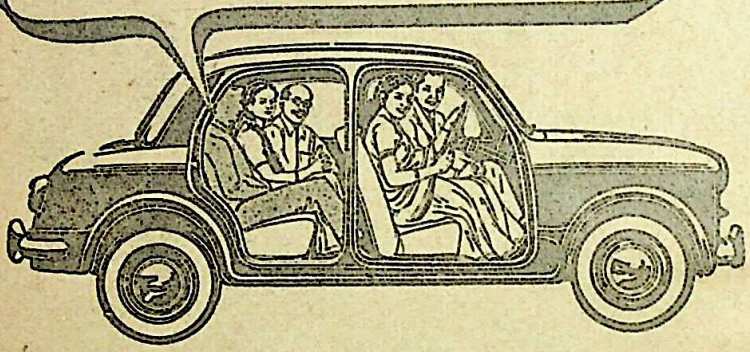


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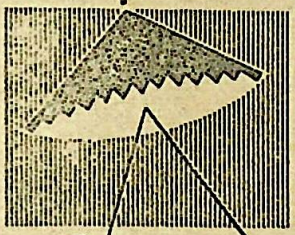


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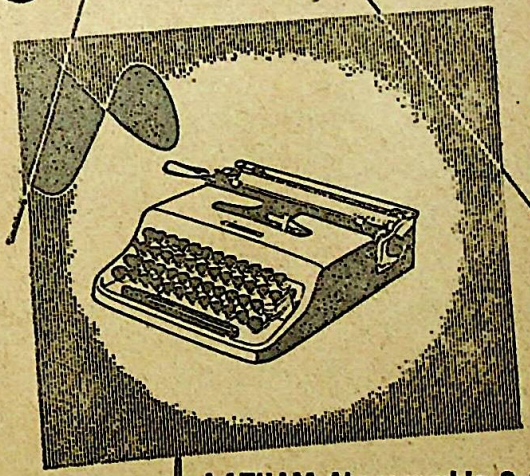
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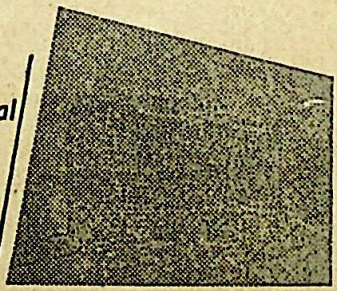
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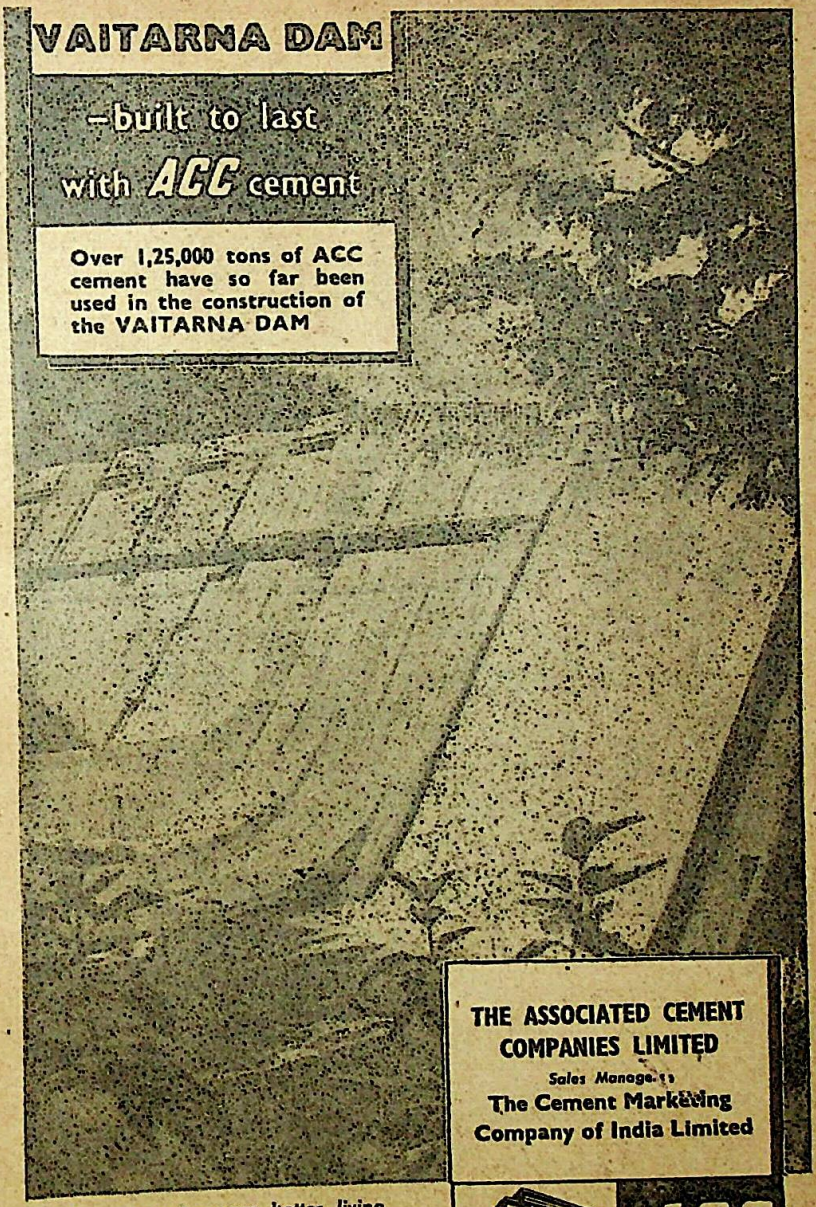
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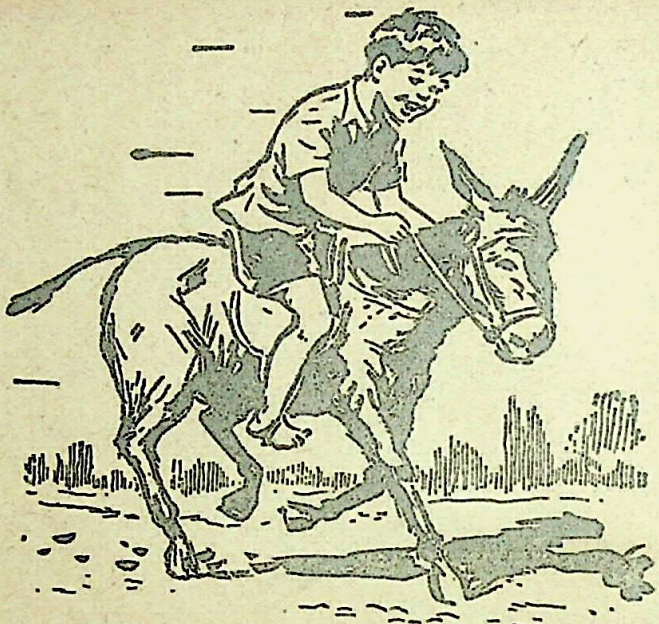
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 23] [JUNE 19, 1955

TRUE YOGA

यदा पञ्चावतिष्ठन्ते ज्ञानानि मनसा सह ।
बुद्धिश्च न विचेष्टते तामाहुः परमां गतिम् ॥
तां योगमिति मन्यन्ते स्थिरामिन्द्रियधारणाम् ।
अप्रमत्तस्तदा भवति योगो हि प्रभवाप्ययौ ॥
यदा सर्वे प्रमुच्यन्ते कामा येऽस्य हृदि श्रिताः ।
अथ मर्त्योऽमृतो भवत्यत्र ब्रह्म समश्नुते ॥

When the five organs of knowledge are at rest together with the mind, and when the intellect ceases functioning (becomes calm) that they call the highest state.

The firm control of the senses, they regard as Yoga. At that time one gets careful, for Yoga is acquired and lost.

When all desires that dwell in the heart of one cease, then the mortal becomes immortal and here attains Brahman.

—Kathopanishad.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 77

★ The Himalayas ★ The Spirit of Beauty
★ The Magic Symbols

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
JUNE 19, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE HIMALAYAS, which spread out in all directions, are, if anything, all beauty. From a high crag which, now properly levelled, bears the name of *Vyas Giri*, I can have a look at the 8000-feet China Peak in front, the serpentine road winding down to the plains and the roof-tops of Naini Tal nestling among the trees to the left. Silence reigns on the hill-tops; the pine-trees sway in the breeze; the valleys sweep out towards the plains. The range on which snow sleeps eternally is partially covered by distant clouds.

At such a time I capture the spirit of beauty. Again, when I see the ever-changing mood of the Naini Tal Lake, I feel a curious sense of romantic mystery coming over me. In sunlight it scintillates like a huge emerald; by moonlight it becomes a sheet of silvery ripples; on a moonless night, with white and green lights reflected in its waters, it becomes a pool of mystery.

★

It is generally imagined that lovers of Nature come to such beauty spots. Such a "lover of nature" thinks that a capacity to admire Nature should be attributed to him. He would lose caste if he did not make that claim. He arrives at the summit of such a mountain and utters such phrases as: "Ah! How wonderful!", with the air of one whose one aim in life has been to live in tune with Nature. But he immediately rushes off to play billiards or bridge in a room laden with alcoholic fumes every window of which is barred.

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This "lover of Nature" puts himself to this trouble because he believes that to admire Nature is generally accepted as a characteristic of a cultured man. When he returns home, he hangs landscapes on the walls of his house for guests to admire and for him to proclaim the price he has paid for them. If the natural scenery depicted in such pictures is of a sensational or picturesque kind, he feels happy that his claim to culture has been fully established. The fact, however, is that he has no true capacity to admire Nature. It only exists in the man who is gifted with a sensitive imagination and the gift to transfer his emotions to things of Nature.

I loved an old print of a painting —an heirloom—under which was printed: "Thames below Twinkenhor." In 1907 when I moved to Bombay I carried the print to the foul-smelling rooms of Anantwadi and Pimpalwadi. It continued to hang on a wall in my room till it was eaten up by moths.

In my early days of struggle, this faded print made me feel that my life was worth living. After a tiresome day—and that was often —I gazed fondly at the river, the grass on its banks, the lovely trees and the distant sky. They gave wings to my imagination. I forgot for a while the filthy crowded chawl, the small room which I shared with three or four companions, and the sordid mattress on which I sat. I was then wafted on the wings to open spaces and scented forests.

Later on in life, when I came to live in the midst of natural beauties, in forests, by the sea-side, under the star-strewn skies at night, I realised what I had felt when I used to gaze at the moth-eaten print of the "Thames below Twinkenhor". I was sensing the beautiful and I knew that beauty was not in Nature herself. It was in the seeing eye or the spirit.



This urge to perceive and feel beauty is not merely an urge; it is the very breath of life. It is also a strange power which normally ebbs and flows according to a law of its own. It has nothing to do with health or comforts; not even with illness or distress. Sometimes, I find life dreary; work has no charm and pleasures no edge. I am in a mood heavy as lead.

Suddenly, against this murky background flashes the spirit of beauty. Flowers assume new colours; hill-tops, a new radiance. I feel a yearning, painful as a stab, but inexpressibly delightful. It ends in rapture. I feel like singing all my way, joyously, like a lark, and the world moves to the rhythm of my song. Then I know that the spirit of beauty is stirring within me.

On the other hand, I do not necessarily catch the spirit of beauty when I am successful, pros-

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perous or happy. On the contrary, at such times, it seems to fly away from me. I have seen many successful men; many men rolling in riches, many flushed with the triumph of victory; but I have not found in them the power to capture the spirit of beauty. Music has no meaning for them; poetry does not thrill them; they do not feel the harmony in the world; nor are they aware of the wonderful visions which surround them.

I am sure some of you would say that this is fantastic, but it is not so. If the spirit of beauty is not awakened in us, it only shows that we have been unable to outgrow our lower mind or that we are slaves to that ruthless tyrant, the thinking mind, which only reasons, calculates, manoeuvres or seeks ends.

★

In spite of materialists who make the world hideous by insisting that we are no more than insects, the spirit of beauty has no physical basis. As I said before, it has nothing to do with success or happiness; certainly not with robust health. It does not desert me when I am unwell. It defies the laws which govern the body and the mind. When the spirit of beauty comes to me like an angel and touches me with the tip of its ethereal wings, the world is changed. I gaze enraptured at the sweeping mountain-tops. I enjoy the fresh lines of the branches of the trees which are already familiar to me. I am moved by an intricate pattern of leaves, or the distant sound of a ringing bell. I feel an exquisite pain. Then I know that I am in the region of beauty where neither mind nor matter rules.

This experience has nothing to do with the thinking mind. It is not the product of any intellectual process; no amount of reasoning could produce it. It might not come even if I read my favourite poets; it never comes when I use my reasoning powers.

And sometimes it does come when I am thinking out some abstruse problem, but not as a part of it. Then I can almost sense it is coming by a sound, or sight or an idea. And I leave all that I am doing and try to capture the spirit.

This is not an emotion and is not alloyed with pleasure. It is a radiation of the spirit; the fundamental aspiration which has established contact with the source from which it springs. I feel for the moment that I am in the presence of God.

★

I found, however, one danger in pursuing this mood. When such an experience is repeated, we are driven to seek it again and again, as do the poets. For, they are delicate instruments which can easily and often catch the spirit of

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beauty. But it is difficult to keep the instrument in trim, and when it is out of order, the natural tendency is to send the mind in pursuit of it. But the mind thus goaded is powerless; it is not made for this end; and its attempt will end by a feeling of pessimism or frustration creeping over it. The mind can never capture beauty. It is the aspiring spirit alone that can find it.

If the spirit has to pursue beauty, the mind has to be kept quiet; all that it can possibly do is to enlist the services of the imagination and envisage as best as it can some picture of ineffable beauty.

We must train the mind, and through the mind the imagination, to pass from beautiful things to beautiful ideas; from beautiful ideas to beautiful lives; from beautiful lives to beauty in one's life and experience, till we reach Absolute Beauty.

Temporary experiences will then be related to that picture, held in the imagination. As the picture continues to grow in vividness, the aspirations would become stabilised.

Once I asked Krishna Prem, the Englishman, who at one time was a professor of English and is now a Sadhu, how he likes the daily worship of Sri Krishna in the wilderness a few miles away from Almora. He answered that the ceremonials of bathing the image, preparing food and offering it, chanting the praises — these brought him happiness. And what more can one wish for? These have become the symbol of beauty, the experience of which has become a settled frame of mind with him. He is right. Beauty is the living testimony of God. That is why when on mountain-tops or in vast spaces the presence of God is felt, transfiguring one's whole existence.

★

I have no patience with those who talk of the consoling power of Nature. Many poets have sung of it. But most people who come to the Himalayas for a holiday play golf, attend bridge parties or ride horses and never feel this power. There is no greater agony than even when surrounded by natural beauty the spirit loses the power to produce this aspiration. There is nothing more distasteful than to see on the heights of Badrinath the Uttar Kashi saffron-robed sadhus snarling at each other for an anna's worth of food.

Perception of beauty, therefore, depends not upon the natural beauty which surrounds us, but upon the presence and the power of the fundamental aspiration. We may nourish the aspiration by a study of beautiful things. We might train it to remain with us for some time, once it has been evoked. We may strengthen it by keeping in constant sympathy with the beauties of nature. But its

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source and strength are both derived from the spirit within.

In this age of speed, however, we neglect the spirit. Daily newspapers, four-hourly doses of radio and the half-hourly 'hellos' of the telephone, drive us to seek exciting and sensational pleasures. We seek amusement instead of beauty. We are afraid of being alone. The fundamental aspiration is naturally stifled. Himalayas or no Himalayas, we do not feel the spirit of beauty. Naturally, we find no God.

If, therefore, we want beauty in life, not only in our own, but in that of the world as a whole, we must at all costs learn some time or the other to be alone with Nature and with ourselves, when we can give time for our aspirations to rise and to raise us from our sordid day-to-day existence.

Often I live without this aspiration; sometimes I am overpowered by it. But on many occasions, I have prayed for it in all humility and the prayer has been heard and answered.

When I am alone, quiet and patient, I enter into an all-embracing calm. Then I live in the beauty that lies in the stream that makes the music, or the birds that twitter in ancient trees, or in the vast spaces on every side or in the stream which spreads out at my feet.

The tree, the cloud, the flower, the stream which give us this mysterious satisfaction are but magic symbols of the beauty that lies within. It is there, real, insistent, undeniable. It is a symbol of Reality. If once the spirit of beauty is captured, the gates of Life Divine are opened and not even death can close them.

Yours sincerely,



To speak of God and Nature as of different things, is as difficult and dangerous as if we think separately of the body and the soul. Neither can we have the knowledge of the soul without the meditation of the body, nor of God unless we understand Nature. Therefore it seems to me absurd to accuse those of absurdity who by a highly philosophical argumentation unite God with the world.

—Goethe.

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PURE DEVOTION

Sri Chaitanya

WHEN a person sits to dine, every morsel of food affords him three things at a time, viz., satisfaction, nourishment and appeasement of hunger: so where a person is a genuine devotee, he must be imbued with three things simultaneously, viz., (a) a steadfast attachment for Sri Krishna (b) a definite realisation of the true nature of Sri Krishna, Jiva and Maya and their inter-relationship and (c) a corresponding detachment from all matters or affairs that do not concern Krishna or Krishna-Bhakti.

Pure devotion, therefore, consists in the devotional culture towards the realisation of Krishna and Krishna-Prema by means of the mind and all the physical senses, aiming at the gratification of Spiritual Senses of Sri Krishna.

Be it remembered that service to Sri Krishna should be rendered for His Own sake and pleasure. It should be free from all other desires and unenveloped by Karma (Fruitive action) and Jnana (Gnosticism).

It should be imbued with the desire of cultivating a friendly feeling for Sri Krishna. The highest form of devotion to Hrishikesh, the Lord of all senses, consists in rendering Him services with steadfast attachment by means of all the spiritual senses and fixing on His Lotus Feet the purified mind divested of all mental and physical worldly dross.

The supreme Lord Sri Krishna is *Adhokshaja*, i.e., He reserves the prerogative of not being exposed or subject to human sense-experience.

Hence, the supreme and fundamental religion consists in the causeless and unhampered devotional service to the Lotus Feet of the Absolute Person *Adhokshaja*, by which the soul enjoys the Eternal Bliss.

Both abstinence from mundane enjoyment and Transcendental Knowledge regarding the Absolute Person automatically spring up in no time in the heart of a devotee from unalloyed devotion to the blessed Lord Vasudeva.

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S. Radhakrishnan

RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

THE WORLD is becoming a small place to live in due to the advance of technology and communications. We do not live any more in separate worlds. Asia and Africa cannot advance materially without the technological aid from the West. And the West cannot sustain itself without the commodities and raw materials which the other parts of the world give.

There is another phenomenon—the highly destructive weapons which nature has placed in our hands. It is a challenge to us. If the challenge is accepted, it will be pleasant. If that is thrown away, then there will be disaster. It is stated that the forces of nature are controlled to such an extent that they may soon be able to destroy two-thirds of the world by pressing a button. These forces if rightly controlled, will enable us to bring about a world beyond the dreams of mankind. If abused, it will lead to chaos.

The challenge to us is how we can get this world which is unified physically, politically and economically, unified psychologically and spiritually too. No fundamental unity can be regarded as enduring unless it is able to sustain itself as certain fundamental spiritual values.



In India we have the tradition of studying all religions so as to promote harmony. When we say we should study the different religions, we do not suggest that any

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one should capitulate or compromise. God's wisdom is found scattered and it is essential for us to listen to it. The scientific spirit calls for an open mind, tolerance and humanistic attitude. We ask for understanding of one another, because much of the troubles of the world are due to misunderstanding. If people indulge in sectional disputes and religious rivalry, they will play into the hands of the enemies of religion. If religions are able to give of their best, it will be possible to give this groping world in search of a soul, a lead.

The increasing spirit of materialism is an indication to the religious leaders that they have to search within themselves to find out what is lacking in so far as their religious attitude is concerned. We have to take into account the fact that any religion will lose its hold if it is not able to have the allegiance of the common people who are exposed to new thoughts, criticism, etc. Every religion must address itself creatively to the task of reorientating itself so as to make it relevant to the new forces that happen to be at work at the present day. Such forces are the spirit of science, spirit of humanism and spirit of world unity. We cannot ask the people to accept incredible dogmas or outdated propositions. It is essential for the religions to address themselves to the task of removing the inhumanities. Any religion that makes for disintegration has no appeal. Religions must conquer. There should be spiritual unity of the world. That is the problem facing us.

It is wrong to imagine that science is opposed to religion. It is an unfortunate impression and an untrue one. In all the history of the world, wherever a religious thesis had to be sustained, it was sustained by the spirit and method of science. If you open the *Brahmasutra,* you will find it asking you to find out the ultimate reality. You are called upon to make an empirical survey of the facts of the world. It is a qualitative change to go from the merely rational to the truly spiritual. The mind that split the atom is superior to the atom itself. Service to truth is service of God. The late Prof. Einstein looked on the world by the order, the beauty, and the pattern of it and he was impressed by the greatness of the spirit which was responsible for the greatness of this universe.

When we grow from intellectuality to spirituality, it is not merely growing in the same direction, but growing in another direction. It is to become qualitatively different. We are to be re-born in this world. That constitutes the reality of religion. From the beginnings of history till today we have been laying the greatest stress on this qualitative change to be brought about in man. A man who is able to conquer him-

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self is greater than the man who conquers the world. It is not by intellect, learning and study, but by something else by which we will be able to discover ourselves. It is the re-birth of the individual that constitutes the aim of a true individual. Unless you change and unless there is in that a change of your consciousness, you cannot be regarded as worthy of the Kingdom of God.

It is clear that all religions are rooted in experience. Religions ask us to test theories by experience. That quality of God-realization was found in the Rishis of old. If we do not proceed on creeds, dogmas etc., but on the fundamental test viz., realization of the Supreme, then we are reborn.

We cannot say that we have any particular monopoly in Hinduism so far as this is concerned. All religions have in them the potency to make their adherents grow to the highest heights of humanity. Mankind seems somehow to have become the victims of intolerance, violence and cruelty and the best among us are perverted. What is necessary is a self-searching of our hearts and minds.

[Condensed from his address at Bangalore.]

Genuine morality is preserved only in the school of adversity; a state of continuous prosperity may easily prove a quicksand to virtue.

—Schiller.

Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head and keeps pecking away until he finishes the job he starts.

—Coleman Cox.

Every candle burning brightly in a dark room makes a task of lighting that room easier for all other candles in it. Every kind and generous deed makes kindness easier for the human race.

—W. H. P. Faunce.

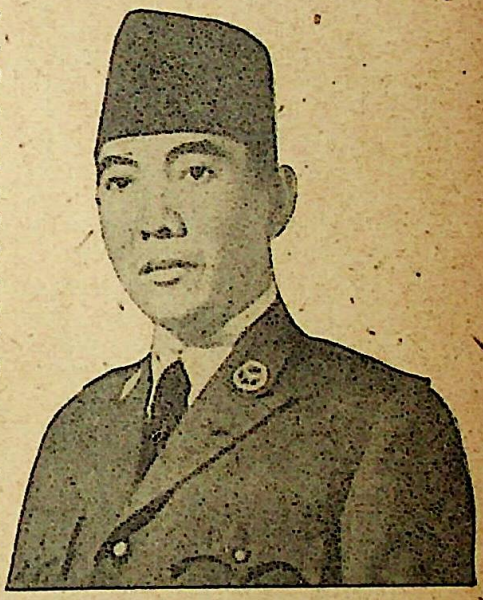
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President Soekarno

COLONIALISM AND PORCUPINES

ON THIS twentieth century we have to witness a paradox, indeed. Everywhere people clamour for "freedom", "human dignity", but at the same time these very people do not want to give freedom to the nations who demand it. Everywhere people clamour about the "desire to live in peace", "to co-operate in the international field", and "to see world brotherhood come true." However, at the same time, we are witnesses of colonial domination in various parts of the world.

These two matters are incompatible. "You cannot believe in freedom, and deny freedom",—a man of letters once warned. The conceptions of peace and colonial domination cannot go hand in hand. It is one or the other: it is *either* peace without colonial domination, *or* colonial domination without peace. He who wants to wed peace to colonial domination acts contrary to the most elementary conceptions of human logic—he is in conflict with the law of nature. However, strange though it may be, people still try to put this paradox, which runs counter to the law of nature, into effect!



People wonder which way to go after being confronted with such a bare fact!

Various theories have been brought up and have become a matter of academic debate; however, people forget to pay due attention to the surroundings and draw the analogy from it.

Once, one stone-cold night, a flock of porcupines grew numb

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with cold in a zoo. Because of their being cold, they jostled each other in search of warmth. However, as they jostled too roughly, they pricked one another with their prickles; they felt pain and parted. Then, however, they grew cold again, and jostled again. Again they were pricked by one another's prickles, again they parted, again they grew cold, again they jostled....this process of going away and approaching one another continued on and on, until at last they found the most appropriate distance among them; everyone of them got the warmth needed without pricking one another!

This is a simple story indeed, but the simile goes deep. Too close international relations, from which interference with the internal affairs of one or the other nation may ensue, may lead to colonial domination.

And colonial domination means a dangerous stab into the body of the dominated. Where life is imperilled, resistance according to the law of nature, ensues. Then peace will be gone.

On the other hand, international relations which are too wide apart and where people face one another like strangers, will cause a chain reaction: trains of thought that are too wide apart, misunderstanding, misconception, prejudice, rivalry, mutual distrust, tension, armament race, cold war and may be shooting war. Peace will be gone.

This is the wise simile of the simple story about a flock of porcupines on a cold evening!

Do all nations want peace indeed? If so, do away with all kinds of colonial domination. Do away with all kinds of bondage today rather than tomorrow. Give to every nation on the surface of this earth full independence and sovereignty and don't retard them by pettyfoggery of any kind, or even by using bombs and dynamite. Because Independence and Sovereignty will at long last break through. They will crush all kinds of obstacles, they will break out through all kinds of wrappings, because they are the offspring of the Law of Nature. Grant independence as soon as possible, then enter into an international co-operation on the basis of equality; that is: put into effect an international co-operation where there is no discrimination of any kind—on the basis of equal value, equal rank, equal prestige, without discrimination of colour of the skin, or religious belief, political ideology, standard of civilization or social system.

[From his address during the Ninth Anniversary Celebration of Indonesian Independence.]

Culture is quiet, it is restrained, it is tolerant.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

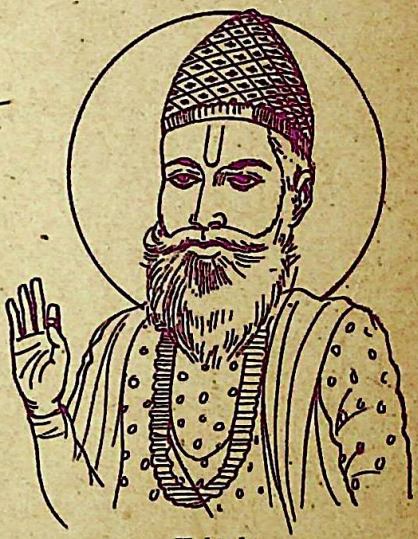
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S. S. Murdeshwar

KABIR'S TEACHINGS

THE *Bijaka* and the *Amar Mula* contain the religious thought, philosophy and ritual of Kabirpanth. Kabir's teachings and philosophy are permeated out and out by Hindu thought and philosophy. Only on the surface some dissimilarities are observed. The picture is the same, but the colouring is different and suitable to the times.

He believed in the inexorable Law of Karma. He says, "On account of Karma, one appears in the womb." He shares with Hinduism his belief in the theory of transmigration of souls. "I was in immobile and mobile creatures, in worms and in moths, I passed through many births of various kinds." Again "Through wanderings and error man comes again to his house (body); the soul plays in many forms—in various garbs." He taught that there is one God. "He is one; there is no second. Rama, Khuda, Shakti, Shiva are one: tell me, pray, how will you distinguish them? By the one name I hold fast: this Kabir proclaims aloud." The Upanishads emphasize the same—God is one, sages call Him by different names.



Kabirdas

His doctrine of creation comes nearer to Hindu idea, though there is no consistency in it. The Hindus believe that there was *Aum* in the beginning and from it everything was created. Kabir says "In the first beginning there was thought: the second that appeared was a resting-place therefor. Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva and Shakti then appeared."

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Kabir hated idolatry. In the Vedas, the Upanishads and in the earlier literature of the Aryans, idolatry finds no place. He says, "O mind, you make your Gods and Goddesses and kill living creatures to make offerings to them." How similar to the teachings of Shri Basava, the founder of Lingayat Dharma! The Lingayat Dharma is another bright facet of Hinduism, like the Kabirpanth.

Kabir preached Bhakti Marga or Nama Marga, and condemned religious ceremonies, asceticism etc. He says "Devotion, sacrifice, rosary, piety, pilgrimage, fasting and alms, nine Bhaktis, the Vedas, the Book (Quran), all these are cloaks."

Kabir emphasized only one form of Bhakti—remembering God's (Rama's) name with great love. *"Nama nirantar sar"* (God's name is the essence). *"Kheti karo Hari namaki"*.

Kabir does not give any importance to caste. The rigour of the caste was so crushing in those days that all the Hindu reformer-saints carried on an incessant crusade against it, and Kabir was no exception. He advocates Satsang (association with saints) and the necessity of having a Guru. The Bhakti Marga preaches the same. He preaches righteousness, the living a moral life and renouncing honour, pride etc. to enable a man to obtain salvation. *"Kama krodha chodakar Hari guna ga." "Daya shanti diime rakho jaise nirmal Ganga pani."* Again *"Jhutenko Saheb kaise bhete"* (How will the wicked see God?)

Kabir was undoubtedly a follower of Sri Shankara's Advaita philosophy. *Amar Mula* says: "Purusha appearing before me (Kuber) in the Satya loka, said 'Kuber, you and I are one, entertain no thought of duality. All creation is delusion. Beside me, there is no second. Gods, men and sages are all involved in this delusion'." So he believed in Maya and Advaita.

His ideas on salvation, heaven and hell are strongly coloured by Hinduism. The observances by the Kabirpanthis of the ceremonies —initiation, *arati* (waving of lights), Mahaprasad (receiving the holy food from Guru)—have Hindu resemblance. Receiving the betel leaf (symbol for salvation) from the Guru, breaking the cocoanut (symbol for freedom from sin) and the guidance of Guru are important aspects of the Kabirpanth. Maybe, these three form the Trinity of the Kabirpanth, because all religions which are influenced by Hinduism, — Buddhism, Jainism, Christianity—have the idea of Trinity. It is an entirely Aryan philosophical aspect.

Hinduism is the mighty and magnificent Ganga; Buddhism, Jainism, Christianity, Kabirpanth and other sects in Hinduism are her noble tributaries.

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G. Hauser

MANAGING THE MIND

TO EVERY one of us a philosophy of life is important and essential, because it is the blueprint of all our intellectual and physical activity, or should be. Some people have fine-sounding philosophies, but do not practise what they preach.

The purpose of a philosophy of life is to train our brains so that we will do the things we want to do, and to control our emotions so that we will be happier.

The world is a changing place. All the things in it are changing all the time. If we have values that are fixed and rigid, or assume that the world is fixed and rigid, we are not being intellectually objective; we are not being mature. In order to use emotional energy productively, we must have energy outlets. An energy outlet, if it is a good one, is a plan for the use of emotion toward a desired end. Emotion will run wild if you are not prepared for it. It will be like a bull in a china shop. The person with a working philosophy of life, one that enables him to be happier and healthier, despite the inevitable pains, frustrations and conflicts, will be hurt less by the inevitable stresses and strains of everyday, modern life; he will be more elastic, more resilient.

But one very important thing must be recognized about your philosophy of life. You must be unselfish. You must recognize that your best guarantee of obtaining the things you want in this world, of exercising your values, is by fighting for the privilege of others to do the same thing, even though their values are not your values.

Being intellectually objective, having good elastic values that are not broken into pieces every time something goes wrong, and being emotionally stable so that emotion can be controlled and limited, means that you have a philosophy of life, that you are mature, that you are not blown about by the wind of every circumstance. It means also that you are working for the welfare of others as they are working for yours.

There are lots of apathetic and placid people who say, "Me? Huh, I never get excited. Emotion

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never gets the better of me. You never see me go off the deep end. No, sir." These are the sad people who are slowly stewing in their own emotional juices, and those are no mean juices. They are able to do things that gastric juices can't do. They can cause ulcers that will eat right through the wall of the stomach, causing perforation and peritonitis!

There is no one who does not need to go off the deep end, at times. We all are confronted with situations that affect us too powerfully, that it is unwise not to let go. Emotion results from the release of energy, and that energy will serve us, or itself. Usually, we can channel it to our own advantage, if we are prepared, if we know in advance how we want to use it, and how we can use it. But that means that we must manage our minds, for if we don't, emotion will manage them.

[Condensed from *Be Happier, Be Healthier.*]

A famous editor once received a letter from a lady who was worried about how to get her church out of some financial difficulties. They had tried everything, she wrote: festivals, fairs, mock marriage, suppers and socials. Now what should they do to keep their church from disbanding?

"Why not try religion?" the famous editor replied.

It's much the same with the world today. Many are worried as to how they are going to keep modern civilization from splitting into fragments. And so they are trying everything: social reform, economic planning, new forms and systems of government, various psychological methods, et cetera, et cetera.

Many of these are good in themselves and will help a great deal. But they seem to have missed the one thing needed to make everything else work: the bringing of God and His love into all phases of human life. Some may say that selfless love by itself will not solve many of the problems that presently beset us. But it has also been pointed out that without that love none of those same problems can be solved.

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Immortal India—21 **J. H. Dave**

TIRUPATI

वैकुण्ठेन सहागतं परमिदं श्रीवेङ्कटाद्रिस्थलं पूर्वं ज्ञानवराहमूर्तिहरिणा भूम्या सहाधिष्ठितम् ।
लक्ष्म्याऽऽलिङ्गितरूपमद्यसगुणं कल्याणमास्ते दधच्छुद्धं ब्रह्म तदेव विश्वजननस्थेमव्ययानां प्रभुम्
—*Bhavishyottara*

"At Venkatachala, Hari in the form of the Jnana Varaha first resided with Mother Earth. At this very place now abides Sri Venkatesa, the highest, along with Vaikuntha and embraced by his consort Lakshmi. This is the same pure Brahman which has assumed the auspicious Saguna form and is the Lord of Creation, protection and destruction of the universe."

TIRUPATI is situated in the Chandragiri Taluk of the Chitoor District. Tirupati town is 90 miles from Madras and about six miles from the Renigunta junction in the Southern Railway. It is accessible from the South *via* Katpadi.

Tirupati town is at the foot of the hill which contains the famous Venkatesa temple. The sacred spot on the hill about 2,800 feet above sea level is known as Tirumalai. The hill forms part of the Eastern Ghats and is also known as Venkatachala and Seshachala.

Tirupati, the name of the Venkatesa shrine on the hill also, is known in Tamil literature as Vengadam. It was considered as the northern boundary of the Tamil speaking country of which the southern boundary was Comorin or Kumari, according to the ancient and classical Tamil grammar *Tolkappiyam*.

It is said that the Eastern Ghats on this side along with their curves, heights and falls appear like the serpent Adisesha and the seven hills of Tirupati are its seven hoods. That is why Tirumalai is called Seshachala.

The Puranic legends say that Vishnu by his own choice came down to stay here for the benefit of humanity. This place is one of the most famous and leading pilgrim centres in South India.

The legend of how Lord Venkatesa Shrinivasa came to reside on the Seshachala Hill is repeated in numerous Puranas. Extracts from twelve Puranas have been published in 2 volumes as *Shri Venkatachala-Mahatmyam*.

Padma Purana, Uttara, 255 states that once Manu performed a sacrifice. A dispute arose among the scholars collected there regarding the supremacy among Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. The task of finding it out was en-

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trusted to sage Bhrigu. First he went to Kailasa. Nandi did not permit him to go in. He somehow secured admission but Shiva was sporting with his consort Parvati and paid no attention to Bhrigu. Cursing Shiva, Bhrigu came to Brahma. The latter did not even get up or receive him thinking that Bhrigu after all was his son. Cursing Brahma too, Bhrigu came to Vishnu. The latter was fast asleep. Bhrigu in anger kicked him on the chest. Lakshmi who was also on the chest received a part of the kick.

Vishnu got up and instead of becoming angry, inquired whether there was any injury to Bhrigu's foot, adding that he was justified in kicking, as Vishnu was asleep and thus negligent in his duty of protecting the universe! Bhrigu was pleased. The print of the kick on the chest was preserved by Vishnu as the Sri-vatsa sign.

Vishnu put up with Bhrigu's insult taking him to be a great sage but Lakshmi did not. As Vishnu was trying to shield Bhrigu, Lakshmi even quarrelled with Vishnu and left him in disgust. It is said that Vishnu feeling lonely in Vaikuntha, came down, of his own accord, after due inquiries, to this Seshachala Hill to pass his time pleasantly. First he had come here in the form of Adi Varaha carrying the Mother Earth on his tusk and salvaging her from the deep ocean. After a long time and in order to grace a devotee of His, Vishnu assumed the form of Shrinivasa with Lakshmi on his chest and thereafter remained buried under the earth. Years thereafter, the cows of a local king used to come here, milked of their own accord and returned home dry. The king came to know of it, discovered the underground form of Lord Shrinivasa and placed the Lord in the now famous Shrine at Tirupati.

The local king who found out the underground icon of Lord Shrinivasa, it is said, was King Tondaman. It appears that in spite of the legendary character of the story, this Tondaman was a historical person and tradition places him between the Vikram and the Saka eras i.e. between 57 B.C. and 78 A.D.

The Prabandha of Four Thousand which celebrates the 108 places of Vaishnava worship and which is the composition of the Alwars, mentions Tirupati and throws considerable light on its early history.

Alwars and Acharyas have sung passionately about Venkatachala and Shrinivasa who is considered to be the most lovely amenable kind and generous form of Lord Vishnu. In North India, Shrinivasa is known by the name of Balaji. Not only have they sung about and had undertaken pilgrimage of this Balaji; many of them were concerned with the development and worship of the shrine. Tirumalai Nambi had completely devoted himself to the service of Shrinivasa at Tirumalai; and it

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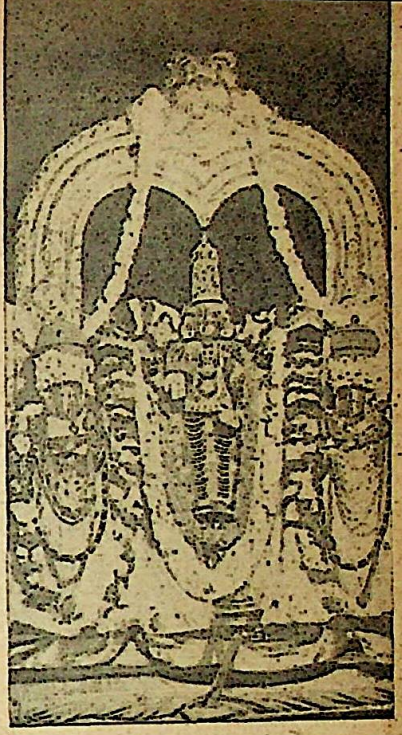
was the famous Ramanujacharya who visited Tirupati several times, organised the worship and reformed the rituals of the temple.

Numerous devotees including many kings have effected alterations, repairs and renovations in the temple and on account of this, the temple architecture has become composite. The late Chola, Vijayanagara and the modern styles are seen side by side. The earliest inscription available is dated 790 A.D. Vengadam or Venkatachala and its deity Shrinivasa are traditionally taken to be Swayambhu and existing from time immemorial.

As right up to the 8th century most of the references are to the Hill and the deity but not to the temple, it is believed that upto that time there might have been a small temple only to the deity.

It is said that a temple for the deity at Tiruchanur was built in about 826 A.D. as the Seshachala Hill temple was inaccessible to the devotees. About the time of Alavandar and his grandson Tirumalai Nambi, in about 960 A.D., the Venkatachala God was again brought over to the hill to his original place. Ramanuja enlarged the small temple and regularised the rituals.

One very curious thing about this Venkatachala deity is that in the ancient literature the God has been described as one having the compounded features of Shiva and Vishnu. Even the Alwars have described him as such and attributed to him some of the characteristic weapons of Shiva. Some go to the extent of taking the deity to be the image of *Hari-Hara* in the twin form. Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar states: "From the description by these Alwars one is likely to get the general impression that the image described is the image of *Hari Hara*". Some stanzas imply Shiva alone as the deity, others imply even Shiva and Brahma as the deity.



The processional image of Sri Venkatesa. On either side stand his consorts Sri Devi and Bhu Devi.

In the time of Ramanuja the Saivites preferred a claim to the image as being the form of Shiva and claimed that it was a Saiva temple. They had taken possession

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of the temple and disputes were going on between the Saivites and the Vaishnavas in the matter of this temple. Yadavaraja, the local Ruler with his capital at Narayanavaram was approached for arbitration. He sent for Ramanuja from Srirangam to help him in deciding the question. Ramanuja came down as invited and the dispute was argued out in open court. The result as expected was inconclusive. Ultimately the weapons peculiar to Shiva and Vishnu were placed before the Lord and after the doors were closed, the Lord was requested to assume any set of weapons he chose. On the next day the Lord was seen with weapons of Vishnu in his hands. One version is that Ramanuja intensely prayed the Lord to do so. Another is that he as an Avatara of Adisesha, entered inside and placed them in the hands of the Lord.

In the famous Dwadasa Jyotirlinga Stotra of Sri Shankaracharya, there is the description of Mallikarjuna on the Srisaila mountain which is part of the Sheshachalam Hills and Srisaila itself is used for Tirupati.

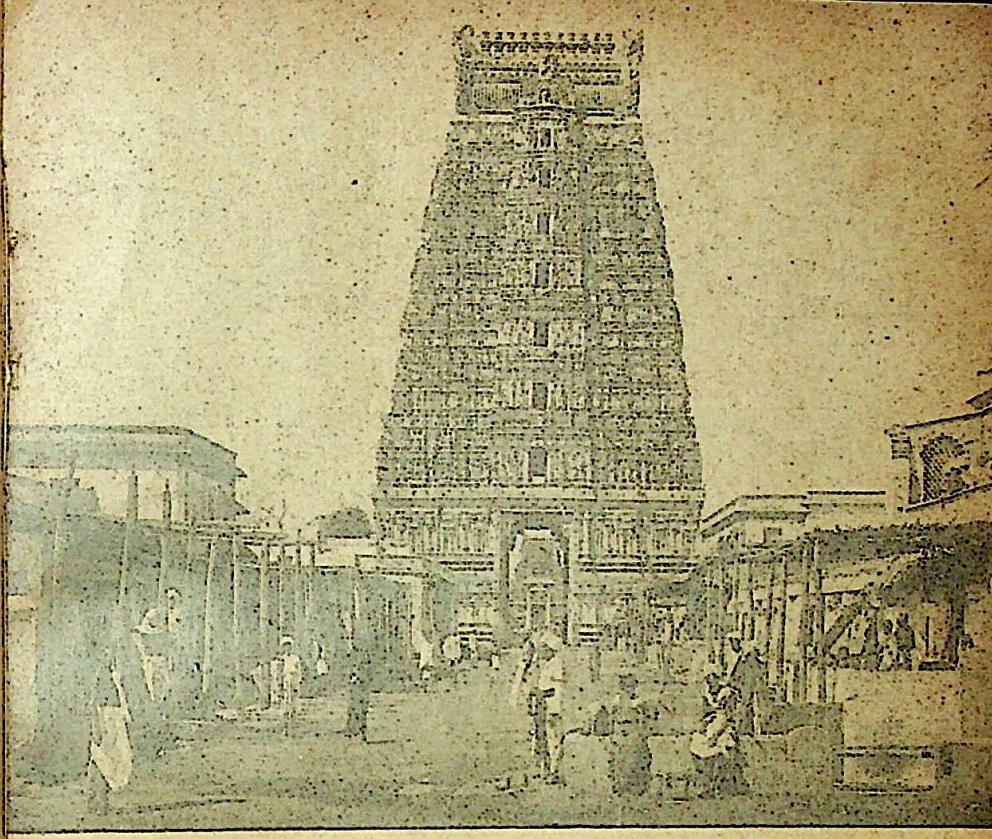
Whatever the dispute, the conception of the Tirupati deity appears to belong to that age "when the dominant feeling was not sectarian—either Saiva or Vaishnava —but a period of compromise when sectarianism had to be kept under control because of other enemies to overcome." Whether the deity was Para-Siva or Para-Vishnu—this supreme deity did contain within himself the forms of the other divinities of the Trinity.

Ramanuja succeeded in establishing the Tirupati temple as a Vaishnava Shrine and established the worship according to the Vaikhanasa Agama. He repaired the Ananda Nilaya tower, placed a gold necklace containing the image of Goddess Padmavati round the neck of the God, and prescribed the upright face-mark (Urdhva Pundra) of the camphor mixture called "Pacchai Karpuram". All jewels were to be removed on every Thursday, and the deity was to be dressed only in flowers.

On this occasion Ramanuja also brought the Govindaraja image from Chidambaram and got it installed in the Tirupati Town at the foot of the hill. The young Chola monarch wanted to thrust that image into the sea and Ramanuja rescued it. Govindaraja image is in a sleeping posture on the Ananta or the great serpent. Yadavaraja at the instance of Ramanuja installed it in a separate shrine erected inside Sri Parthasarathi temple now called Sri Govindaraja Perumal Temple.

The Pallavas of Kanchi (9th century) the Pandyas of Madurai and the kings of Vijayanagar (14th-15th centuries) were the devotees of Venkatesa. In the time of the Vijayanagar kings, the endowments and benefactions increased. The statues of Krishnadevaraya and his two consorts Chinnadevi and Tirumaladevi are visible even today. Many chiefs

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The magnificent Gopuram of Śri Govindaraja Temple in Lower Tirupati.

and nobles have paid their homage to this temple. Raghoji Bhonsle made a permanent arrangement for its worship and presented a great emerald. Rulers of Mysore and Gadwal also made handsome endowments. The shrine has remained untouched by Mohamadans since the time of Khilji; and Malik Kafur on his south journey seems to have taken a different route. The subsequent Muslim and English rulers took the temple in their protective control. This is one of the rare temples which has escaped the iconoclastic fury and retained its old and pristine glory even to this day. On account of the numerous endowments from the rulers, nobles and the general public from all over India, the estates of the shrine have increased enormously.

In 1843 the East India Company divested itself of its direct management and handed it over to the head of the Hathi Ramji Mutt at Tirumalai. In 1933 the Madras Legislature gave the charge to the Tirumalai-Tirupati Devasthanam

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committee, which had the control through a commissioner appointed by the Madras Government. In 1951 the Hindu Religious and Charitable Endowment Act (Act 19 of 1951) was passed and the control was entrusted to a Board of Trustees and an Executive Officer appointed by the State Government.

Venkatesa is the family God of numerous families all over India and particularly in the South. People have great faith in the Deity and he is the great healer of all the ills and troubles of the faithful. A Hundi, a great repository or Golak is placed near the Golden Gate, the Bangaru Vakili, carefully guarded by the sentries, in which the pilgrims place their offerings on the fulfilment of their vows.

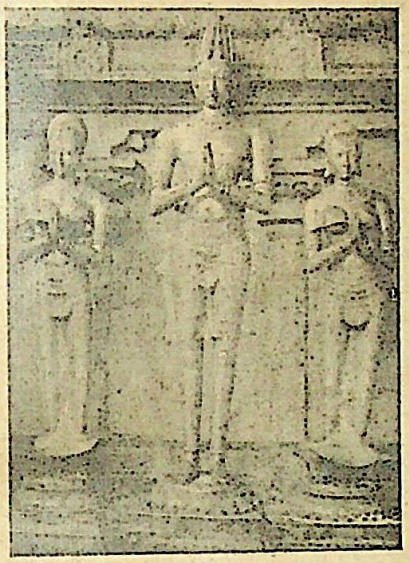
In the Garbhagriha, there is the image of the Deity of Lord Shrinivasa, Venkatesa or Balaji facing the east, seven feet high, of black stone, with four hands holding the conch, discus, mace and lotus. The image is excellent and very lovely and graceful. There are three Prakarams the Mukkoti Pradakshini, the Vimana Pradakshini and the Sampangi Pradakshini.

Sundara Pandya (1262 A.D.) gold-gilted the Kalasa on the vimana, Vira Narasimha Yadavaraya weighed himself in gold and made use of it in making the temple shrine like "the Suragiri of of the Devas". Krishnadevaraya visited Tirupati seven times. On one occasion he bathed the God in gold (Kanakabhishekam). His visits were mainly the thanksgiving visits whenever he had achieved something very notable and satisfactory.

There is a shrine of Ramanuja inside the temple. Swami Pushkarini lake, it is said, was brought from Vaikuntha by Garuda for the sport of Lord Shrinivasa. It is adjacent to the temple and a bath in it cures many evils and confers salvation. It is said to cure even madness.

Skanda records the story of Dharmagupta, son of king Nanda. The latter in his old age adopted an ascetic life and left the kingdom to his son Dharmagupta. Once this Dharmagupta while hunting got secluded in a forest at night. A lion pursued him and the king climbed a tree. A bear also resorted to the same tree out of the fear of lion who was sitting below, waiting to catch the prey. The king and the bear agreed to remain awake in turn, each for half the night and permit the other to sleep. First the king slept and the bear protected him, remaining wakeful. In spite of the lion's entreaties to drop the king, the bear remained faithful to its promise to the king. After mid-night it was the king's turn to be a watch over the sleeping bear. On the lion's entreaties the faithless king dropped down the bear as prey to the lion. The bear woke up, assumed the form of a yaksha and cursed the king to be mad as a penance for his heinous and

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Statue of Sri Krishna Deva Raya, the Vijayanagara king with his two consorts Chinna Devi and Tirmala Devi, close to the first Gopuram at Tirupati.

criminal breach of trust and faithlessness. His retired father Nanda was informed about this. Ultimately they found out the Swami Pushkarini lake and after a bath in it, it is said, Dharmagupta was cured of his madness which was due to the fact that

स्वाङ्कन्यस्तशिरःस्कन्धं ऋक्षं तत्याज भूतले
—*Skanda.*

"he had dropped on the ground the bear which was quietly and confidently sleeping, placing its head and shoulders, in the king's lap."

A pilgrimage to Venkatachala and a bath in Swami Pushkarini also cured sage Kasyapa of his evil. Even though he had remedies to cure king Parikshit of the serpent-bite of Takshaka—he did not go to cure him and on being bribed by Takshaka with jewels, he returned home from mid-way and Parikshit died of the serpent-bite. Any one who has remedies must cure the sick and the injured till the last moment.

यावत्कण्ठगताः प्राणा मुमूर्षो र्मानवस्य हि ।
तावच्चिकित्सा कर्तव्या कालस्य
कुटिला गतिः ॥

Skanda, quoting Ayurvedic authorities, gives this tip to doctors and Vaidyas. "So long as there is even slight life the dying man should be treated with proper remedies; for none knows the crooked ways of Kala". Kasyapa failed in his duty and he had to make amends.

At the foot of the hill, there is the Kapila Tirtha also called the Aiwar Tirtha. The Varahaswami Temple is in a corner of the Swami Pushkarini. Papavinasana Tirtha is almost two miles. In Tirupati town the Govindaraja and the Kodandaramaswami temples are well known. Kapilesvara Shrine of Shiva is 1½ miles from the town. At Tiruchanur, there is the shrine of Padmavati, the consort of Venkatesa.

The different *poojas* and festivals are performed at Tirumalai according to schedules. Free Darshans are available 3 times a day. For special *poojas* and festivals,

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pilgrims have to pay special fees and get receipts from officers.

The Devasthanam Committee and now the Board of Trustees are making great endeavours to improve the amenities and convenience of the visitors.

Tirumalai Tirupati Devasthanam maintains the Sri Venkateswara Oriental Research Institute, 2 high schools, 2 elementary schools, an orphanage, a Pathsala, Sri Venkateswara College, a poor home, a museum, and the transport service.

The hill is held in high esteem and reverence. No shoes are worn on the hill. Flowers are all meant for the deity. Smoking, intoxicants, and non-vegetarian food are avoided.

Vasantotsava is held for 3 days (13th to 15th Chaitra Bright Half); Nityotsava for 40 days from the Telugu new year's day in March; and Brahmotsava for 9 days in Asvayuja Navaratra. Numerous other monthly and annual festivals are held.

The first verse of Ramanuja's *Sribhashya* is a prayer to Shrinivasa.

अखिलभुवनजन्मस्थेमभङ्गादिलीले
विनतविविधभूतव्रातरक्षैकदीक्षे ।
श्रुतिशिरसि विदीप्ते ब्रह्मणि श्रीनिवासे
भवतु मम परस्मिन् शेमुषी भक्तिरूपा ॥

"May my intellect assume the form of Bhakti in Shrinivasa, the highest Brahman, revealed in the Vedanta; the God who creates, protects and destroys the whole universe with sportive ease, and who has taken a vow to protect all creatures who seek him".

Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

—Bernard Shaw.

Repentance becomes more difficult as the sin is more wilful. As the time of repentance is procrastinated, the ability to repent grows weaker; neglect of opportunity in holy things brings a forfeit of the chance.

—James E. Talmage.

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Humayun Kabir

Education in Our New Set-up

Thousands of young men and women are coming out of our universities and institutes of higher learning after years of hard study. Here, in this article, Prof. Kabir poses before them an aspect of their education which deserves to be seriously taken note of by one and all and, where possible, acted upon with advantage.—Ed.



WHILE animal behaviour is confined to instinctive activities and therefore individual experience, man can draw upon the experience of his fellows. Education implies this enlargement of experience and is based on inquisitiveness and curiosity.

Today, with the resurgence of the national consciousness, a spirit of revolt has swept throughout the land. To eliminate dangers of excess in this resurgence is the aim of education. The task of education in India today is to harness the forces that have been released, to canalise them into fruitful and purposive activity and to prevent disruption and waste by mere display of emotional abandon and frenzy. It is particularly important to remember this in a country where enthusiasm flares to lyric heights and then collapses with equal suddenness. Sustained effort, calculated and untiring passion are qualities that we have often lacked in the past.

Personal piety and initiative rather than social obligation and responsibility have been the bases

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of individual development in this country. Today, with the acceptance of democracy as the pattern of our life, it has become more important than ever to emphasise cooperation among all members of society. Organisation and cooperation depend on mutual give and take. Education in contemporary India must train the young to steer the middle course between the two alternatives of unquestioning acquiescence to authority and the anarchic assertion of individuality. Blind conformity to custom and convention is as much a danger as uncontrolled self-assertion and aggressiveness. One kills the spirit of inquiry and the power to adapt one-self to the never-ending process of change. The other dissolves society itself.

In an ancient country like India which has rediscovered its youth, education must create a happy balance between tradition and experiment, between stability and change. It is a truism that no society can remain fully static. The pressure of external events is continually reshaping its contours. Minute internal changes also gradually transform its character. Because of the gradualness of such change, it often escapes our notice but its existence cannot be denied. When the process of slow and imperceptible changes is suddenly thrown into sharp focus, we call it a Revolution, but a revolution is in fact only the culmination of persistent trends over a long period of time.

The longer change is resisted, the more intense the explosion by which the change is forced on an unwilling community. Where society is governed by custom and convention alone—as is the case of many primitive societies—it is often unable to meet the challenge of a new situation and the result is social disintegration and decay. Education by presenting to the mind a wider range of customs—past and present—local and foreign—acts as a liberalising force and enables man to adopt himself to a changing environment.

Education can thus develop an attitude which will accept changes in tradition without violent upheavals. The higher the education, the wider the range of experience it brings before the view. Higher education thus enables man to distinguish between what is permanent and what is ephemeral in existing attitudes and institutions. It also trains him to evaluate what is novel, so that a value is not rejected simply because it is new. It expects citizens to balance the present by the past and prepares them to meet the future. Last but not least, it develops in the individual the capacity to reconcile apparent differences and combine in one synthesis many different strands.

The history of India for two thousand years and more has been a history of synthesis. Perhaps nowhere else in the world have so many cultures flourished side by

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side and influenced one another in so many ways. In literature and languages, in customs and traditions, in art and culture, we find a tendency towards unity that is remarkable for its persistence. The most orthodox and sectarian of Brahmins has not been able to avoid completely the pervasive influence of Islam. The most confirmed and militant of Moslems reveals his unconscious borrowings from his Hindu neighbours. The temples of North India show traces of the architecture of the mosque. The Indian mosques have incorporated motifs and designs from the temples. Perhaps the only region where the synthesis has not been deep and permanent has been in the realm of intellectual analysis and philosophical construction.

[Condensed from his Convocation Address at the Meerut College.]

He who knows not
And knows not that he knows not
Is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not
And knows that he knows not
Is a child. Teach him.

He who knows
And knows not that he knows
Is asleep. Awaken him.

He who knows
And knows that he knows
Is wise. Follow him.

—Persian Proverb.

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V. Gosakan

KURAL

ONE of the shortest but most perfect piece of Tamil literature is *Thirukkural,* a poem of thirteen-hundred and thirty verses, propounded by the sage Thiruvalluvar of Sangam age in Tamil literature.

It conveys to humanity the purpose of life and existence.

It is a classic of short but sweet expressions, elegant and adoptable ideals, bedecked with the wisdom and experience of its learned author.

A man of very little means, Thiruvalluvar was able to give the world a treatise on life in all its aspects which many of the best authors have not touched in as complete a manner as he.

A man's ideal in life is to reach a goal which is imperceptible to him in full measure but looks like offering easy access.

If life's purpose is to attain what is called Realisation, it has been revolving round man's thought for a long time in an effort to devise the ways and means of achieving it.

Long stages of penances and austere living of life are hard to think of in the first place, not to speak of the practising. The ordinary man is essentially a creature of home and surroundings and his mode of life should be so planned as to incorporate morals without rigidity, keeping the ultimate aim in mind. This is what the *Kural* achieves with its bare simplicity and exposition, a virtue unequalled by many.

Within the three well defined topics of "Righteousness", "Wealth" and "Love", the purpose of man's life is dealt within a hundred and thirty-three chapters. Chapters on topics such as Family Life, Self Control, Forgiveness, Charity, Mercy and Education are a few among those constituting the first division, while the second part is an ideal exposition of government in a nutshell. It comments in detail on setting up of government machinery, virtuous rule, the ruler and the defence of land from foes. To quote only an odd verse out of seven hundred under this topic, he says in effect "Many are the men who satisfy every test for which they are put to, before being elected to a position and yet, alter in the actual performance of duty."

The third portion is on the lively topic of "Love", a vital function of

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all living beings. Not a biological study but an understanding of man's instincts canalised in a controlled but dynamic form. The central theme revolves round a hero and heroine and a pageantry of verses speak of situations like their poignant separation and strategic meeting and mock-quarrels. When the hero says "Even tenderer than a flower is Love" and "few there are who know its delicacy and deal with it gently," it is the author's prime idea around which his tenderer narration of the story of Love in its simple and explicit beauty moves.

There is no need to dwell on the great Realisation if a man follows the path of "Righteousness", "Wealth" and "Love". It follows automatically and there is no force of law for it. It is the latent force behind these three Regulations which makes a man. This is Thiruvalluvar's gift and guide to all men and women.

SELECTIONS FROM "KURAL"

The flute is sweet, the veena is sweet, they say—
They who have not heard the prattle of their little one.

* * *

The learned fools are they
Who cannot move in harmony with the world.

* * *

Great are those who fast and penance
But greater are they who put up with insults.

* * *

The glances of her collirium-painted eyes have a double sway:
One hurts and the other heals.

—Tiruvalluvar.

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Sita Sen

CANCER

CANCER is an enemy which attacks all age groups and has come to be associated in our minds with death—a painful lingering death.

Cancer is a general term which includes a large variety of malignant tumours which may occur in any part of the human body. These tumours are composed of cells which grow wildly, destroying the surrounding healthy cells just as parasites in a field of wheat destroy the healthy wheat grains. These cells also travel to more distant parts of the body and will settle down in these parts starting up subsidiary centres of destruction. This process continues until the amount of healthy tissue left is not enough for the continuation of life.

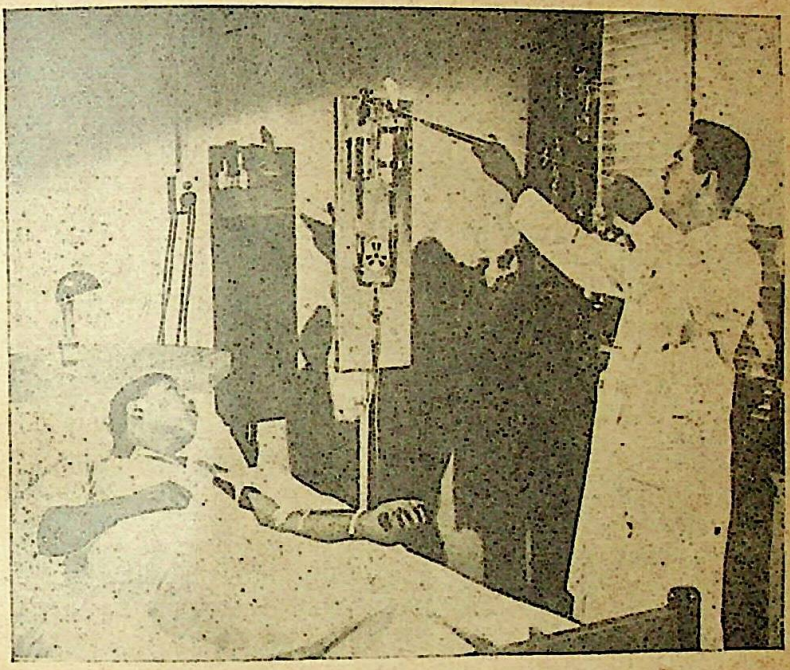
In spite of years and years of intensive research work we still do not know the actual cause of cancer nor how to prevent it. This research work has, however, given doctors a wealth of knowledge which can save innumerable human beings from untimely and painful deaths.

It is now well-known that any long continued irritation in any part of the body renders that part liable to the development of cancer. To give just a few examples, people who constantly chew pan are more liable to develop cancer in the mouth and heavy smokers are liable to develop cancer of the lung. Patients with untreated stomach ulcers or gall-stones are liable to develop cancers of the stomach and gall-bladder. In Europe and America statistics show that the incidence of cancer of the stomach and gall-bladder is rapidly declining as patients with stomach ulcers and gall-stones present themselves early for treatment.

In the same way women who have had several children, particularly if they are not examined regularly after delivery in order to correct minor defects, are more

Recent statistical researches have revealed that habitual and inordinate use of tobacco and alcohol, and disregard of personal hygiene by women in particular render the human system liable to the incidence of this malignant disease. Happily, however, it is capable of cure in a large majority of cases if treated early.

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They determine the type, size and location of a cancer by mixing radio-active material with saline solution and injecting it into the arm of the patient.

liable to cancer of the mouth of the womb than women who have had none or few children and who have had proper care.

This means that although there is no single measure, such as vaccination in the prevention of smallpox, which can be taken in order to prevent cancer there are still many ways in which the incidence of cancer can be reduced.

There is another fairly widespread belief about cancer which every doctor would like to dispel. This is that cancer, like tuberculosis, is a contagious disease and that a person suffering from cancer should be segregated and avoided. This is entirely wrong.

The most important thing about cancer known today, is that if it is treated early it can, in the large majority of cases, be cured. It is of vital importance, therefore, that every single adult human being should be taught enough about the signs and symptoms of cancer in order to enable them to consult his or her doctor early enough to

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receive treatment which will cure the cancer.

Cancer, though it attacks all age groups, claims the largest number of victims after the age of forty. The man or woman reaching middle life should, therefore, be in a position to recognise any suspicious sign or symptom as early as possible and bring it to the notice of his or her doctor immediately.

A lump in any part of the body can be noticed very early by an individual. It should follow, therefore, that breast cancers, which account for a large number of deaths among women, should be seen and treated early enough for cure. This, unfortunately, is not what happens. Many women, either due to a false sense of modesty or to a fear of knowing the truth, do not consult their doctors until it is too late. Most uterine cancers also produce early symptoms of irregular bleeding.

Another fallacy in the minds of the lay public which leads to delay in seeking treatment is the idea that unless there is pain the condition cannot be cancer. Pain only occurs in the later stages of cancer and, therefore, far more important than pain are any lumps or ulcers in any part of the body and the abnormal functioning of any organ in the body.

There is a small minority of cancer in which there are no symptoms at all until the disease is far advanced. Notable among this group is the cancer of the ovary which occurs most often in women between 40 to 60 years. In order to be able to treat such cancers at a curable stage women between these years are advised to have regular examinations every six months.

Cancer treatment can be best undertaken in specialised centres. Such centres exist in our own country. But until patients present themselves early enough to be able to receive curative treatment these centres cannot be made full use of. The tragedy of today is that, because patients come too late, doctors are obliged to spend a large part of their time in giving treatment which at best can only be palliative.

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Our Vedic Seers—6 *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE GAUTAMA

ONE of the illustrious members of the Septenary Group of Sages is Sage Gautama who is variously referred to as Agnivashya, Uddalaka, Aruni and Sati. He was blessed with a splendid array of devoted disciples among whom Shandilya, Anabhimlata, Bharadhwaja, Agniveshya, Mantisaitava and Gargya stand out pre-eminent.

He was born to Pradweshi by Deergha Jama. His father came of the famous clan of Angiras and we are told, he was born blind. He begot many sons.

Gautama had Ahalya for his wife. She was the mental daughter of Lord Brahma. She bore him a son, Satananda by name, who was later on, to distinguish himself as the priest of King Janaka.

Gautama travelled far and wide, was very observant and had many shrewd remarks to make about the great perennial rivers of the country. For instance, the Anushashana Parva of the *Mahabharata* recounts the conversation between him and the sage Angiras, during the course of which Gautama refers to some of these rivers and extols them as being specially entitled to our veneration and worship. It is interesting to note that the Godavari is associated with the sage. The *Devi Bhagavata* calls her the Gautami, after the sage.

The story is related of how, when famine and pestilence stalked the land, king Vrisha Darbha, who had incurred the wrath of the sages, including Gautama, resorted to the stratagem of appeasing them by offering them munificent gifts (Dana) and how the sages remained resolute and would not touch them.

Bhavishya Purana has an identical story of famine, devastating the land for a continuous period of 12 years. Food was scarce and sages, as well as laymen, were starving. It was then that Gautama, by his powers of penance brought succour and sustenance to the famished. This only shows how kindly disposed the sage was to the sufferings of the people.

Among his several disciples, the sage was particularly fond of one Uttanka to whom he gave his daughter in marriage. Young Uttanka liked her so much that he presented to his mother-in-law the

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pair of ear-rings that he had earned from king Sudasa.

All the accounts we have of the sage credit him with a high degree of discipline that is necessary for undertaking penances. He engaged himself in *tapasya* for a period of 60,000 years. He had his hermitage near the mountain called Puriyatra. At the end of the above period, Lord Yama manifested himself before him. Then followed a very interesting talk between them. First, the sage queried Yama as to the means that one should employ to enter the pure and sublime world of the *Pitris* (Manes).

Yama replied that by remaining truthful, by performing one's duties to perfection, by the rigid observance of penances, by being pure in thought, word and deed and by the dutiful performance of worship to one's manes, one could reach the world of the departed souls.

The *Padmapurana* details the story of the birth of the Ganges. Gautama and Bhagiratha did intense and severe *tapasya* with a view to invoking the blessings of Lord Shankara. Highly pleased with them, He appeared before them. He also readily granted them their request that the Ganges be brought to the Earth. Thus the name Gautami came to be applied to the river that Shiva gave to the sage.

Both *Brahmanda* and *Vayu Puranas* speak of him as being the disciple of Hiranyanabha and that he belonged to the clan of the sage Angiras.

The *Shiva Purana* refers to the sage's greatness and goes so far as to credit him with being instrumental in the manifestation of Lord Shiva in the form of Triyambakeswara and that the sage was the father of Ekata, Dwaita and Trita.

Nor is this all. The authorship of various Digests on Morals and Law is also attributed to him. The *Drahyayana Srauta Sutra* informs us that he belonged to the Ramayanee Shakha of the *Sama Veda.* It refers to him, in reverential terms, as an Acharya. The views that he had held and espoused with great clarity and logic had come to be accepted as authoritative and therefore deserving of respect, among subsequent writers on Dharma Shastra.

In the *Gobhila Sutra* of the Sama Vedic persuasion, numerous references are made to Gautama and his views. A feature of his Smriti works is the employment of prose. His *Grihya Sutra* surveys the whole field of man's Dharma, as a member of the community. It deals with the principal rituals, such as *upanayana.* There are chapters dealing with the various forms of marriages, the rules that should regulate the conduct of kings in their dealings with their subjects. The rights and duties of women receive elaborate treatment. The *Gautama Dharma*

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Sutra takes up for detailed and searching essay, the manifold Dharmas, incumbent on man.

The *Taitteriya Aranyaka* makes mention of Gautama. Even the celebrated work, the *Bodhayana Dharma Sutra* quotes, right at its commencement, some passages from the *Gautama Dharma Sutra.* And diverse works as *Vashishta Dhrama Sutra, Apararka Tantra-vartika* and *Shankara Bhashya* have passages in them, where a direct, and respectful reference is made to the *Gautama Sutra.*

The *Bhavishya Purana,* stressing the point of prohibition of intoxicant liquor, approvingly quotes the views of Gautama against their use. All these establish that Gautama was anterior to both Vasishta and Bodhayana.

Upon this *Gautama Dharma Sutra,* Hardatta had written an admirable and lucid commentary. This is called the *Mitakshara.* There is yet another commentary on the same Sutra by one Maskari, which seems to be later than the Mitakshara in point of time.

It is clear that Gautama's knowledge was vast and deep. He has to his credit a large number of works on diverse topics. Mention may be made here of his *Ahhika Sukta, Pitrimedha Sukta, Dana Charita,* and the one and only *Nyaya Sutra.*

In the *Valmiki Ramayana* is given an account of the sage and his wife, Ahalya. We are told the circumstances under which the sage cursed his wife into a stone and how the curse was ultimately redeemed when Sri Ramachandra trod on the stone and purified the sage's hermitage. A point to remember in this connection is that Sri Rama was then accompanied by the sage Vishwamitra. This Ahalya episode may be thought by many as extremely puerile and ridiculous and not worthy of credence. Even Kumirilla Bhatta, in his *Tantra Vartika,* refers to this incident and gives cogent and logical arguments in support of the allegorical motif, that he reads into the episode.

The Anusasana Parva of the *Mahabharata* has several stories relating to one Gautama. But a cursory and superficial reading of the stories is sufficient to convince any one that the Gautama referred to therein is different from the sage Gautama.

The *pravara* of the Gautama *gotra* runs thus:—

आंगीरस, आयास्य, गौतम ॥

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—Robert Greene.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—23

ICHIRO HATOYAMA

THE story of Hatoyama's rise to the Premiership of Japan has all the ingredients of the classical Kabuki plays of Japan where intrigue, betrayal, rebuff, heartache, etc. and the hero's triumph—have all their due parts. The villain of the piece, if one may say so, is Yoshida, the ex-Premier.

It took a lifetime of trekking in the wilderness, of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds for 72-year old Hatoyama for the realization of his dream. Nay, even before he was born, his parents had dedicated him to the life of a politician. His mother, Haruko Hatoyama, a discerning and well-bred woman firmly believed that a mother's thoughts while the baby was in the womb shaped him. So while he was in the coming, she was eclectic in her reading, confining it to biographies of great men and politicians alone. "I don't wish to give birth to a nincompoop" wrote she in her diary.

Hatoyama was born on New Year's Eve in 1883. He studied law at the Imperial University, Tokyo, through whose portals many a Premier has passed. He entered local politics at the age of 32 and got himself elected to the Diet soon. In Parliament he started by making himself prominent by swashbuckling and haranguing. Once during the session he mounted the rostrum and rushed to punch a fellow-member in an effort to outscore him! On the outside, he made his way up by his winning social manners and sweet banter. You could spot him out in any prominent saloon in impeccable Western suits. So much so, before he was 42, he had been twice inside the Cabinet as Education Minister.

As is proverbial, the fortunes of politicians are as uncertain as the weathercock. It was particularly so with Hatoyama who was as nimble as the reed. He played mahjongg with Japan's pre-war militarists and yet survived them. He was purged by the U.S. occupiers and yet he turned it to profit. And now he is at the helm of affairs with his dream fulfilled; but it is anybody's guess if he is a stayer.

Years back Ichiro Hatoyama and Shigeru Yoshida were friends. In 1945 Hatoyama set up Japan's Liberal Party and became its President. He was within an ace of

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Hatoyama relaxing happily with his wife.

becoming the Premier; but his uncalled-for book on the virtues of fascism brought forth the wrath of MacArthur who put him on the black list, when his friend Yoshida got the fillip and became Premier. The lines kept humming, however, between Hatoyama's sea-side villa and the Prime Minister's official residence. The understanding, of course, had been that when Hatoyama had the bar lifted, Yoshida should step aside.

When Hatoyama was depurged at last, Yoshida found his power much too important to himself rather than to others. It was then that Hatoyama started his own block within the Liberal Party and began campaigning against Yoshida which, however, took him nowhere, for a long time.

But Dame Fortune came to his rescue at last and sent Yoshida for a short while away from his country. Hatoyama fully exploited that opportunity, wooed the disgruntled, talked progress, put a smart deal through and formed the Democratic Party. The result was that Yoshida could not hold out even for a fortnight and was forced to resign. To this must be added the force of environment and the state of the country which had been passing through a crisis and whose millions looked for a new, if not bold leadership.

Speaking of leadership, Hatoyama's is not the kind which looks down on its followers by outstanding ability, virtue or integrity. As some one put it, he leads people by standing in their middle! A typical comment on the two Premiers is this: "Yoshida sold Japan from under his kimono, like a Parisian selling dirty pictures. Hatoyama is like a brand-new shopkeeper on the Ginza into whose premises anyone can enter."

As stated earlier, Hatoyama's success in the recent election is in great part due to a craving on the part of Japan's millions for a change of regime. But his personal popularity had a contribution to make. Since his assuming office, too, the aspirations of his people are crystallizing as best as they can

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within the limitations of a super-imposed Constitution and tutelage.

Hatoyama has certainly succeeded in making his people conscious of their new awakening and set the wheels of industry and finance moving in his bid to rehabilitate the country. His recent essays in international politics while good in themselves are riddled with repercussions. Time alone should vindicate if Hatoyama is made of the hero's stuff, for, his country needs nothing less. India's recent history, rather than her markets, has much to commend themselves to him by way of example or lesson.

Physically, Hatoyama is a crippled man being struck by a paralytic attack. He walks with the aid of a black cane, although with a courtly air. On a small bronze face, round specs in a black rim reveal laughing eyes. A wisp of grey moustache appears hesitantly over a thin line of lips which purse up in jovial mood, leaving the cheeks at a bulge. He follows the Western mode of life. For years he worshipped as a Christian, and the weekly singing of Christian hymns continues to this day. He is most at home in the company of his daughters and grandchildren.

If I am God's messenger, my chief business does not only consist in fulfilling the Commandments but in living in such a way as to carry into the world, with all means given me, that truth which I know, the truth which is entrusted to me. It may happen that I shall myself be often bad, that I shall be false to my mission. All this cannot, for a moment, destroy the meaning of my life: to shine with the light which is within me, so long as I am able, so long as there is light in me. It seems to me, a man can live in such a way as to sleep or in such a way as with his whole soul, with delight, to serve Him who sent him.

—Tolstoy.

Truth is a torch, but a terrible one; oftentimes so terrible that the natural instinct of us all is to give a side-glance with a blinking eye, lest, by looking it fairly in the face, the strong glare might blind us.

—Goethe.

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ABSENTEE HUSBAND

In this instalment the ghoul relates the poignant story of an unfaithful wife and a godly husband. But her conduct is not the less difficult for King Vikramaditya to adjudge, for it follows a full-dress melodrama which has all the allurements of virtuosity.

HE ghoul said,

O king! There is a city named Bishalpur, the king of which was Bipuleshwar.

In his city lived a merchant whose name was Arthdatt, and his daughter's name was Anangmanjari. He had married her to a merchant of Kanwalpur, named Munni.

Some days after, the merchant crossed the ocean on a mercantile venture; and when she attained here at home to womanhood, she was standing one day in the pavilion, and observing what was going on in the road, when a Brahman's son named Kamalakar was coming along. The eyes of the pair met, and they became enamoured of each other at first sight.

★

After a quarter of an hour or so, recovering self-possession, the Brahman's son, in the restlessness consequent on separation from his beloved, proceeded to the house of his friend.

On her part, Anangmanjari also was in extreme distress through the pain of separation from him, when a female companion came and took her up; she had almost lost consciousness. Then the companion sprinkled rose-water over her and made her smell perfumes, and while so doing, her senses returned, and she said, "O Cupid! Mahadeva burnt thee to ashes, and yet thou wilt not desist from thy knavish tricks, but comest and inflictest pain on innocent, feeble women."

★

When she was uttering these words, it was evening and the moon appeared soon. Then she said, while gazing at the moonlight, "O moon! I used to be told that the water of life is in you, and that you shed it in your

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beams; to-day, however, even you have begun to pour down venom."

She then said to her companion, "Take me up, and lead me away from this place, for I am being burnt to death by the moonlight."

Thereupon she raised her and took her to the pavilion and said, "Dost thou feel no shame at uttering such words?"

Then she replied, "O friend! I am fully aware of all; but Cupid has wounded me, and rendered me void of shame; and I make great efforts to be patient, but the more I continue to be consumed with the fire of separation, the more venom-like does home appear to me."

The companion said, "Keep thy mind at ease; I will relieve thee of all thy suffering."

Having said thus much, the companion went home, and she the love-lorn, determined in her mind that she would quit this body for his sake, and, being born again, enjoy life well with him.

With this longing in her mind, she threw a noose on her neck, and was about to draw it tight, when the companion arrived, and instantly taking the rope off her neck, said, "Everything can be attained by living, not by dying."

She replied, "Better is it to die than suffer such pain."

The companion said, "Repose awhile, and I will go and bring him."



Having said this, she went to the place where Kamalakar lived, and taking a secret look at him, perceived that he also was much disturbed by the separation from his beloved, since his friend was rubbing down sandal in rose water and applying it to his body, and fanning him with tender leaves of the plantain-tree; despite which, he was crying out all aflame with passion and saying to his friend, "Bring me poison. I will sacrifice my life and be released from this suffering".

Observing this state of his, she said to herself, "However courageous, learned, sagacious, discreet, and patient a man may be, Cupid reduces him to a state of distraction all the same."

These thoughts having passed through her mind, the companion said to him, "O Kamalakar! Anangmanjari has sent word to thee to come and bestow life on her."

He replied, "She, indeed, has given life to me."



After saying this, he rose up, and the companion went to the love-sick maiden, taking him along with her.

When he got there, lo! she was lying dead!

Thereupon he also uttered a cry of anguish, and therewith his spirit fled.

When it became morning, her household took both of them to the burning-ground, and arranging

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the pile, placed them thereon and set fire to it, when, in the meantime, her husband also arrived at the burning-ground, on his return from abroad.

☆

Hearing the sound of the people's weeping, he went there, and what does he behold but his wife burning with a strange man!

He, also, being distracted with love, burnt himself to death in the same fire.

The people of the city, hearing this intelligence, began saying one to another, "Neither has eye seen, nor ear heard of so wonderful an event!"

After relating so much of the story the ghoul asked, "O king! Whose love, of these three, was greatest?"

The king said, "Her husband was the deepest lover."

"Why?" questioned the ghoul.

The king replied, "He, who, on seeing his wife dead for another's sake, put aside anger, and cheerfully laid down his life through love for her—he is the deepest lover."

Hearing these words, the ghoul went again and hung on to that tree. The king, too, went there, bound him, placed him on his shoulder, and carried him off.

[*To be continued.*]

There is no short cut, no patent tramroad to wisdom. After all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by those of old time.

—Seneca.

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Books Received

[We have received the following books and periodicals for review and brief notices will appear in due course. —Ed.]

Yoga-Yajnavalkya: A treatise on Yoga as taught by Yogi Yajnavalkya. Edited by Sri Prahlad C. Divanji. (Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society Monograph No. 3) 1954. Price Rs. 5/-.

The Occult Training of the Hindus. By Ernest Wood. 2nd Edition. pp. 120. Ganesh & Co., Madras 17. Price Rs. 4/-.

Introduction to Tantra Shastra. By Sir John Woodroffe. 2nd Edition. pp. 152. Ganesh & Co., Madras 17. Price Rs. 5/-.

Sivananda's Teachings—A to Z. Compiled by Sri Swami Kalyanananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University, Ananda Kutir, P.O. Sivananda Nagar, Rishikesh, 1955. Illustrated, pp. xxiv + 168. Price Rs. 2/-.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

RAM SHABARI

Kala Kendra, the art wing of the Bhavan, is reviving its popular dance-drama RAM SHABARI in response to public request. The story which deals with the Shabari episode in *Ramayana* is being produced and directed by Shri Yogendra Desai. Shri Avinash Vyas has written the story for the drama and also has set it to soulful music. The first show of this season will be put up in the Bhavan's auditorium on Sunday the 19th June at 6-30 pm. Dr. Hare Krushna Mahtab, the Governor of Bombay, has consented to grace the occasion. Plans are open. Rates of admission are Rs. 5, Rs. 3, Rs. 2 and Re. 1.

SONGS OF THE MONTH

Kala Kendra is also starting a new series of programmes with the above name once in a month when well-known Gujerati lyric writers and music directors will get together and give new songs and new melodies. The first programme is scheduled for Sunday the 3rd July to be held in Bhavan's Auditorium at 10 a.m. when Shri Avinash Vyas will offer his new songs and melodies.

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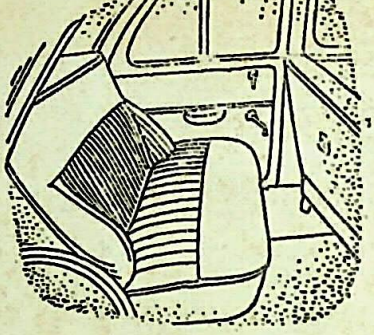
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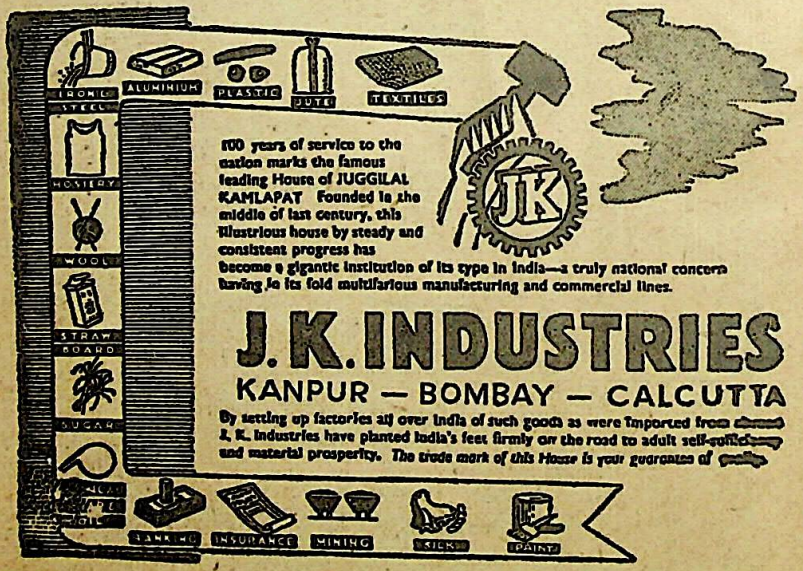
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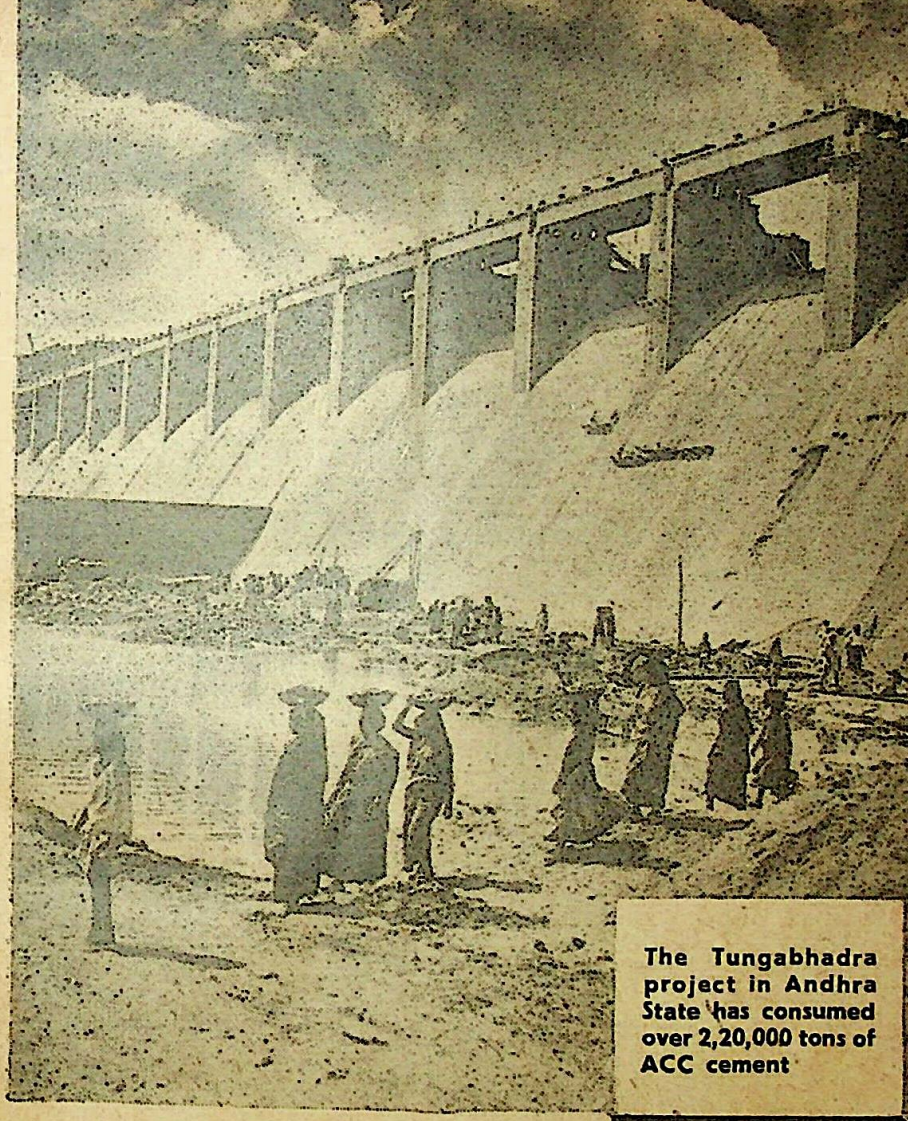
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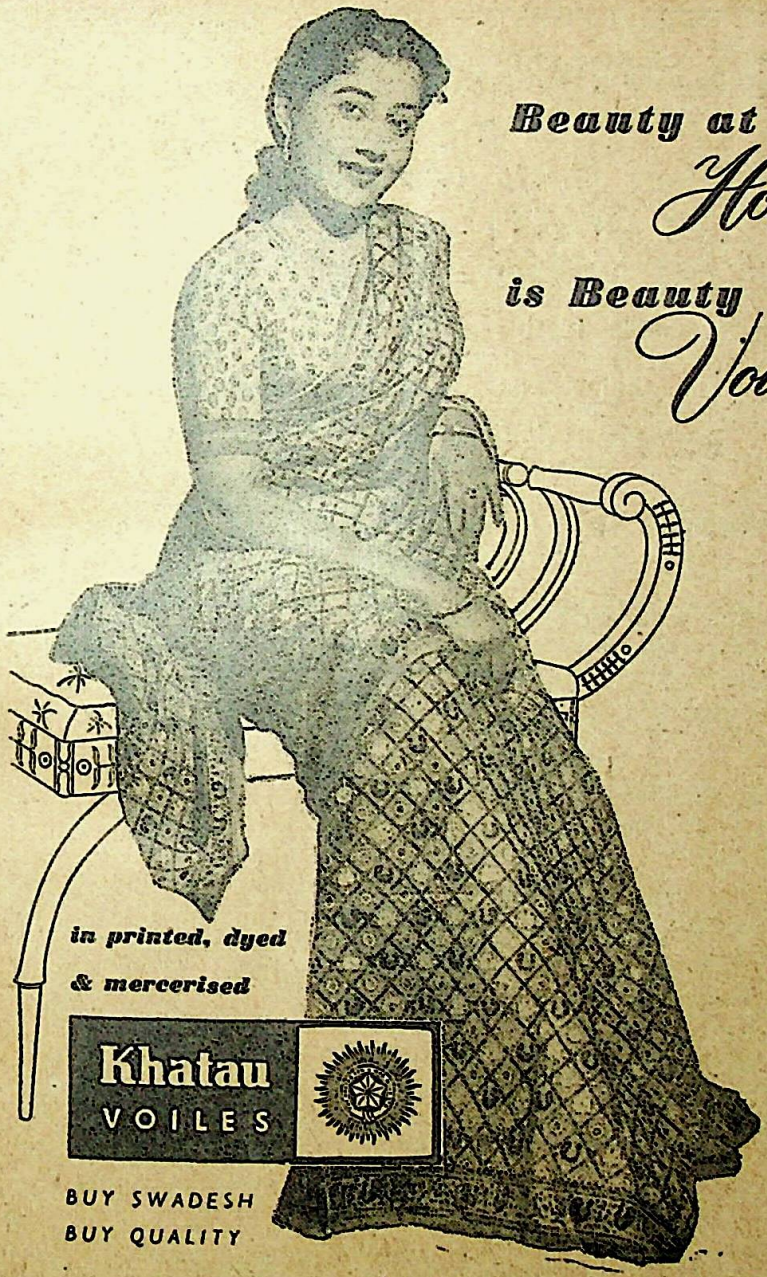
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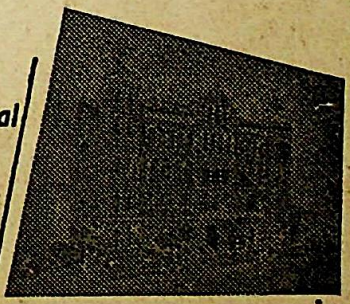
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 21] [JULY 3,

HIGHEST GOOD

अविद्यायां बहुधा वर्तमाना वयं कृतार्था इत्यभिमन्यन्ति बालाः।
यत्कर्मिणो न प्रवेदयन्ति रागात्तेनातुराः क्षीणलोकाश्च्यवन्ते ॥१॥
इष्टापूर्तं मन्यमाना वरिष्ठं नान्यच्छ्रेयो वेदयन्ते प्रमूढाः।
नाकस्य पृष्ठे ते सुकृतेऽनुभूत्वेमं लोकं हीनतरंवा विशन्ति ॥२॥
तपःश्रद्धे येह्युपवसन्त्यरण्ये शान्ता विद्वांसो भैक्षचर्यां चरन्तः।
सूर्यद्वारेण ते विरजाः प्रयान्ति यत्रामृतः स पुरुषो ह्यव्ययात्मा ॥३॥

Living in various ways in ignorance, the ignorant imagine that they have obtained their end. Because the performers of work are not wise, owing to their passions, they become miserable and after the fruits of their Karma are finished, fall from heaven.

These ignorant persons fancying sacrifice and charitable gifts as their highest object, do not know any higher good. Having enjoyed the fruits of their works on high heaven which they gained by their good works, they enter again this world or a lower one.

But those who practise penance and faith in the forest with subdued senses, learned and living the life of a mendicant (living on alms) go, freed from sin, through the sun to where the immortal and imperishable Purusha dwells.

—Mundakopanishad.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 78

★ An Immortal Romance ★ Its Author
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Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
JULY 3, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE other day when I was reading about the world's greatest novelists, I could not help feeling that to the European scholar the world only means the West; the rest is outside the pale of what they consider civilisation. We, on the other hand, know all about Scott, Hugo and Dumas; even about Homer and Virgil; but we do not know much about our greatest romantist who wrote a historical romance; gave us a glimpse of an obscure age; rescued for us the memory of a great conqueror. He also wrote an immortal work of imagination.

★

It was the fifth century of the Christian Era. Emperor Skandagupta presided over the Gupta Empire which then dominated northern India. The Classical Age of art, literature and plenty had just passed its zenith. Kalidasa, in words, and the Ajanta masters, in colour, had enshrined beauty in immortal works. The *Mahabharata,* as we know it, had just been completed.

At that time a race of very learned Brahmanas, descended from the Sage Bhrigu — as my ancestors also claimed to be — lived in the village of Pritikut on the banks of the Sona in Bihar. They studied the *Kaumudi;* mastered the Vedas and the Shastras, read the Epics and the Kavyas and performed the traditional rituals which were their birthrights.

While peace and contentment ruled in Pritikut, the Huns began to enter India. Homeless and lawless, these fierce people rode their horses night and day, spread terror wherever they appeared by their fierce yells and engaged all

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the civilised people in the world in cataclysmic wars; killing, destroying, burning and devastating with demoniac ruthlessness. The Emperor, Skandagupta, marched his army to the north-west frontier, drove the Huns back and saved India. A few years later, Skandagupta died and the empire began to disintegrate. In about A.D. 518 the Huns, under Torman, overran North India and destroyed Kaushambi, the capital of Aryavarta.

But little Pritikut went its placid way. Of its Brahmanas the foremost was Kuber of the *Vatsyayana-gotra*, honoured by the Gupta Emperors. Some of his sons, grandsons and great-grandsons were "the crest-jewels of all learned Brahmanas."

To Chitrabhanu, one of the eleven great-grandsons of Kuber, was born Bana by his wife Raj Devi. His mother died while he was still a child. His father, who brought him up affectionately, died when he was fourteen. The boy was quick and brilliant at his studies. High-spirited and of quick observation, this "independent and impetuous" boy had, however, an "aversion which young men have towards steadiness". So he betook himself to "youthful follies", possibly not unstained with the graver vices.

Bana knew his grammar, his Shastras and his Kavyas. More than that, his imagination revelled in *Brihat-katha* of Gunadhya, that immortal storehouse of folk stories. He was too full-blooded to be the "crest-jewel of learned Brahmanas." He had a handsome striking personality, a lovable and joyous nature, a scintillating intelligence and an infinite capacity for becoming everybody's darling. He sought friends among the oddest assortment of people: poets, actresses, mendicants, potters and jugglers.

The learned family frowned upon his irresponsible ways, which could bring nothing but disgrace upon its fair name. But the boy was incorrigible. It may be that he was grossly maligned and that his high spirits could not brook contempt. Soon he was to drift away from home.

★

In the course of his wanderings, it is possible that Bana herded with vagabonds; played opposite friendly actresses in improvised theatres; mixed with struggling scholars and left eminent poets bewildered by his rare mastery of Sanskrit. Between A.D. 620 and 630 he might have been attracted to Kanauj, which was then ruled by the Emperor Shri Harshavardhana, and was on its way to becoming the metropolis of India.

In the hundred years since Toramana had devastated Madhyadesha, northern India had undergone a vast change. The Kshatriyas of the North had fought the savage

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invader year after year and after him his even more savage son Mihirakula. The Gupta Empire disintegrated. The conqueror Yashodharman Vishnuvardhan had arisen, flashed like a meteor across the political horizon, vanquished Mihirakula, Toramana's son, and vanished, leaving to Kanauj a transient glamour.

Then had arisen Ishanavarman Maukhari, again of Kanauj; a great liberator, his vague outline shining against the obscurity of the times. Rallying the Kshatriyas of Aryavarta he had sent the Huns staggering back to the North-West and founded the Empire of Kanauj.

★

The romance of Bana begins with Prabhakarvardhana of the Pushpabhuti dynasty who, a few decades later, was to rule over Srikanth (East Punjab) with his capital at Sthaneshwar, (modern Thaneshwar). He conquered far and wide and drove the Huns before him as a "lion would drive a herd of deer."

By his queen Yasomati, a princess of Malava, he had three children. Rajyavardhana was born in c. 586; Harshavardhana in c. 590 and a daughter, Rajyasri, in c. 593. Rajyasri was married to Grahavarman, the great-grandson of Ishanavarman, the liberator.

In about A.D. 606, the king sent an army under his son Rajyavardhana to repel an incursion by the Huns. Harsha followed him with the cavalry. Then followed a dramatic sequence of events which our author narrates in his prose poem with rare picturesqueness.

The old king fell ill, and Harsha, recalled, found his father dying and his mother, like a true *sati*, preferring suicide to widowhood. Rajyavardhana at once returned from the war. Overborne with grief he hesitated Hamlet-like whether or not to accept the crown. However, the fifteen-year old Harsha, wise beyond his years, induced his brother to shoulder his obvious duty.

★

Kanauj was facing a grave crisis. It had grown weak under the descendants of Ishanavarman. Shashanka, the king of Gauda, was racing for this prize city, when the king of Malava, who had reached it first, killed Grahavarman and took Rajyasri prisoner.

Rajyavardhana rushed to his sister's rescue with whatever troops were available, asking his minister and cousin, Bhandi, to follow him. He then drove off the investing forces and relieved Kanauj.

Shashanka, afraid to meet Rajyavardhana in battle, invited him to his camp and treacherously murdered him. When he heard of this outrage, young Harsha, wild with anger, hurried forth to give battle to the King of Gauda.

On his way Harsha learnt that Rajyasri had escaped from prison, so he turned and went in search

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of his bereaved sister, who had fled to the Vindhya forests. When he found her, she was on the point of courting fire. With some difficulty he succeeded in rescuing her from her own dread resolve with the help of Divakaramitra, a venerable Buddhist sage.

For some time after this, Kanauj was ruled in the name of Rajyasri by Harsha as regent.

The historical romance does not deal with the later events in Harsha's life. They can be reconstructed, however, from out of the confused memoirs recorded by our author, Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese pligrim, who visited Harsha's court in A.D. 636 and from another Chinese work, *Fang-Chih*.

After the death of Grahavarman, his brother had left the city. His name, according to a seal recovered at Nalanda, begins with the letter Su. When Harsha restored Kanauj to independence and began to rule it in the name of his sister, he had pledged himself never to occupy the throne himself. This was possibly to satisfy the local pride of the Kanauj hierarchs. Soon, however, things changed. It is possible that Rajyasri died. Bhandi, the trusted minister, caused the crown of Kanauj to be offered to Harsha. He hesitated for a while, but conquered his scruples in the end and became the sovereign both of Madhyadesha and Shrikantha (East Punjab).



It seems that, early in the reign of the Emperor, the literary vagabond of Pritikut came to Kanauj, then fast becoming the centre of power, learning and glamour. The poets of Kanauj set the fashion in literature all over the country. Its women were beautiful, accomplished and made lovelier by art. They must have appeared as divinities to the impetuous and imaginative youth.

There is little doubt that in the brilliant crowd which had gathered in the capital, young Bana attracted attention as much by his irresponsibility as by his brilliant gifts. He appears to have secured the patronage of Krishna, a step-brother of the Emperor, and to have been introduced to the Emperor himself.

Harsha, now a devout Buddhist, was himself too full of righteous impulses to relish waywardness in others for long. At the same time, he was not so self-righteous as to fail to appreciate the gifts of the author.

Then something happened; we do not know what. It is possible that Bana was guilty of playing impetuous court to some highly placed beauty and had to leave Kanauj. He betook himself to Pritikut. I am pretty sure that his family, forgetting his waywardness, would have celebrated the return of the prodigal son, with highly elaborate rituals and dinners so loved by Brahmanas.

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Contact with Kanauj had fired Bana's literary ambition. He went back to his studies and stuck to them for some years.

Suddenly, a messenger from Krishna arrived in Pritikut, bringing the Emperor's command that the literary vagabond should return to Kanauj. "Youth is bedevilled by evil" so the great monarch had said. "One is easily guilty of misdeeds at the beginning of life."

Bana hesitated to obey the imperial command. He weighed the pros and cons: "All service is full of evils; a king's court is full of danger." But he was as impetuous as he was ambitious. The invitation was too tempting and he decided to accept it.

Bana set out to meet the Emperor, who was camping at Manitara on the banks of the river Ajiravat.

"He rose in the morning very early, took his bath and put on a fresh piece of white cloth. Rosary in hand he chanted the Vedic mantras which he was to recite during the journey. Then he worshipped Lord Shiva, the god of gods, bathed its idol with milk and offered it sweet smelling flowers, incense and pigments. Finally, he ceremoniously waved the sacred lights before Him.

"He also propitiated the god of fire. He lighted the sacrificial flame, turning it in the proper direction by offering ghee and sesamum. He also gave some presents to Brahmanas. Then with devotion he went round the sacred cow which stood facing the east; applied white powder to his own body; wore white clothes and put *siddhartha* in his hair.

"The elders then came and smelt his head by way of blessings. Then, putting his right foot forward — for that is auspicious — Bana started out from Pritikut. His relatives accompanied him a little of the way with flowers and fruit in their hands, chanting the Vedic mantras."

In 1953, when I left Pauri for Badrinath, the leader of the town and the Brahmanas followed us in exactly the same ceremonial way. Nothing dies in India.



When Bana reached the camp, he passed through crowds of soldiers, elephants and camels. Finally, he was ushered into the august presence. Approaching the Emperor, who sat surrounded by his courtiers, he offered his salutations.

"Is that Bana?" asked the Emperor of the door-keeper.

"At His Majesty's commands", replied the door-keeper.

The Emperor turned to his friends, and said, "Here we have this *bhujang* come to us." Everyone was silent.

"Why does His Majesty address me thus as if he does not know the ways of the world? What

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signs have I of being a *bhujang*?" asked Bana who could not be beaten at effrontery, and said: "I have special claims; I am a *Vatsyayana* Brahman; I have studied the Shastras; I am a married man. Is it that you love a 'gay dog' and not me? I was, of course, guilty of youthful follies. But now I repent."

"So we have heard," said the Emperor and fell silent.

Bana, angry that he was not offered a seat, left the audience chamber. But even in his anger, his shrewdness did not leave him: "The Emperor is still fond of me", he said to himself. "Only he wants me to be virtuous. Well, he will know me in time."

So the Emperor did. And in a few days' time the poet was one of his favourites, and the pupil of a very learned man Bharvu, the teacher of the Maukharis.



Basking in the sunshine of the imperial favour, Bana began his masterpiece *Kadambari*. It created a tremendous sensation. It blazed the trail of the new literary tradition which was to dominate India almost up to the 19th century, when the impact with the West created a new literary tradition, taste and public.

Kadambari has not met with a proper appreciation from modern scholars. The modern critic is not able to realise that Bana was composing a prose poem which was to be read out to learned audiences day after day and was to be enjoyed not only for its interest and characterisation, but for its mellifluity; for its elaborate and subtle rhetoric; for its vivid accuracy of details; for its sculptured descriptions which, like the panels of the Konarak Temple, are beautiful word-pictures piled one upon the other.

It was composed for men who had the Indian background and for all those who could lose themselves in the unlimited wonderland created by a free and romantic imagination.

There is a saying in Sanskrit that the whole world was covered by Bana: *Banochhistam jagat sarvam*. It is an admirer's estimate; at the same time, the world is not so beautifully described and in such wondrous detail anywhere else but in *Kadambari*.

The theme of *Kadambari* was taken from *Brihatkatha*. It was typically Indian. On its vast screen men and women move through a succession of lives; birds and beasts, who have been human beings in previous lives, talk of their past experience; curses are pronounced by angry sages and are cured of their evil effects by expiation; youth and maiden, pledged to eternal love, pass through trials, sufferings and self-immolation in a sequence of lives to meet at last in immortal union.

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For centuries, *Kadambari* was the model of literary craftsmanship. Even to-day, if one can conquer an aversion to picturesque word-piling, it ennobles, pleases and thrills. Anyhow, I have always found the story thrilling.

★

Bana died early in life. *Kadambari* was left unfinished, and was completed by his son. But his patron continued to rule over a vast empire until A.D. 647.

Harsha was a great military leader. He gave stability to a Northern India which the arrival of the Huns had seriously disrupted. The empire which he won for himself was only comprised of what is now East Punjab, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Orissa and part of Bengal. In extent it was only one-fourth of the Mauryan Empire and smaller than that of the Guptas who preceded him and of the Pratihara Gurjareshwaras who followed him. He could conquer neither the king of Gauda in the East, nor Chalukya Pulakesi II in the South.

Harsha's large standing army bore heavily on the people. "The wretched householders were running away from their tiny hamlets, crushed by the (army) crowd", says Bana at one place. At another, he says: "Others began to censure the King (Harsha), expressing their sorrow at the plunder of their grain (by the army)". The author puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Let this (Harsha's) expedition somehow pass. May greed go to the bottom of the nether regions. May God do good to the army, *the root of all trouble.*"

Harsha, grown formidable in power and self-righteousness stood aloof from his people. He never could appreciate the resurgent neo-Hinduism of the times. Though nominally a Shaivite, his attachment to the declining Mahayana Buddhism of the day, was fanatical. One can thus understand the respect he paid to a visiting Chinese scholar like Hiuen Tsang, raising him sky-high at a national gathering. But in treating the scholars and philosophers of his own country with contempt he was guilty of unpardonable conceit and poor statesmanship.

The Brahmanas, usually the champions of kings, entered into a plot to murder him. "Great King!", declared his would-be assassin when caught, "you have assembled the people of different countries, exhausted your treasury in offerings to the Shramanas, cast a metal image of the Buddha. But others (Brahmanas), whom you consider heretics and who have come from a long distance, have scarcely been spoken to."

In spite of his large army and a reign of about thirty-two years, the empire that Harsha had founded died with him. His character

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stood high. He had conquered far and wide; had staged spectacular festivals; made generous gifts. But he had been unable to build on firm foundations. On his death the fabric of his power fell to pieces and Kanauj lay exposed to the greed of rival conquerors till about A.D. 800. Called as he had been to the joint rulership of Kanauj and Thaneshwar as a matter of military urgency, he had to hold his personal position with the aid of a large army, unable to create a hierarchy which could carry forward his life-work. He had failed to release a fresh integrating impulse in the people over whom he ruled.

Harsha failed where Skandagupta, the founder of the Gupta Empire, had succeeded so well.

Nevertheless, he had the good sense to invite Bana, the greatest prose-writer of his time, to his court. He lavished hospitality upon a Chinese pilgrim who in return gave him exaggerated praise in his memoirs, because he happened to be a Buddhist. He wrote three mediocre plays himself. But for these, he would have remained no more than a name, and that too not so great as that of Yashodharman at whose feet the Hun conqueror, Mihirakula, had paid homage.

Yours sincerely,



If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the great problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which will deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India.

And if I were to ask myself from what literature we here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans, and of one Semitic race, the Jewish may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life, not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India.

—Max Muller.

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FUNCTION OF RELIGION



Sri Aurobindo

INDIAN Culture recognises the spirit as the truth of our being and our life as a growth and evolution of the spirit in man. It sees God as the Supreme and as the All and it sees man as a soul and power of the being of God in Nature. The progressive growth of man into self, into God, into spiritual existence by the development of our natural into our Divine being is for Indian thinking the significance of life and the aim of human existence....

Always to India that idea of Self, God, Spirit and the moulding of man into that have been the fundamental power of her philosophy, religion, civilisation. The formal turn and the rhythmic lines of effort of this culture have grown through two complete external stages. The first was the early Vedic in which religion took its formal stand on the natural approach of the physical mind of man to the Godhead in the Universe, but the initiates guarded the sacrificial fire of a greater spiritual truth behind the form of outward religious worship and conception.

The second was the Purano-Tantrik in which religion took its outward stand on the deeper approach of man's psycho-physical mind to the Divine in the Universe, but a greater initiation opened the way to the most intimate truth and living of the spiritual life in all its profundity and infinite possibility of uttermost sublime experience.

A third stage has been long in preparation, its idea often cast out in limited or large, quiet or striking spiritual movements and potent new disciplines and religions, but not successful yet, because the circumstances were adverse and the hour not come, which will call the community of men to live in the greatest light of all and to found their whole life on some fully revealed power and grand uplifting truth of the Spirit.

Not until that third enlarging movement has come into its own, a thing not so easy as the religious reformer, the purist of the reason or the purist of the spirit constantly imagines and by that too hasty imagination falls short in his endeavour, can Indian civilisation be said to have discharged its mission, to have spoken its last word and fully, *functus officio*, crowned and complete in its office of mediation between the life of man and the spirit....

[Courtsey: Aurobindo Ashram]

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Rajendra Prasad

SANATANA DHARMA



IT has been an outstanding feature of Indian culture that it never imposes any restriction whatsoever on freedom of thought. From time immemorial to the present day the *Sanatana Dharma* has allowed everyone the freedom of thinking in one's own way. It is for this reason that notwithstanding its diverse creeds India never exhibited that religious fanaticism which was found in some other countries or faiths.

'एकं सद्विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति'

(the Truth is one, although the sages call it by various names) has been our motto from hoary antiquity. We have always believed that the supreme goal can be reached through diverse paths and that one reaches that goal by treading whatever path he may choose to tread. Hence there is no need for any one to quarrel with another; for all are marching towards the same destination, although their roads are different.

The *Sanatana Dharma* has never declared that there is only one way to reach the Truth, or that the latter alone is the right way while all others are wrong and misleading. Hence it was never thought necessary in this country to compel anyone to follow the path chosen by it. It is for this reason that it has been possible for people of different sects and religious persuasions to live together in this country at one and the same time and that their mutual feelings or dealings have never been estranged or vitiated.

As against this, it is an article of faith with a number of other religions that there is only one way to reach the Truth for all and that anyone who does not subscribe to this view or refuses to follow that path can never reach the highest

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goal of human existence. A corollary that naturally follows from this is that if my way alone is the right way and all other ways are misleading, it becomes obligatory on me to bring round others too to that path, by whatever way it might be possible, and thus conversion of others becomes a sacred duty and a pious act.

In the world's history we find that great high-handedness has been perpetrated in discharging this obligation and the world is not free from this scourge even today. From this analysis it becomes evident that while *Sanatana Dharma* is a synthesis of all faiths, many other faiths tend to divide one from the other. Among our sacred books *Srimad Bhagavadgita* stands out as a noble example of this synthesis.

[From his speech at Gorakhpur.]

RENUNCIATION

Abandoning all actions is no renunciation.
Living in Himalayan cave is no renunciation.
Eating fruits and milk only is no renunciation.
To be nude is no renunciation.
Wearing orange robe is no renunciation.
Shaving the head is no renunciation.
Leaving the world is no renunciation.
Renunciation of egoism and mine-ness is real renunciation.
Renunciation of cravings and "vasanas" is real renunciation.
Renunciation of all attachments is real renunciation.
Freedom from "kartritwa-bhoktritwa bhavana" is real renunciation.
Freedom from "bheda-buddhi" is real renunciation.
Abandonment of "dehadhyasa" is real renunciation.
Living in "Atma" is real renunciation.
Brahmanishta is real renunciation.
Freedom from Prakriti and "tattwas" is real renunciation.

—Swami Sivananda.

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Jawaharlal Nehru

OUR PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM

BY OUR Constitution, we are committed to the democratic Parliamentary system of Government. In these days of rival ideologies and international conflict, we have tried to keep apart from these clashes of opinions in the international sphere and have tried to seek a path for ourselves and we have decided to base our Constitution and governance on the democratic Parliamentary system.

That system appears to us to have obvious virtues. Its critics point out that it is rather slow-moving in these dynamic times, which require a rapid change from the old to the new. Ultimately the system which yields large dividends in the shape of the well-being and advancement of the people will probably survive in every country.



Will the Parliamentary system in India yield these dividends? The future alone can answer. But I am convinced that this is basically the right system for us even though it may be necessary to make minor variations in it by amending our Constitution, so as to remove any obstructions to our progress. I believe that it is suited to our national genius, and the extension of this democratic system right down to our *Panchayats* takes us back, to some extent, to our past periods of history. Thus in a sense it has its roots in the same past even though the modern forms of it may be new.

The modern world offers us tremendous problems. Among them, the problem of securing individual liberty in the context of the highly specialised and centralised admini-

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strative and other machinery which has become inevitable to-day. Without that specialised machinery, we cannot function as an efficient and prosperous nation. Without individual freedom we lose what is of the greatest value in life.

The development of technology has again led to problems of colossal magnitude. In the final analysis, this development is embodied in the hydrogen bomb and the vital choice before the world is great progress on co-operative lines or conflict and utter destruction.

How then will the Parliamentary system face these problems? I think that it will face them successfully and triumph in the end.

[From *Journal of Parliamentary Information*]

It was during the Teheran Conference. The venue was the British Legation at Teheran and occasion Winston Churchill's birthday when he stood host to a dinner for nearly 40 top men of U.S., Britain and U.S.S.R.

On Churchill's right sat Roosevelt, on his left, Stalin. Many toasts were proposed. Mr. Hopkins made a jocular remark that although Britain had an unwritten Constitution, the British War Cabinet just did what Churchill wanted. This drew forth the following interesting comment from Churchill:

"It is true that I received a measure of loyal support in the direction of the war from Parliament and my Cabinet colleagues which may well be unprecedented, and that there were very few large issues upon which I was overruled; but it was with some pride that I reminded my two great comrades on more than one occasion that I was the only one of our trinity who could at any moment be dismissed from power by the vote of House of Commons freely elected on universal franchise, or could be controlled from day to day by the opinion of a War Cabinet representing all parties in the State. The President's term of office was fixed, and his powers not only as President but as Commander-in-Chief were almost absolute under the American Constitution. Stalin appeared to be, and at this moment certainly was, all-powerful in Russia. They could order; I had to convince and persuade. I was glad that this should be so. The process was laborious, but I had no reason to complain of the way it worked."

—*War Memoirs*, Vol. 5.

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Norman Vincent Peale

POSITIVE THINKING

EVERYWHERE you encounter people who are inwardly afraid, who shrink from life, who suffer from a deep sense of inadequacy and insecurity, who doubt their own powers.

Deep within themselves they mistrust their ability to meet responsibilities or to grasp opportunities. Always they are beset by the vague and sinister fear that something is not going to be quite right. They do not believe that they have it in them to be what they want to be, and so they try to make themselves content with something less than that of which they are capable.

Thousands upon thousands go crawling through life on their hands and knees, defeated and afraid. And in most cases such frustration of power is unnecessary.

The blows of life, the accumulation of difficulties, the multiplication of problems tend to sap energy and leave you spent and discouraged. In such a condition the true status of your power is often obscured, and a person yields to a discouragement that is not justified by the facts. It is vitally essential to re-appraise your personality assets. When done in an attitude of reasonableness, this evaluation will convince you that you are less defeated than you think you are.

I know a man who is a tremendous asset to his organization, not because of any extraordinary ability, but because he invariably demonstrates a triumphant thought-pattern. When his associates view a proposition pessimistically, he employs what he calls "the vacuum-cleaner method." That is, by a series of questions he "sucks the dust" out of his associates' minds; he draws out their negative attitudes. Then quietly he suggests positive ideas concerning the proposition until a new set of attitudes gives them a new appraisal of the facts.

They often comment upon how different facts appear when this man "goes to work on them." It's the confidence-attitude that makes the difference. Nor does this rule out objectivity in an appraisal of facts. The inferiority-complex victim sees all facts through discoloured attitudes. The secret of correction is simply to gain a normal view, and that is always slanted on the positive side.

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So if you feel that you are defeated and have lost confidence in your ability to win, sit down, take a piece of paper and make a list, not of the factors that are *against* you, but of those that are *for* you. If you or I or anybody think constantly of the forces that seem to be against us, we will build them up into a power far beyond that which is justified. They will assume a formidable strength which they do not actually possess. But if, on the contrary, you mentally visualize and affirm and reaffirm your assets and keep your thoughts on them, emphasizing them to the fullest extent, you will rise out of any difficulty regardless of what it may be. Your inner powers will reassert themselves and, with the help of God, lift you from defeat to victory.

[From *The Power of Positive Thinking*].

The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and to propagate the highest virtues in the world, put their states in proper order. Before putting their states in proper order, they regulated their families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before cultivating their own selves, they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls, they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such investigation of knowledge lay in the investigation of things and in seeing them as they really were. When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts were sincere. When their thoughts were sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls were perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, their families became regulated. When their families were regulated, their states came to be put into proper order. When their states were in proper order, then the whole world became peaceful and happy.

—Confucius.

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Immortal India—22 **J. H. Dave**

KHAJURAHO

अन्तर्नाडीनियमितमहल्लङ्घितब्रह्मरन्ध्रं
स्वान्ते शान्तिप्रणयिनि समुन्मीलदानन्द-
सान्द्रम् ।
प्रत्यग्ज्योतिर्जयति यमिनः स्पष्टलालाट-
नेत्र-
व्याजव्यक्तीकृतमिव जगद्व्यापि चन्द्रार्ध-
मौलेः ॥

"The Inner Light of the moon-crested Lord Siva in the yogic posture is victorious—the Light which has crossed the Brahma-Randhra when the breaths are controlled in the Sushumna Nadi and after the internal organ has become tranquil; which is identical with the bliss which is revealed; which as it were has assumed the form of the third eye of the Lord in the forehead; and which pervades the Universe."

—Krishna-Misrayati's *Prabodha Chandrodaya*, 1-2.

KHAJURAHO, 24° 51′ N. and 79° 56′ E, is situated in the Chhatarpur District of Vindhya Pradesh, about sixty miles south-east of Harpalpur, thirty-four miles south of Mahoba, twenty-seven miles east of Chhatarpur and twenty-five miles north of Panna. Khajuraho was the capital of the Chandellas, the rulers of the Bundelkhand which was known as Jejaka-bhukti. The Chandellas ruled over this area from the 9th to the 13th centuries. Khajuraho is famous for its magnificent collection of medieval temples.

In the inscriptions, Khajuraho is known by the name of Kharjuravahaka. Tradition says that the city gates were ornamented with two golden *Kharjura* or Date-palm trees. It is also stated that there were numerous *Kharjura* trees in the vicinity.

Chandella kings trace their descent from Sage Chandratreya who was born of the Moon. The first few princes of this line were not so eminent. They came in power after the break-up of the Pratihara Empire. Chandellas are one of the thirty-six Rajput clans. Nannuka (9th century) was the founder of this line. The first few rulers acknowledged the supremacy of the Pratihara Emperors and were the vassals of the Kanauj Empire. Nannuka was succeeded by his son Vakpati who had two sons — Jayasakti and Vijayasakti. Jayasakti was also called Jejaka or Jeja. After he succeeded his father, Bundelkhand over which this Chandella king ruled, was

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known as Jejaka-bhukti. Jejaka was succeeded by his younger brother Vijaya and he by his son Rahila. Mahoba or Mahotsava-Nagar was perhaps then a part of Jejaka-bhukti. Rahila was succeeded by his son Harsha and the latter by his son Yasovarman.

It was in the reigns of Harsha (900-925) and Yasovarman (925-950) that the Chandellas became a great political power. Harsha helped the Pratihara Emperor Mahipala I or Kshitipaladeva by establishing him on the throne. Yasovarman was also known as Lakshavarman. In his days the Pratihara Empire was decaying and he became the "burning fire" of the Gurjaras. He vanquished the Chedi Ruler Yuvaraja I of Tripuri and the Malava Ruler Siyaka II. He also defeated the South Kosal king, invaded the country of the Palas and the Kambojas; also the Gauda and the Mithila.

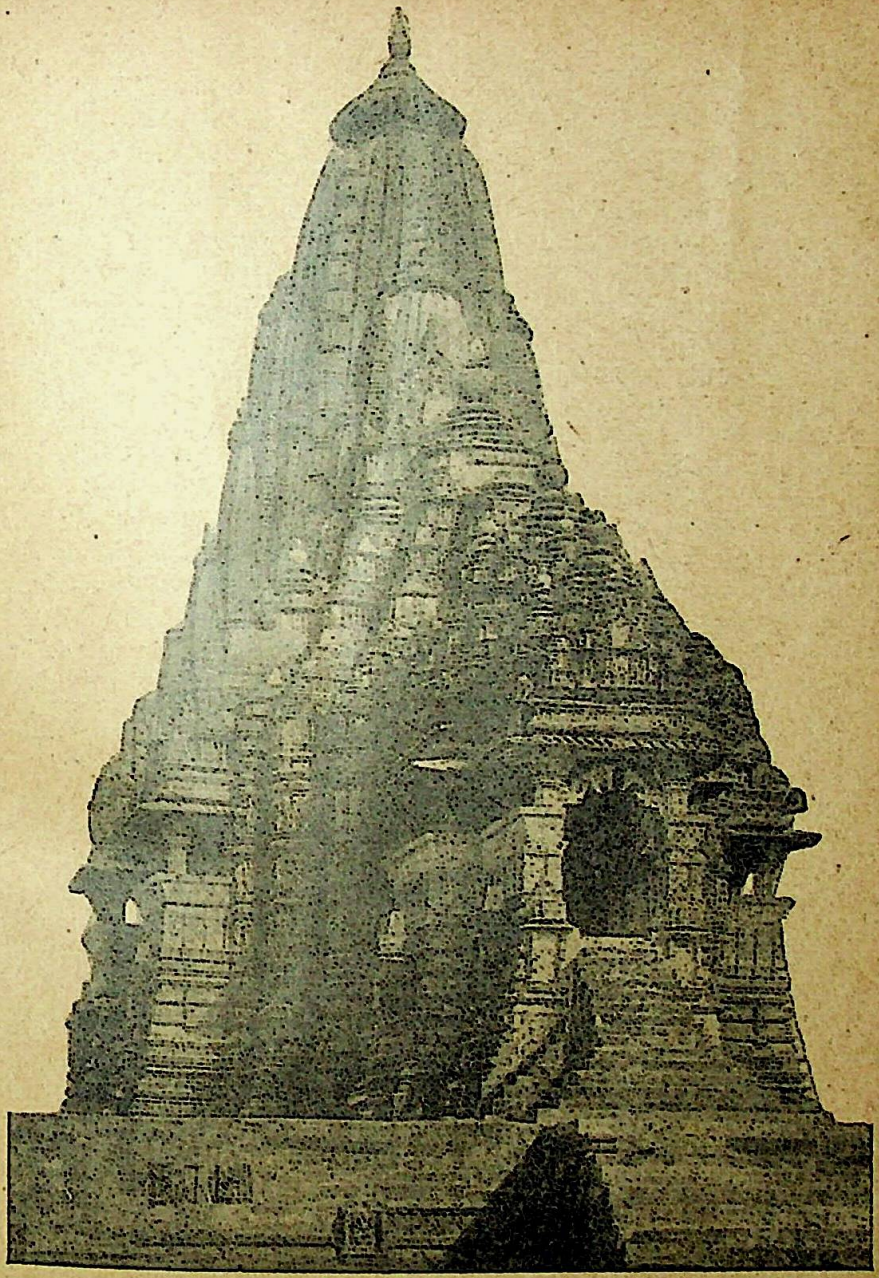
Yasovarman conquered the mountain of Kalinjar and erected the excellent temple of Ramachandra or Lakshmana or Chaturbhuja at Khajuraho. The image was received from the Pratihara Ruler Devapala. It was originally in Tibet.

Yasovarman was succeeded by his son Dhanga who called himself Maharajadhiraja. He ruled from 954 to 1002 A.D. and died at the ripe age of one hundred. He carved out an independent empire for himself after defeating the king of Kanauj. His minister Prabhasa was the descendant of the famous founder of the Nyaya system, Gautama Akshapada. A great many number of temples at Khajuraho were constructed in Dhanga's regime.

Dhanga's grandson was Vidyadhara and he is described by Ibnul-Athir as a great Indian Ruler. After the raid of Kalinjar by Mahmud of Gazni in 1022, Chandellas paid more attention to Mahoba, Kalinjar and other strategic points and Khajuraho's importance thereafter began to decrease. Al-Biruni mentions that in 1022 "Kajuraho" was the capital of "Jejahuti" i.e. Jejaka-bhukti. In 1098 Kirtivarman was the Chandella king and he patronised the great Sanskrit poet Krishna-Misra-yati, the author of *Prabodha-Chandrodaya*—an allegorical drama wherein the author has established Sankara's Advaita philosophy and incidentally referred to other contemporary systems of thought.

In 1335 A.D. Ibn-i-Battutta states that there was a lake at Kajrao (Khajuraho) a mile long and around it there were temples and idols. Perhaps it was the same lake as the present Khajuraho sagar or the Ninora Tal. In the centre, says Ibn-i-Battutta, there were three domes, and Yogis with matted hair resided there. Their hair had grown yellow on account of austerities, and even Muslims of these parts attended to them to learn magic. The place was undoubtedly a great religious centre.

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Kandariya Mahadeo's Temple

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Sikander Lodi partially demolished the temples of this place in 1494-5 A.D. and the importance of Khajuraho diminished gradually.

The early Chandella Rulers were Vaishnavas and the later ones were Saivas. But all of them were very tolerant to other sects as is evidenced by the Jain temples and Buddhist relics.

Hiuen-Tsang visited the kingdom of Chi-chi-to (Khajuraho) and described it as situated about 167 miles north-east of Ujjain. As the only relic of Buddhism is a big image of Buddha with an inscription of the 9th century, it is believed that Buddhism had gradually disappeared from this area by the time of Chandellas.

★

Khajuraho at present is a small village at the corner of the lake of the same name also called Ninora Tal. Out of the numerous temples, there now exist only about twenty-five temples belonging to the 9th and 10th centuries. Their architecture is very fine and belongs to what is known as the Indo-Aryan style. These are magnificent structures with beautiful outlines and rich carving; the ornamentation displays unusual variety and delicacy. The cusped ceilings are particularly beautiful. In the older temples, both inside and outside, there are elaborate sculptures. The only other temples with which the Khajuraho temples can be compared are those at Bhuvanesvar in Orissa.

Khajuraho temples fall into three main groups. One is the western group, the second is the eastern group, and the third is the south-eastern group. The western group consists of Brahmanical temples, mainly of Siva and Vishnu. The northern group has mainly Vaishnava temples and the south-eastern group consists of Jain temples.

From the style of images and other evidence, the earliest temple at Khajuraho belonging to about 900 A.D. is the Chaunsat Yogini temple in the western group. It is to the south-west of the Sibsagar lake. It is built of granite. The courtyard 103 x 60 feet was surrounded by 65 cells.

To the north of this temple is the Kandariya temple which is the largest extant temple of Khajuraho and which is considered as typical of the style of architecture at Khajuraho in the 10th century. It is believed that this temple was not a temple of one God alone but was a Panchayatana temple with Siva in the centre. The shrines of the four other deities in the four corners are not extant. A full-fledged Khajuraho temple had the Ardhamandapa, Mandapa, Mahamandapa, Antarala, Garbhagriha, and Pradakshinapatha, and all these parts are distinctly designed in this temple. In the Garbhagriha there is the marble *linga* of Lord Siva.

There is another ruined Mahadev Temple nearby. It has a huge figure of Sardula which is now placed in the portico.

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To the north of this is situated the Debi Jagadambi or Kali Temple. "In ignorance of its real character this image has been painted black and is worshipped as Kali. That it was dedicated to Vishnu is evident from the image of the deity covered over the entrance to the sanctum. It was a Panchayatana temple but the subsidiary shrines on the platform have all perished" (B. L. Dhama and S. C. Chandra).

Further north is the Chitragupta or the Bharatji Temple. It is dedicated to Surya and in the Garbhagriha there is the image of the Sun-God five feet high with heavy boots and a chariot run by seven horses. In the central niche to the south of the Garbhagriha is the image of Vishnu with eleven heads. The head in the centre is of Vishnu and the other ten represent his ten incarnations.

The Visvanath temple of Siva to the extreme north of this group is similar in plan to the Kandariya Temple. According to the inscription of 1002-3 A.D. the temple was built by King Dhanga for God Sambhu Marakatesvara and the Siva *linga* was prepared of emerald.

The Nandi Temple facing the Visvanath temple contains a very polished and big image of Nandi, the Vishnu of Siva.

South-West of the Visvanath Temple is the Parvati Temple.

The Lakshmana or Ramachandra or the Chaturbhuja Temple is dedicated to Vishnu and is of the Panchayatana type. The subordinate shrines are at the four corners. On the frieze above the lintel over the entrance to the sanctum there are carvings of the nine planets. Inside the sanctum there is a four-armed and three-headed image of Vishnu standing in a frame of Torana of elaborate carving. Of the three heads the central one is human, the other is of Varaha and the third is of Narasimha.

The Matangesvara Siva temple has a large Gauri-patta about twenty feet in diameter and four feet high and over it is the polished Siva *linga*, about eight feet high. On the body of the Siva *linga* there are Persian and Nagari epigraphs in indelible ink (Dhama and Chandra).

In front of this temple is a small Varaha temple with a colossal statue of the Primeval Boar 8′ 9″ in length and 5′ 9″ in height.

The eastern group of temples contain temples of Brahma, Vamana and Javari.

A modern shrine of Hanuman contains a big statue of Hanuman with an inscription of 922 A.D., which is the oldest inscription traced so far at this place.

The Brahma Temple, so called, which has a four-faced image on the pedestal has now been identified as a *linga* and the temple is assigned to the early group.

The Vamana Temple contains the image of the dwarf incarna-

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tion of Vishnu, 4' 8" high. Buddha in his Bhumisparsamudra is also carved as one of the incarnations on the framework.

The Javari Temple is dedicated to Vishnu. It is a small but a well-proportioned and richly carved temple.

The Jain temples are situated on the south-east side. In architecture they are mostly similar to the Brahmanical temples. Brahmanical deities are depicted all over the Jain temples.

The main Jain temples are of Ghantai, Adinatha and Parsvanatha. The Ghantai is so called because it has an ornamentation of the bell and the chain on the pillars. The Parsvanatha Temple is the largest Jain temple extant. The sanctum has a bull carved in front of it. It is, therefore, believed that the original iamge must have been that of the first Tirthankara Rishabhanatha. The image of Parsvanatha was installed in 1860 A.D.

On the southern side there is the Duladeo temple, a Siva temple. The Jatkari or Chaturbhuja Temple is dedicated to Vishnu.

To the south of the Matangesvara temple in the western group there is the Jardine Museum of Khajuraho built in 1910 A.D. and it contains a large variety of sculptures.

★

One stone inscription is found near the Vamana Temple in Nagari characters resembling those of the Yasovarman inscription of 1011 A.D. The stone inscription of Yasovarman of 1011 A.D. consists of twenty-eight lines and was found near the Lakshmanji Temple. It is in 49 Sanskrit verses composed by poet Madhava, the the son of the grammarian Dedda. It records the erection of a temple of Vishnu called Vaikuntha by Yasovarman of the Chandratreya family. It traces his genealogy from Nannuka onwards. The first verse reads:—

"May that Vaikuntha protect you, who, frightening the whole world with his roaring, as boar and as man-lion, slew the three chief Asuras, Kapila and the rest, who were terrible in the world and who possessed one body which by the boon of Brahma enjoyed freedom from fear and could be destroyed only by Vaikuntha having assumed these forms!" (*Epig. Ind.* Vol. I, p. 130).

Then there is a stone inscription of Dhangadeva of 1059 A.D. and rewritten by Jayavarmadeva in 1173 A.D. In records that Dhanga erected a magnificent temple of Siva with two *lingas*, one of emerald and the other of stone. He distributed great quantities of gold to Brahmins and established dwellings for pious people who were given gifts of land, grains, money and cows.

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In this inscription composed by poet Rama, son of Balabhadra, Saraswati is praised in this way:

पशुपतिवदनच्छद्मनि पद्मसद्मनि सदा या।
जयति विलक्षणरूपा शुक्लाभा भारती भ्रमरी ॥

"In the mouth of Lord Siva which is the lotus, Saraswati abides like a female bee (which moves in a lotus) but she has a strange form, for this female bee (is not black in colour) but is white!"

The stone inscription at the Vaidyanath Temple of Siva in twenty-two lines is dated 1001 A.D. It records the erection of the Vaidyanath Temple by Kokkalla of the Grahapati family, some noble of Khajuraho. The name of the composer is not given. The first verse reads:

"I adore the adorable coil of matted hair carried by the beautiful Vaidyanatha, which is irradiated by the expanding terrible hoods of a multitude of hissing broad serpents; marked with the half-moon which is excessively shining, more brilliantly than the sun; and yellowish, when in contact with the line of flames of the fire issuing forth from his tremulous eyes." (*Epig. Ind.* Vol. I, p. 150).

★

The Panchayatana Puja was very much prevalent in Khajuraho. The five deities are Siva, Vishnu, Durga, Surya and Ganesa. The genius who originated this system is not exactly known but many attribute it to the great Sankaracharya and some to Kumarila. Many believe it to be of still earlier origin. In this list of five deities, Brahma has no place. The system evidently started after the worship of Brahma fell in the background. Panchayatana really means the Panchayat of the Gods and it is only a representative meeting of the large Hindu pantheon. One is left free to have his chief deity placed in the centre and then the other four are placed in the four corners. All the five deities have each one Atharvasirsha Upanishad in praise of that deity. This system has brought in a lot of tolerance and it has also brought home the Vedantic idea that one and the same Absolute can have numerous forms and that all forms ultimately lead to the Upanishadic Brahma alone.

One feature of the Khajuraho sculptures is the presence of a number of figures in indecent poses. This feature has invited some strong and bitter comments. It is true that the ideas of art of the earlier period were more in consonance with modern notions and the age which these sculptures represent had different notions, not particularly pleasing to certain modern notions of art and decency. But these sculptures need not necessarily be taken to be mere base representations of sensuousness in

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stone. They are in sacred temples held in universal esteem by the age in which they were depicted and there is bound to be some higher and esoteric purpose. The Tantric literature has mystic diagrams, esoteric mantras, Nyasas and Mudras. There is a strange mixture of the high and the low, great discipline and yogic height as also what appears to be moral laxity. It is only the Diksha or the initiation from the Guru by which one is supposed to acquire the true, mystical, esoteric meaning of the apparently senseless and then alone can one be released from the *Pasas* or fetters of the Pasu (All jivas are called Pasus). In the spiritual ladder, this Pasu has to cross three stages — that of the Pasu or the normal man, the Vira or the heroic man and Divya or the divine man. This was a kind of discipline and whatever its vulgar forms and degenerations, the idea undoubtedly was to lead the spiritual aspirant from one stage to the other beyond all worldly attractions, sensuousness and the sense of duality. One has to go beyond the likes and dislikes. In this process a number of attractions are placed before him and he is expected to go beyond them. The criticised figures at Khajuraho are in line with similar Tantric ideas prevalent in that age. This Tantra literature included the profound and mystical doctrines of the Saiva, Vaishnava and Sakta sacred literature. The Buddhists and Jains too had their own Tantric manuals.

Poet Rama in Dhangadeva's inscription dated 1059 A.D. opens his composition with

विष्टपविकटवटानां अजायमानाय बीज-
रूपाय।
रुद्राय नमः पालनविलयकृते निष्क्रिया-
यापि॥

"Namaskaras be unto Rudra, who is unborn and yet is the seed of the complex Vata trees in the form of these worlds; who protects and absorbs them into Himself, though He is actionless."

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President Eisenhower

THE SECOND DECADE

A DECADE ago, in this city, in this building, the charter of the United Nations was signed by its fifty founding members. Into a world, shattered and still at war but hopeful and eager for a new dawn, was born an international organisation, fashioned to be the supreme instrument of world peace.



I pay respectful tribute to you whose faith, and patience and courage, and wisdom have brought it through ten tumultuous, frequently discouraging, sometimes terrifying — but often rewarding years.

That there have been failures in attempts to solve international difficulties by the principles of the charter, none can deny. That there have been victories, only the wilfully blind can fail to see. But clear it is that without the United Nations the failures would still have been written as failures into history. And, certainly, without this organisation the victories could not have been achieved; instead, they might well have been recorded as human disasters. These, the world has been spared.

Today — together — we face a second decade. We face it with the accumulated experience of the

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first ten years, as well as with the awful knowledge of nuclear weapons and the realisation that a certain and enduring peace still eludes our persistent search.

The summer of 1955, like that one of 1945, is another season of high hope for the world. There again stirs in the hearts of men a renewed devotion to the work for the elimination of war. Each of us here is witness that never in ten years has the will of many nations seemed so resolved to wage an honest and sustained campaign for a just and lasting peace. True, none of us can produce incontestable evidence to support this feeling. Nevertheless, all of us, I think, will testify that the heartfelt longings of countless millions for abundance and justice and peace seem to be commanding, everywhere, a response from their governments. These longings have strengthened the weak, encouraged the doubtful, heartened the tired, confirmed the believing. Almost it seems that men, with souls restored, are with faith and courage, resuming the march toward the greatest human goal.

I can solemnly pledge to you here — and to all the men and women of the world who may hear or read my words — that those who represent the United States will strive to be thus loyal, thus dedicated.

For us, there is no alternative, because our devotion to the United Nations Charter is the outgrowth of a faith deeply rooted in our cultural, political, spiritual traditions:

> That man — a physical, intellectual and spiritual being — has individual rights, divinely bestowed, limited only by the obligation to avoid infringement upon the equal rights of others.
>
> That justice, decency and liberty, in an orderly society, are concepts which have raised men above the beasts of the field: To deny any person that opportunity to live under their shelter is a crime against all humanity.

The charter assumes that every people has the inherent right to the kind of government under which it chooses to live and the right to select in full freedom the individuals who conduct that government.

We shall work with all others — especially through this great organisation, the United Nations — so that peaceful and reasonable negotiations may replace the clash of the battlefield. In this way we can in time make unnecessary the vast armaments that — even when maintained only for security — terrify the world with their devastating potentiality and tax unbearably the creative energies of men.

We, with the rest of the world, know that a nation's vision of peace cannot be attained through any race in armaments. The muni-

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tions of peace are justice, honesty, mutual understanding and respect for others.

So believing and so motivated, we shall reject no method, however novel, that holds out any hope, however faint, for a just and lasting peace.

May I recall to you the words of Abraham Lincoln, which, though uttered in a different context, apply to the problem which the world now seeks to solve:

"....The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

The object of our second decade is still peace — but a peace of such new kind that all the world will think anew and act anew.

It cannot be a mere stilling of the guns — it must be a glorious way of life. In that life the atom, dedicated once as man's slayer, will become his most productive servant. It will be a peace to inspire confidence and faith so that all peoples will be released from the dread fear of war. Scientists will be liberated to work always for men, never against them. Who can doubt that in the next ten years world science can so beat down the ravages of disease and the pangs of poverty that humankind will experience a new expansion of living standards and of cultural and spiritual horizons? In this new kind of peace, the artist, teacher and philosopher, workman, farmer, producer and scientist will truly work together for the common welfare.

[Condensed from his speech at the 10th anniversary commemorative session of the United Nations at San Francisco.]

True worth is in being *not* seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There 's nothing so kingly as kindness;
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

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Ashad Ekadasi

KUMBHA was a giant and his son Mridumanya did penance to propitiate Lord Shiva who, as usual, was pleased. He asked for immortality and Shiva granted it except at the hands of a woman not born of mother's womb!

Mridumanya put the power he so got to test on Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva who fled for their lives with their consorts and took shelter inside an *amalaki* tree.

God's ways are inscrutable and out of that tree emerged a girl Ekadasi or Eleventh who sent the upstart Mridumanya to Yama's abode. From that day Ekadasi or the two eleventh days of each Hindu month came to be observed in fast and prayer to wash off all sins.

It is possible, however, to read a medical meaning into the above story in view of the known medical properties of the *amalaki* fruit.

The eve of Ekadasi is observed by a sparse diet of fruits and milk

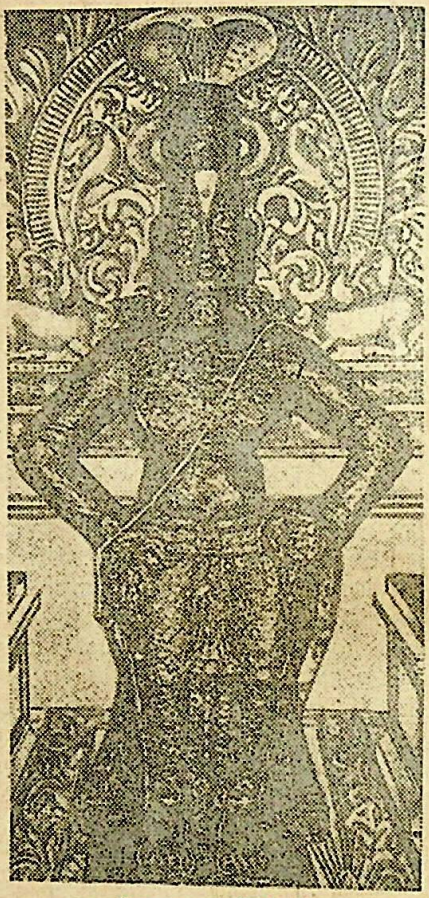
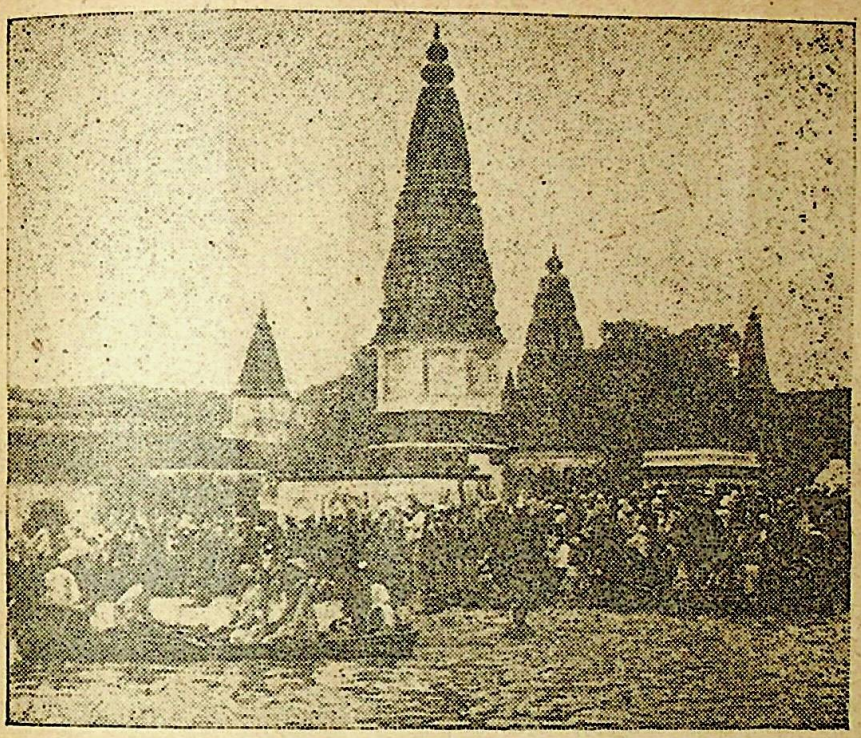


Image of Vithoba

and the morrow by feeding of the holy before breaking of the fast.

Although each Ekadasi is held sacred, the Ashad Ekadasi which occurs in June-July, the first of the two in particular, is specially held sacred to Lord Panduranga. Every year a large annual fair is held at Pandharpur, the seat of Panduranga, where pilgrims flock

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Pilgrims bathing in Chandrabhaga

in large numbers. They bathe in Chandrabhaga and sing *bhajans* before the shrine.

Poet Mahipati Bawa relates the story of Saint Sakhubai in connection with Ashada Ekadasi. Sakhu was born of pious parents who sang praises of Vithoba and acquired the habit of praising the Lord at all hours even after her marriage. This earned her the name of a religious maniac. Her old parents had taken a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Pandharpur on Ashad Ekadasi but could not fulfil it. They had left her some valuable jewels which made her mother-in-law covet them. She began to ill-treat her.

Once while returning from the river, Sakhu saw a party of pilgrims proceeding to the Pandharpur Fair. They happened to be friends of her parents and known to her. When she asked the permission of her people, they locked her up in a dark rom, tied her and beat her blue while she wailed and implored:

"My mother is dead, my father gone,
Lord Vithal! Thou art my shelter alone!"

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Sakhu's piteous cries reached Lord Vithal's ears and He turned towards His consort Rakhumai meaningfully. She, like the world's Mother that She is, loaned some of Her jewels. The Lord metamorphosed into an old woman and wearing those jewels hied to Sakhu's house at Karhad, on the Krishna River.

Without raising the least suspicion He entered the dark room, untied the ropes that bound Sakhu, and took her out saying that the aged pilgrims lay in wait for her outside to take her to Pandharpur.

Causing Sakhu to mount on the shoulders of His aerial vehicle Garud, who had taken the form of a coolie, the Lord bade her adieu.

Garud quickly covered the miles and took Sakhu in time to catch the pilgrims enter the outskirts of Pandharpur.

The Lord on this side deputised for Sakhu at her father-in-law's place and by His winning manners earned the good-will of Digambar, Sakhu's husband and his people in general. There was a general reprieve to fake Sakhu.

At Pandharpur Sakhu saw the image of the Lord and lay dead with ecstasy at His feet, becoming one with Him. The pilgrims duly cremated her body and returned to Karhad with a heavy heart to convey the sad news to her people. But to their astonishment they saw Sakhu hale and hearty going about her household duties as though nothing had happened.

The pilgrims swore that she was at Pandharpur and with their own hands they cremated her dead body, whereupon Digambar and his people branded Sakhu as a witch and doubled the ill-treatment.

The Lord thereupon appeared before them all and explained that it was His *maya leela* and He did so to vindicate Sakhu's saintliness, whereupon every body apologised to Sakhu and praised her for the Lord's solicitude in her. She became Saint Sakhu from that day.

There are pearls in the deep sea, but you must hazard all perils to get them. If you fail to get at them by a single dive, do not conclude that the sea is without them. Dive again and again, and you are sure to be rewarded in the end. So also in the quest for the Lord, if your first attempt to see Him proves fruitless, do not lose heart. Persevere in the attempt, and you are sure to realize Him at last.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

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My Unforgettable Moments—I

An Eminent Surgeon

THE OPERATION TABLE

This is the first of a series of articles which is bound to be of great interest to our readers. The moments may range from the most sublime to the Gilbertian and the eerie, but nonetheless exciting.

We invite readers from all walks of life to send similar personal experiences not exceeding 1,500 words, for publication in these columns.—Ed.

IT is while operating that one realises the oneness of mankind. There is no difference in the tissues and organs of the rich and the poor or black, brown, yellow or white races; and like all medical men surgeons while operating are not concerned with the individuality of the patient except that he is a member of the human race and utmost efforts must be made to save his life.

During many of these operations, there are unforgettable moments. Apart from certain anatomical abnormalities, surprises in the nature of confirmation or otherwise of the pre-operative diagnosis occur very frequently. In many instances, the condition happens to be easily curable and one cannot help heaving a sigh of joyous relief.

Sometimes, on the other hand, an inoperable and incurable lesion is found and one feels sad that no kind of surgical skill can make any difference to the ultimate result.

★

The general belief that surgeons are always keen on operating requires early refutation. Operations are advised not because surgeons are bloodthirsty, but because in the present state of knowledge, no other measures regarding prevention or medical cure of many diseases are possible.

A real surgeon does not consider whether he can operate on a case but only takes a decision whether an operation will be beneficial and whether he should operate.

Many operations are anatomically possible but are not always desirable in the interests of the

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patient. *As medical knowledge advances, the necessity of operative treatment will become less and less.*

★

During the course of an operation many thrilling moments arise. Sometimes the Anaesthetist warns the surgeon about the condition of the patient and the operation has to be stopped for a few moments or sometimes finished with increased speed. Occasionally more than normal bleeding takes place and great presence of mind and skill has to be displayed in taking countermeasures.

About accidental bleeding, I recall to my mind two very exciting instances. The first case was that of a fisherman with stones in both kidneys.

One kidney was so badly damaged that it was decided to remove it. The operation began and proceeded in the usual way, till the time came to tie up the Renal artery or the main blood vessel to the kidney. This vessel is a big one and when open, the bleeding is so severe that death may supervene within a few minutes.

While I was tying up this vessel, the clamp holding it slipped off due to a slightly mistimed move on the part of my assistant and fierce bleeding started. There was no time to think and my left hand was pressed on the main vessel and with my right hand, I put on the clamp again. Actually it was a question of a few seconds only. But it seemed like minutes. If nervousness or excitement had supervened fatal haemorrhage may have resulted and the reputation of the surgeon would have suffered to a great extent. It was no use getting angry with the assistant. The only comment was to tell him not to loosen clamps before a direct order from the surgeon and I am positive that after realising the result of his hasty action, he will never do it again.

★

The second instance was even more dramatic. Three of us, two colleagues and myself, were operating on the wife of a great friend of ours, himself a medical man.

The complaint was of excruciating pains in the little and ring fingers of the right hand. It was decided to remove all sympathetic nerves from around the right subclavian or the main vessel to the upper extremity.

The operation went on smoothly, but at one stage the wall of the vessel gave way and profuse bleeding resulted. In almost the twinkling of an eye, one of the surgeons pressed on the vessel towards the heart side, I put on a clamp on one side of the tear and my other colleague put on another clamp on the other side. Bleeding was arrested completely; but another problem arose — whether the arm would go gangrenous as the main blood supply to it was cut

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off. Fortunately nothing untoward happened, but we spent two anxious days. These two instances are really unforgettable and it is under such circumstances that the cool and collected surgeon scores.

The surgeon's anxieties are not over at the end of an operation and the post-operative period also requires great care and watchfulness. An operation is only one step in the measures taken to cure a patient and the surgeon has any number of unforgettable moments during the stay of the patient in the hospital and till the time of his departure home. The surgeon has performed a most disagreeable duty; but if the patient says it is agreeably ended the surgeon is fully compensated for his work.

[Condensed from a Talk on the AIR, Bombay]

Think of God more often than you breathe, said Epictetus, the stoic. In order really to mould personality, prayer must become a habit. It is meaningless to pray in the morning and live like a barbarian the rest of the day. True prayer is a way of life; the honest life is literally a way of prayer.

—Dr. Alexis Carrel.

Be not afraid of anything. It is fear that is the great cause of misery in the world. It is fear that is the greatest of superstitions. It is fear that is the cause of our woes. And it is fearlessness that brings heaven in a moment.

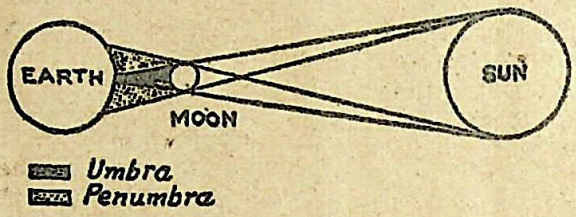
—Vivekananda.

Doctors pour drugs of which they know little, to cure diseases of which they know less, into human beings of whom they know nothing.

—Voltaire.

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THE SOLAR ECLIPSE



THERE are many astronomical phenomena that are of special interest to the layman as well as to the professional astronomer. Some of these are visible to the naked eye. Of these a total eclipse of the Sun is the most spectacular.

An eclipse of the Sun is caused by the inter-position of the dark body of the Moon between the Earth and the Sun so that the shadow of the Moon sweeps over the face of the Earth.

This shadow consists of two parts, the *umbra* or total shadow, a cone into which no direct sunlight penetrates and the *penumbra* or half-shadow which is reached by light from only a part of the Sun's disc (see diagram).

To an observer who is within the *umbra* the Sun will appear completely covered by the Moon. If the observer is within the *penumbra* the Moon's disc will appear projected on the Sun's disc so as to cover it partly.

If the plane of the Moon's orbit around the Earth coincided with the ecliptic (i.e. the plane of the Earth's orbit around the Sun) an eclipse of the Sun would take place at every new Moon at intervals of about 29½ days. But this is not so. Actually the Moon's orbit is inclined about five degrees to the ecliptic and it is only at those times when the Moon happens to be at or near one of the nodes where the orbits intersect that the three bodies are nearly in the same line and an eclipse can occur. At other times the shadow of the Moon just disappears in space.

What determines the possibility of a total eclipse of the Sun is the magnitude of the angular diameter of the Moon as compared with that of the Sun. Now, the angular diameter of the Sun is about 32 minutes of arc: the average angular diameter of the Moon is somewhat greater so that actually the Moon covers a rather larger part of the sky than the Sun covers

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and therefore the Moon can block out the Sun completely. To put it differently: the Sun is 8,64,000 miles in diameter and the Moon is only 2,160 miles. The two bodies appear to us on the Earth as of about the same size because while the Sun is about 400 times the diameter of the Moon, it is also about 400 times as far away.

There are many factors that determine the kind of eclipse that will result — *total, annular* or *partial.* The orbit of the Moon round the Earth is not perfectly circular but elliptical with the result that the Moon is sometimes nearer to the Earth than at other times. A total eclipse of the Sun occurs only when the Moon's disc is centred against that of the Sun and the distance of the Moon from the Earth is such that the Moon appears larger than the Sun in the sky.

The Moon's distance from the Earth varies considerably from less than 2,22,000 miles to nearly 2,53,000 miles. Because of this variation in distance, the Moon sometimes appears larger than it does at other times. When the Moon is at its least distance from the Earth it naturally appears largest to us. If the Moon's disc is centred against the Sun when the Moon is near its greatest distance from the Earth then the Moon does not seem quite large enough to cover up the Sun and there is a ring of sunlight, an annulus, around the outside of the Moon. This is known as an annular eclipse and is a special kind of partial eclipse. An ordinary partial eclipse occurs when the Moon is not centred against the Sun as seen from any place on Earth.

An eclipse of the Sun observed at a station near the equator under the most favourable conditions possible, viz., when the Moon is at its least distance and the Sun at its greatest distance from the Earth, may be total for 7½ minutes — the maximum possible duration for a total solar eclipse. Such an eclipse will be visible in India in 2168 A.D. when the Sun will be blotted out for 7½ minutes — the longest eclipse in human history.

Taking the whole Earth into account solar eclipses are more numerous than lunar eclipses, nearly in the ratio 3:2. It is not so, however, with those solar eclipses which are visible at a given place. So narrow is the track of the Moon's shadow — never more than 163 miles — that the chances of seeing a total eclipse from any given locality are small. We find that in the long run a total eclipse of the Sun happens at a given place only once in about 360 years. There are about 238 solar eclipses in 100 years on the average. Only 28 per cent of these are total; about a third of all eclipses are of the annular variety and the remaining partial.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—24

PRESIDENT PERON

AS ONE contemplates Juan D. Peron, in the welter of conflicting news that percolates through the Capitals of the world, one cannot help imagining a sigh escaping the tired President with the words "If only Evita were alive!". If one looked at his eyes one could see a thin film of tear; for Evita had been to him what Theodera was to Emperor Justinian or Isabella to Ferdinand of Spain. This veritable Nostromo has been dominating the Argentine scene for more than a decade in a manner which will be the envy of gods.

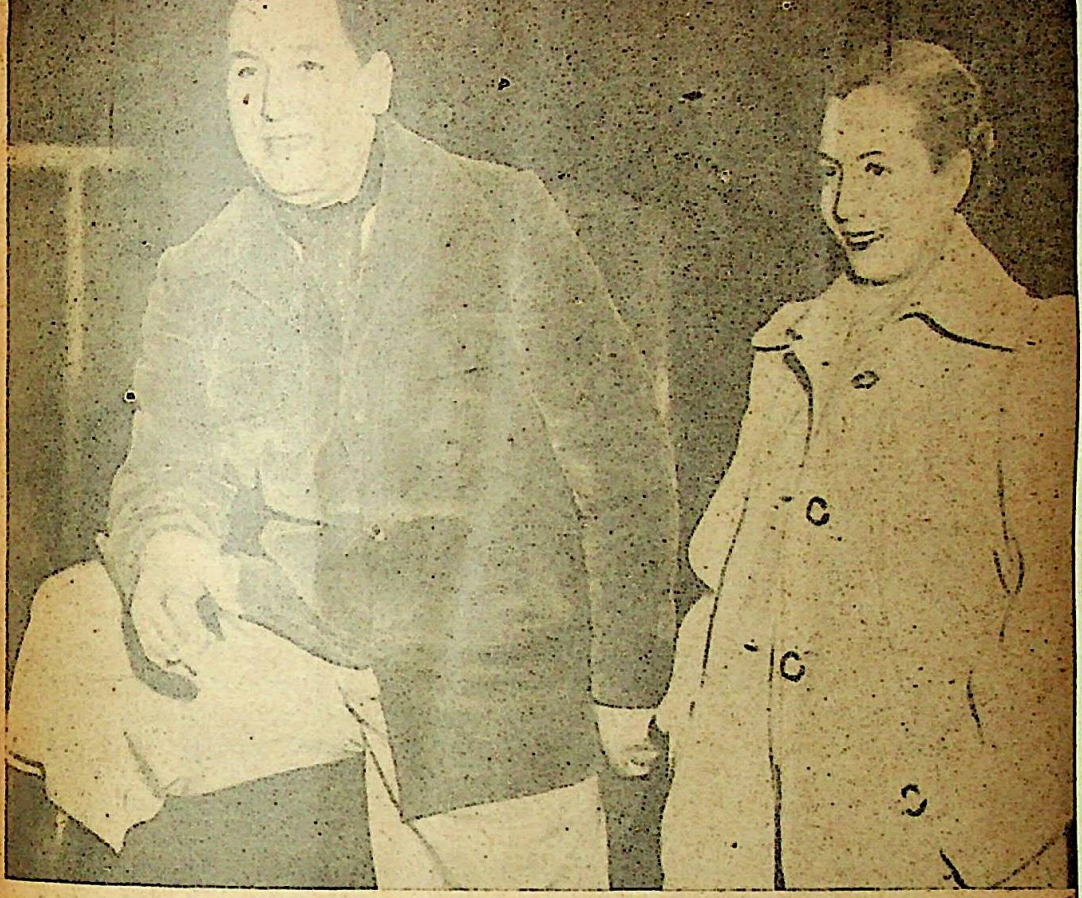
Born 59 years ago at Lobos, 60 miles south of Buenos Aires as the son of a bailiff and the great-grandson of a Sardinian Senator, Juan Domingo Peron was educated at the state elementary and secondary schools in the conventional manner and at the Colegio Miletar, the Sandhurst of Argentina. While studying, he was a standout in sports and won a name as the best shot and champion swordsman in the army. Promotion came gradually till he was made a Colonel.

Unlike the ordinary cadre, young Peron was ambitious and manoeuvred to be sent to Italy and Germany on military missions at the time World War II broke out. There he had opportunities to study army mechanization and ski-trooping. He listened to the *Il Duce* and generally contracted the fever of fascism.

On returning, he founded the secret GOU, (Group of United Officers) and crusaded for what was euphemistically called "spiritual renovation" — much on the Egyptian model of the fifties, and brought about the 1943 Revolution by which the army overthrew President Castillo. Peron became the big boss of the army even then.

As Under Secretary for War, which he became subsequently, he prepared the ground for his future by appointing his men to key-posts in the Army and when things became hot for President Ramirez he demanded Peron's resignation whereon six men of the GOU forced Ramirez at point-blank range to sign over his powers to

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President Peron and his late wife Evita

General Farrel, Peron's henchman, himself becoming Vice-President and Secretary for War. Mind you, it is about 85 years since Argentina went to War!

The end of World War II brought about an upsurge of democratic feeling in Argentina. Undisguised revulsion at his military *jabardast* was voiced forth from public platforms when Peron made the fatal mistake of jailing a number of liberals. This caused a general uproar and President Farrell had to strip Peron of all powers—trembling all the while—and bundle him out of his country.

It was about now that elegant Evita or Eva Duarte, the dark-eyed, dazzling blonde entered his life. Born as the last of five children, at Toldos, she moved to Buenos Aires with the intention of becoming an actress. From the screen she went over to the radio and by 1944 she earned 35,000 pesos a month! She

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met Peron in 1943, when he was Under Secretary for War under whose sponsorship she organised the radio workers union. Peron's eviction did not affect her loyalty to him, on the contrary she aided the preparation of the mass demonstration which precipitated Peron's return to power on October 17, 1945.

Peron was brought to the Capital for treatment for his lung trouble after a few months of incarceration. But a 50,000 strong demonstration of trade union workers frightened Farrell to make peace with the prodigal. Came the earthquake. Like the ace showman that he is, he took charge of relief work in a blaze of publicity and was as a result duly installed President in 1946, of course with Evita's help.

Peron 50, a widower, married Evita, 26, on October 21, 1945, and till her death in 1952, she had been Peron's friend, guide and philosopher in the running of his state. Several of the social policies which endeared Peron to Argentines have been ascribed to her influence. She obtained national sufferage for Argentine women; whenever Peron had a rough time, it was she, with her infinite charm, shrewdness and understanding, that smoothened out things for him.

It has sometimes been said that she was lavish in her ways and the state footed her bills; but for aught the world knows, she neither drank nor smoked. She was almost puritan in her habits. Possibly her expensive costume and make-up constituted the fifth arm of the state!

So far as the workers were concerned, she had always got them what they wanted and more, and therein lay the secret of labour's support to the Peron regime.

Indeed, Peron himself has been accused of wasting millions in his effort to create economic self-sufficiency for his country by his five-year plans. But that is a matter of opinion especially since other countries are affected by them.

Explaining his article of faith, Justicialism, Peron has said "Justicialism is the just, balanced and profound human reaction against capitalism which exploited man while taking undue advantage of capital, and against communism which exploits him in the name of the state. For this reason Justicialism is the 'third-position'."

Answering another question Peron replied "I am somewhat tired, and I feel the burden of these long years of constant struggle. But I will go on shouldering the responsibility as long as the people want me to interpret their sovereign will" That gives the clue to his success.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

KALA KENDRA

The Kala Kendra is presenting two new dramas this month:—

DANGEROUS CORNER

A three-act play in English by J. B. Priestley will be staged on July 8th, 9th and 10th in our Gita Mandir Hall. The play boasts of a new technique, viz., Centre-stage, which is increasingly becoming popular day by day. The play is being directed by Shri Adi Marzban.

PIROJA BHAVAN

Written and directed by Adi Marzban, this drama in Gujarati *Piroja Bhavan* is the story of an enthusiastic but misguided Parsi couple who decide to give up the artificial life of the city and take up the quiet peaceful existence in the countryside. What the outcome of their decision, the trials and tribulations which they undergo form the basis of this three-act hilarious comedy.

As usual with all Adi Marzban's Plays *Piroja Bhavan* is replete with fun, laughter and side-splitting situations.

Piroja Bhavan will be staged on Saturday 16th and Sunday 17th July at 6 p.m. at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Advance booking is open at the Bhavan between 9 to 12 in the morning and 5 to 8 in the evening.

RAM SHABARI

Ram Shabari our record-breaking dance-ballet is going on, and at the rate at which audience come, it may march on to its Golden Jubilee show, soon.

SANSKRIT MAHAVIDYALAYA

Results of the Sanskrit Examinations held in April 1955 are declared as follows:—

Praveshika

II Class — 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 25.
III Class — 15, 18, 20, 26, 27, 28.
Pass — 2.

Purva Madhyama

II Class — 33, 44, 45, 46, 51, 52, 53.
III Class — 31, 32, 34, 38, 48, 50.
Pass — 36, 37.

Uttar Madhyama

I Class — 60.
II Class — 71, 72, 74
III Class — 59, 62, 63, 73.

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Dr. Hare Krushna Mahtab, Governor of Bombay, with the Bhavan's artistes when he witnessed "Ram Shabari" on 19th June 1955. Mr. F. Hayashi, Consul-General for Japan and Mrs. Hayashi are also in the group.

Shastri I Khand.

II Class — 83, 86, 89, 97, 99.
III Class — 81, 87, 93, 95.

Shastri II Khand.

II Class — 101, 104, 111, 112.
III Class — 102, 103, 105, 110, 113, 115, 116, 117.

Results reserved — 106, 109.

Acharya I Year.

I Class — 121, 122.
II Class — 124, 131, 132, 133, 134, 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 146, 148, 149.

Acharya II Year.

II Class 140, 151, 152, 158.

Acharya III Year.

II Class — 161, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168.

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૧૯૪૦ થી હીંદમાં બનાવવામાં આવે છે.
૨૯, ફોર્ટ સ્ટ્રીટ, બેલાર્ડ એસ્ટેટ, મુંબઈ, ૧.

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THE GREATEST FOOL

In this instalment, the ghoul relates a simple story which has a superb bearing on present-day scientific knowledge. A quartet of learned fools test their accomplishments in the restoration of a dead and atomised tiger with obvious results.

THE ghoul said, Your Majesty! There is a city named Jaysthal, the king of which was named Varddhaman. In this city was a Brahman named Vishnuswami, who had four sons; one a gambler, the second a lover of women, the third a fornicator and the fourth an atheist.

The Brahman was one day admonishing his sons, saying, "Wealth abides not in the house of him who gambles."

The gambler became greatly annoyed at hearing this. And the father spoke again, "It is said in the *Rajnit* (or book of policy), 'Cut off the nose and ears of a gambler and expel him from the land, so that others may not gamble; and although the gambler may have a wife and family in his house, do not consider them as in the house, for there's no knowing when he may lose them at play.'

"Again those who are attracted by the wiles of courtesans purchase suffering for their own souls while they part with their all under the influence of harlots, and take to stealing in the end. It is said, further, that wise men keep far away from such women as ensnare their hearts in a moment; whereas the unwise give up their hearts, and so lose all their honesty, good disposition, reputation, conduct, judgment, piety, and moral character.

"Moreover, the exhortation of their spiritual preceptors is unpalatable to them. It is also said that — When one has lost his own sense of shame, why should he fear to dishonour any one else? And there is a proverb to the effect that — When will the cat that devours its own young allow a rat to escape!"

He went on to say, "Those who do not acquire knowledge in their childhood, and who on attaining to manhood become engrossed in amorous pleasures, and continue

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to pride themselves on their youth, — those persons, in their old age, are consumed with regretful longings for that which they have neglected in their youth."

On hearing these words, all four of them came to the collective decision that it was better for an ignorant man to die than live; and hence, it was best for them to visit some other land and study science.

Determining on this, they went to another city, and after some time, having studied and become learned, they set out for their home. What do they see in the road but a Kanjar, who, after skinning and cutting up a dead tiger, and making a bundle of its bones, was about to take them away! Thereupon they said to one another, "Come, let each of us put his knowledge to the proof."

Having determined on this, one of them called the Kanjar and gave him something, and taking the bundle, sent him away; and, quitting the road, they opened the bundle. One of them arranged all the bones in their proper places, repeated an incantation and sprinkled something over them, so that they became united.

In the same way the second brought the flesh together on the bones. The third, in the same manner, fixed the skin on the flesh. The fourth, in the same way, raised it to life.

Thereupon it devoured the whole four of them as soon as it arose.

After reaching this point of the story, the ghoul asked, "Your Majesty! Who was the greatest fool of those four?"

King Vikram replied, "He who restored it to life was the greatest fool. And it is said, that knowledge without wisdom is of no use whatever; on the contrary, wisdom is superior to learning; and those who lack wisdom die just as he who raised the tiger to life died."

When the ghoul heard these words, he went and suspended himself on that same tree. Again did the king bind him, place him on his shoulder, and carry him away as before.

[*To be continued*]

Scholarship is less than sense;
Therefore seek intelligence:
Senseless scholars in their pride
Made a lion; then they died.

—Panchatantra.

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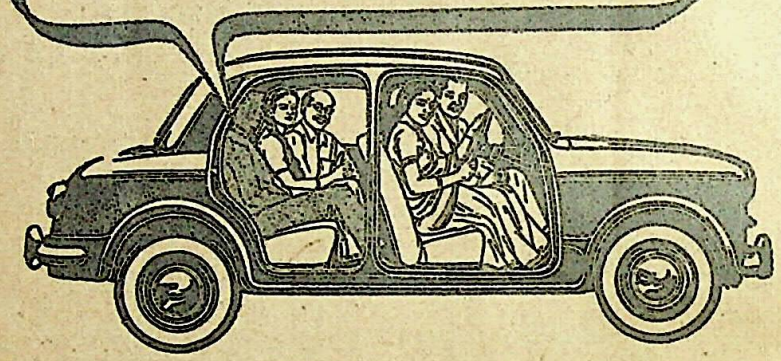
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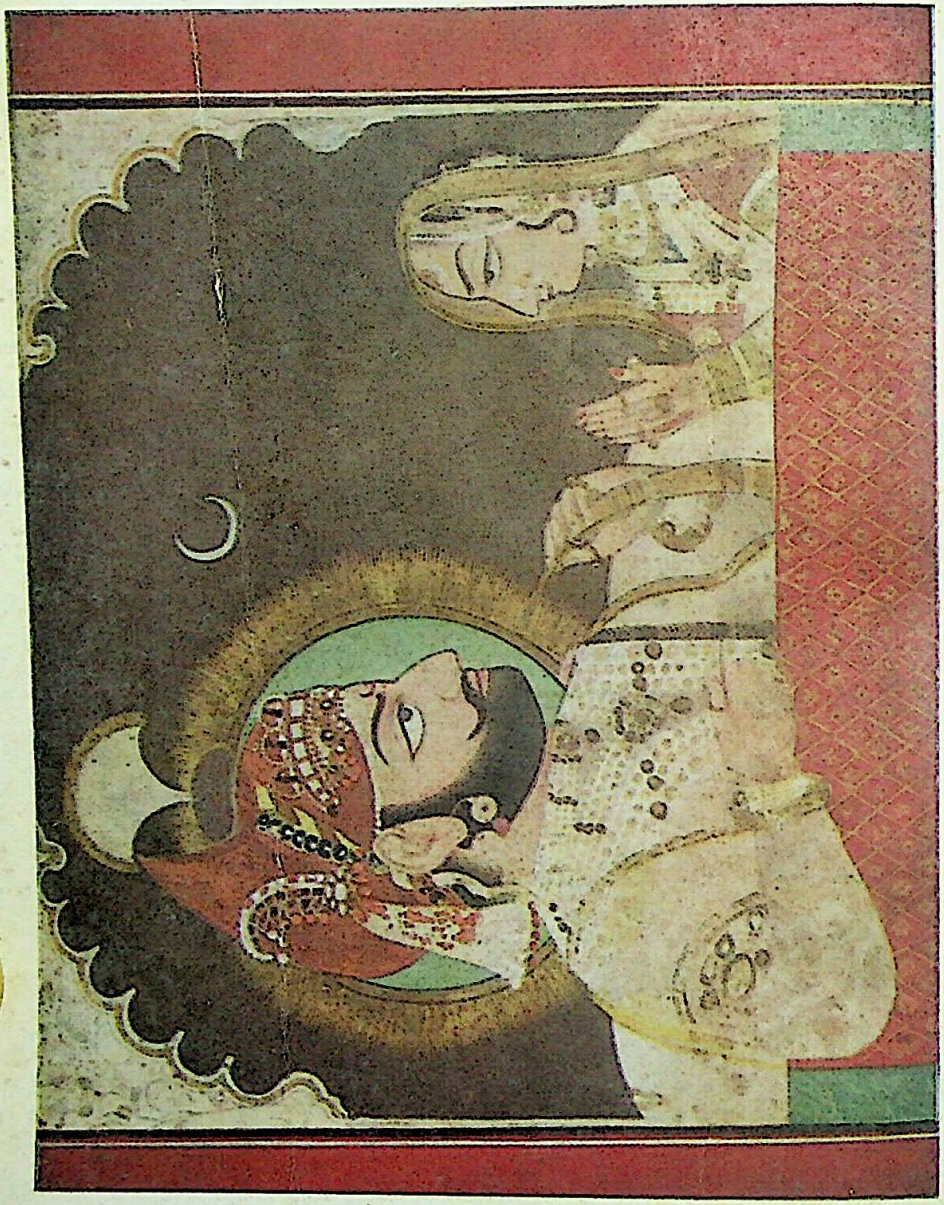
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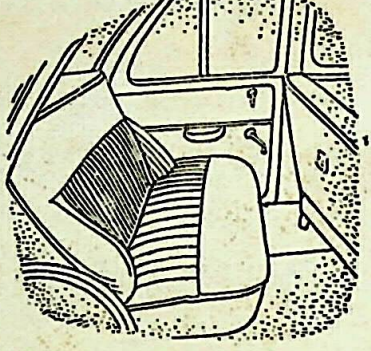
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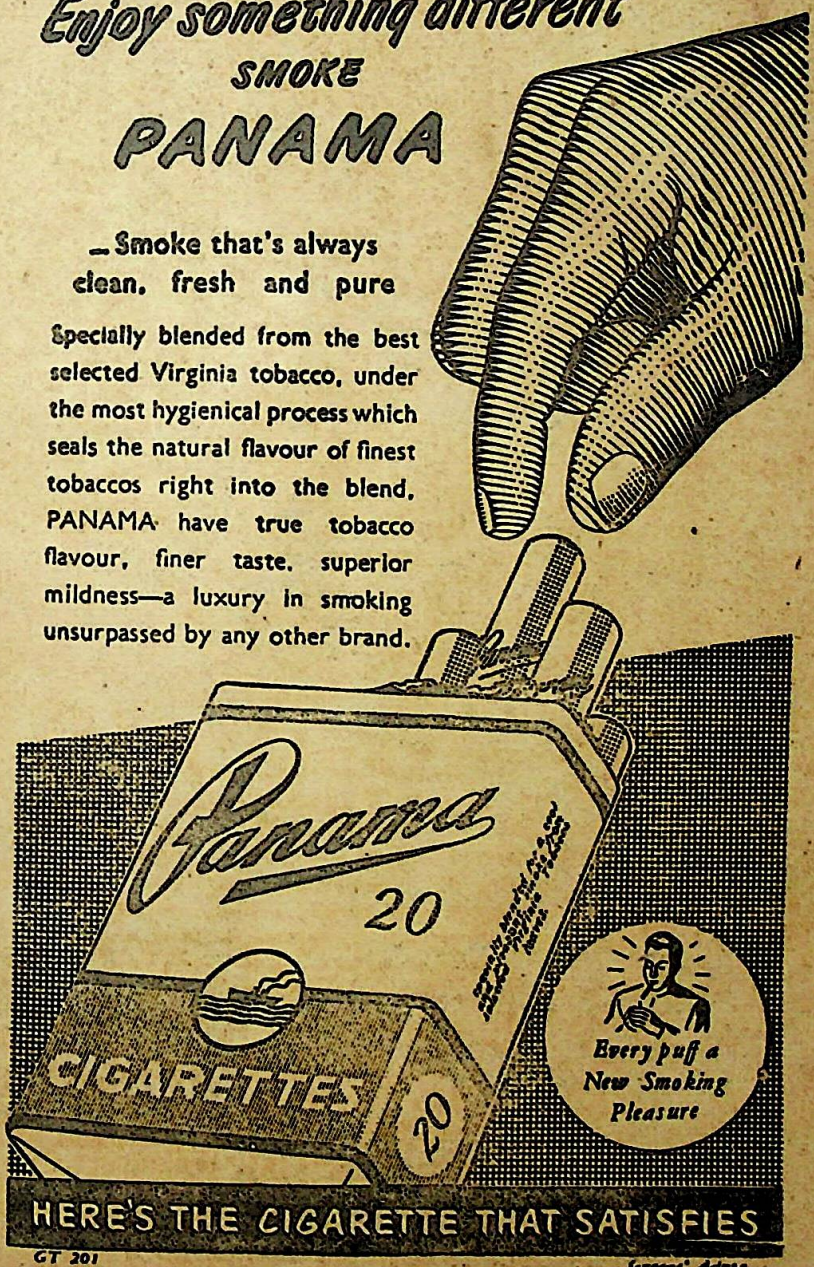
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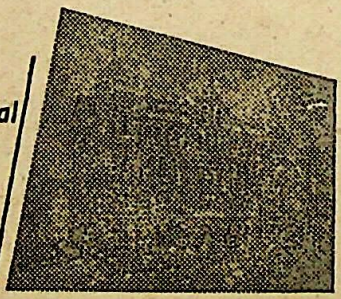
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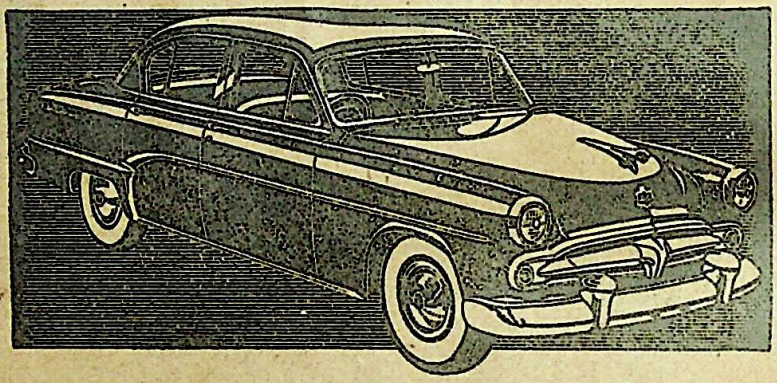
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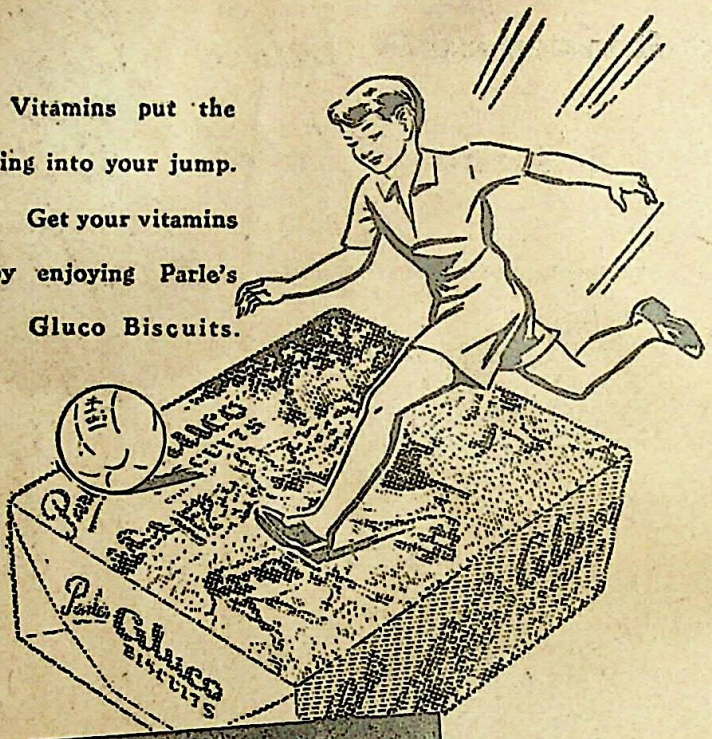
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 25] [JULY 17, 1955

THE TARGET

यदर्चिमद्यदणुभ्योऽणु च यस्मिल्लोका निहिता लोकिनश्च।
तदेतक्षरं ब्रह्म स प्राणस्तदु वाङ्मनः। तदेतत्सत्यंतदमृतं
तद्वेद्धव्यं सोम्यविद्धि ॥ १ ॥
धनुर्गृहीत्वौपनिषदं महास्त्रं शरं ह्युपासानिशितंसंधयीत।
आयम्य तद्भावगतेन चेतसा लक्ष्यं तदेवाक्षरं सोम्यविद्धि ॥ २ ॥
प्रणवोधनुः शरोह्यात्मा ब्रह्म तल्लक्ष्यमुच्यते।
अप्रमत्तेन वेद्धव्यं शरवत्तन्मयो भवेत् ॥ ३ ॥

That which is brilliant, smaller than the small, that on which all the worlds are founded and their inhabitants, is the Immortal Brahman. That is the Prana, speech and mind. That is true and immortal. That is to be hit. Hit it, O gentle youth!

Having taken the bow supplied by the Upanishads, the great weapon and fixed in it the arrow sharpened by incessant meditation and having drawn it with the mind fixed on the Brahman, hit O gentle youth! at that mark, the Immortal Brahman.

Pranava (OM) is the bow, the Atman is the arrow, and the Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is self-collected (with concentration) and then as the arrow becomes one with the target he will become one with Brahman.

—Mundakopanishad.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 79

★ **A National Army** ★ **Its Value and Role**

Raj Bhavan, Naini Tal.
JULY 17, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON April 21st, while at Dehra Dun, I visited the Military Wing of the National Defence Academy and addressed the Officers and Cadets.

It is an institution with a great tradition. Most of the leading soldiers of Free India have been educated there. When I arrived, discipline was in the air. Every wall of the hall to which I was led was adorned with trophies of the different victories won by the Indian Army. The bright faces of the neatly-uniformed young men were in sharp contrast to the slovenly looks to which one is exposed in only too many educational institutions.

As I thought of the subject, The Role of a National Army, on which I had decided to address these young men, I felt happy at having known a number of our leading soldiers and enjoyed the personal friendship of several of them. I had also come into contact with many of our young officers and admired their bearing, their bravery, their self-assurance and their patriotism.

I saw the neat performance of our Army in Hyderabad. I have followed its gallant adventures in Kashmir and its splendid leadership when it was in Korea in peace. I am very proud of it.

★

In 1945, before the end of World War II, I happened to travel in the same compartment with a high-ranking British Military Officer. We fell to talking about the "Quit India Movement" and naturally drifted to the subject of Indians in the Army.

"I know my boys very well," said the officer. "For thirty years I have been seeing them grow up.

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I know most of the men under my command and they in their turn know me well. They are loyal to the very core. They do not like the Congress Movement. They hate those who have joined Subash Bose. They will stand by the Empire to the last man."

"I agree that you know your boys, but only as officers of the British Army," I replied laughingly. "I know them, too, for they are the flesh of my flesh. Not one of them has any love for you!"

During the rest of our journey we agreed to disagree.

Soon after, the achievements of Netaji began to develop posthumous importance. The trial of the three I.N.A. Officers demonstrated to the world, not only his heroic achievements, but gave him the place of a liberator in the popular mind.

Bhulabhai Desai, my guru in the profession of law, who defended the accused at the trial, gave a new look to the struggle for freedom. He showed that the subject races, in the Army or outside, had an inherent right to fight for the freedom of their country.

I also undertook the defence of one Bashir and of four other officers of the Indian National Army who were being prosecuted at Rangoon. If I mistake not, I was not allowed to proceed to Rangoon. Later, I was asked to appear for Major-General Bhonsle in the second I.N.A. Trial.

The drama of Netaji's achievements, vividly unfolded during the I.N.A. Trial, destroyed the British myth that the Indian soldier was not capable of military leadership. What it proved beyond a doubt was that once the third party was out of the field, Indian soldiers could be relied upon to secure and maintain national freedom.

In 1946 there was a mutiny among the ratings of the Royal Indian Navy. Bombay staged sympathetic riots. The Sardar deftly stepped in and controlled the mutiny, and I was entrusted with the defence of the naval ratings who were to be tried for taking part in the rising.

One evening, I was reading my brief for the accused when there came to me a British military officer whom I knew well.

"Are you preparing the case for the ratings?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied.

"Don't bother to read your brief," said he. "There is going to be no trial, either of the ratings, or of Bhonsle."

"Why?" I asked him in surprise.

"Every trial is costing us the loyalty of a hundred thousand men."

The trials of the I.N.A. Officers had been prompted by a belief among the British generals that unless the "traitors" were tried and punished, the loyal soldiery

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would feel aggrieved. In fact, the trials became for the sponsors a monument to blind folly. The British generals got nothing out of it; India, everything. Subash Bose received an apotheosis; Capt. Shah Nawaz and his colleagues, a place in the Nation's memory; Indian freedom, a new impetus and direction. The British Commander-in-Chief did the wisest thing possible in the circumstances: he bowed to public opinion and withdrew the trials.

When their sentences were remitted, the convicted I.N.A. Officers were welcomed throughout the country as national heroes. The Indian Army kept its foreign uniform, but foreswore foreign allegiance.



With the dawn of Freedom in August, 1947, our Army, no longer an appendage of the British forces, became national to the core, loyal, disciplined, unaffected by parochial considerations. The officers and men pledged themselves to India as a Nation and were determined to maintain her freedom.

During the troublous times which followed Partition, our troops maintained the highest traditions of a national Army. They helped to create a stability in the country which has enabled us to face the food problem; to make rapid progress in industrial development; to attain respect among the nations of the world and to stand behind our great leader, Panditji, while he has been leading the country to worldwide influence.

In my little study of history I have found that the rise or fall of a nation has depended on the strength or weakness of the group sentiment which dominates its army in relation to the country.

Though we use the word "nation" often enough, we are not at all clear as to what it is, how it is made and how it disintegrates. It is only when we do so that we realise the meaning and purpose of the role of a national army.

Every society, however rudimentary, must forge a fighting weapon against internal upheaval and external aggression. From the earliest times, an organized armed section of the group has been found a pre-condition to the continued existence of a society.

Philosophers have hoped for, and talked about, a society living in peace without such a section. But the only really peaceful people of whom — I have not known any — I have read were the Hopis of Arizona, a self-contained tribe of North American Red Indians, who lived in an isolated area of a vast unoccupied continent, and, from the beginning, eschewed physical violence in their individual and collective life. Even the word "Hopi" means "peaceful."

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Even today the Hopis will not fight or engage in physical encounters among themselves. They hold all warlike conflicts in horror. We are told by competent authorities that their warlike activities consist only of the harbouring of grudges, the spreading of spicy scandal, or of the making of complaints against each other in a way that no other people are known to do. These activities exhaust their warlike instincts. Under modern conditions, therefore, they are classed as conscientious objectors.

When the vast vacant spaces of North America began to be filled up by an increasing population, the Hopis would have been wiped out by their ferocious neighbours, the Apaches, had not the armies of the North American Colonies and, later, of the U.S.A., provided them with protection.

Let us make no mistake about it. No society can exist in the foreseeable future without a vigorous and effective instrument of armed defence.



I must, however, pursue my thoughts on the National Army. A nation is a peculiar organization. The elements of geography, race and religion have a very subordinate part to play in its formation or functioning. Fundamentally, it is a group of individuals who are bound together by psychological bonds.

The unifying influence which makes a nation is provided by a psychological urge that the group is one; that it is going to remain one; that it has to be kept as one at all costs. The predominant motive in all vigorous societies has been to defend its group existence at all costs.

Among the factors which contribute to create or strengthen the psychological bonds of nationhood, three are of great importance:—

First, that the intellectuals, that is the class of men who think, speak and write, who teach, administer and govern, should develop the will to national unity.

Secondly, that the Army, and I include in it the national militia or police, if any, should develop the will to maintain national existence.

Thirdly, that both these groups should develop the capacity and behaviour to inspire the vocal and active sections of the people to a feeling of identity with them.

The intellectuals provide the ideas which foster the sense of unity, enrich the national tradition and provide the appeal for collective action. The Army, is in the last resort, the instrument of defence, both against internal subversion and external aggression, but it need not necessarily fight wars. In peace, it is an asset of collective strength; a crystal round which gather the fluid elements in society; a well-

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disciplined source of national unity which operates by its silent influence.

In order that the national army should fulfil its mission, particularly in a democracy, its composition must represent all sections of society and its outlook must symbolise national unity. The Army can do this much more effectively than the intellectuals, who, by their habits of mind and the way they live, can never, except in totalitarian countries, be a regimented body. On the other hand, the officers and soldiers of an Army live and work together as a single human aggregate. By its very nature, by the habit and training of every member of it, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, an organic loyalty is developed, both to each other and to the Army as a whole. It, therefore, almost constitutes a sort of living organism.

How long could a nation last, however well-knit, if a large number of its intellectuals were to entertain and disseminate ideas that it was not one, thereby undermining its emotional attachment to unity? Or if the army were to be divided in its loyalties to the nation and to develop a regional or separatist attachment?



Countries have only gone under in history when the intellectual or the fighting wings of their society have failed them.

In ancient India, the Brahmanas and Kshatriyas played leading roles as highly-trained and purposive agencies of integration. They were inspired by the Aryavarta consciousness, which had two aspects: Firstly, that Bharatavarsha was the sacred land of Dharma, in which no alien could abide for long.

Secondly, that the Dharma was the eternal law which Brahmanas and Kshatriyas were pledged to maintain at all costs.

The expansive power and culture of ancient India was the work of the Brahmanas and the Kshatriyas, who were bound in common loyalty to Dharma in relation to their sacred land.

In the sixth century of the Christian Era, the Huns invaded India. By a tremendous effort the Kshatriyas of Madhyadesha drove them out in wars which lasted over half-a-century. But in that very effort, their vigour was exhausted. They no longer formed a compact military class of Madhyadesha dominated by a single cultural impulse.

In the result, the Aryavarta consciousness came to be restricted to religious and social spheres and its political aspect receded from active life into race memory.

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Many conquerors thereafter built up large standing armies. But with them the wars were not an expression of a people nor of their culture on the move. They were undertaken to satisfy personal or dynastic ambition.

Sri Harsha, for instance, built up a large army: 60,000 war elephants attended by 2,40,000 men; 100,000 horsemen and possibly 200,000 foot-soldiers. Sri Harsha died and at that moment the Empire of Kanauj collapsed.

It had been a hired army and the paymaster was gone. The soldiers who had fought for two generations, were scattered to the winds even as dried leaves. They lacked the collective spirit of the Madhyadesha Kshatriyas who had driven out the Huns.

The Kshatriya clans of Gurjaradesh, from whom the Rajputs are descended, inherited the tradition of the older Kshatriyas. They combined to expel the invading armies of the Caliphs. They developed a collective spirit of conquest. They became defenders of the Dharma. From A.D. 750-940, the Gurjareshwar-Pratihars of Kanauj built up a formidable empire. But soon the clans acquired regional loyalties and lost whatever "Aryavarta consciousness" they had possessed.

By the time the Turks invaded India, the kings and the armies of the North had lost the collective sense that had held the country together as a whole. The Brahmana and the Kshatriya had become regional-minded and the latter were only interested in defending their own small regions. That is why, after A.D. 1000 India presents a pathetic picture of warring groups, but no national army.

You know the Great Revolt of 1857, the "Mutiny" as the British Officers called it. In a loose sense, it was a war of independence; it was the result of the spontaneous urge to resist the foreigner; but it failed. Each group which joined the Revolt fought against the foreigner, but none possessed the psychological urge to combine with others under one national leadership. The movement had a negative resistance aspect; it did not have a positive unifying bond.

Then came the British Rule. It gave India two things which had been lacking so far: It gave her a hundred years of peace, so giving us a respite in which to revise our ideas and to evolve new psychological bonds. It also gave us the benefit of an intimate contact with that idea of national unity which prevailed in the West. We then realised how we had lost our sense of unity; how, instead of a national army, we had regional forces which fought against each other, often in the interests of the

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foreigner. Out of this experience of centuries was born our national army.



India's future is bound up as much with the people as with its intellectuals and its army.

In my address, therefore, I exhorted the Cadets thus:—

"Maintain the highest traditions of a national army. Keep up the great traditions which our Army has built up in the past. The role of a national army in a democracy like ours is not necessarily to fight wars. The primary role is to provide by its very existence a stabilizing factor in national life. The secondary one is to help in developing a sense of national discipline in other organizations, not only by direct training as in the case of N.C.C. and National Volunteers, but by its very example."

Yours sincerely,



The only hope of India is from the masses . . . He who sees God in the poor, in the weak, and in the diseased really worships Him. He who has served and has helped one poor man, seeing God in him, without thinking of his caste, creed or race, or anything, with him God is more pleased than He is with the man who sees Him only in Temples . . . Do you love your fellow men? Where should you go to seek for God — are not all the poor, the miserable, the weak, Gods? Why not worship them first? . . . I consider that the great national sin is the neglect of the masses, and that is one of the causes of our downfall. No amount of politics will be of any avail until the masses in India are once more well-fed, and well-cared for.

—Vivekananda.

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ECSTATIC LOVE

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

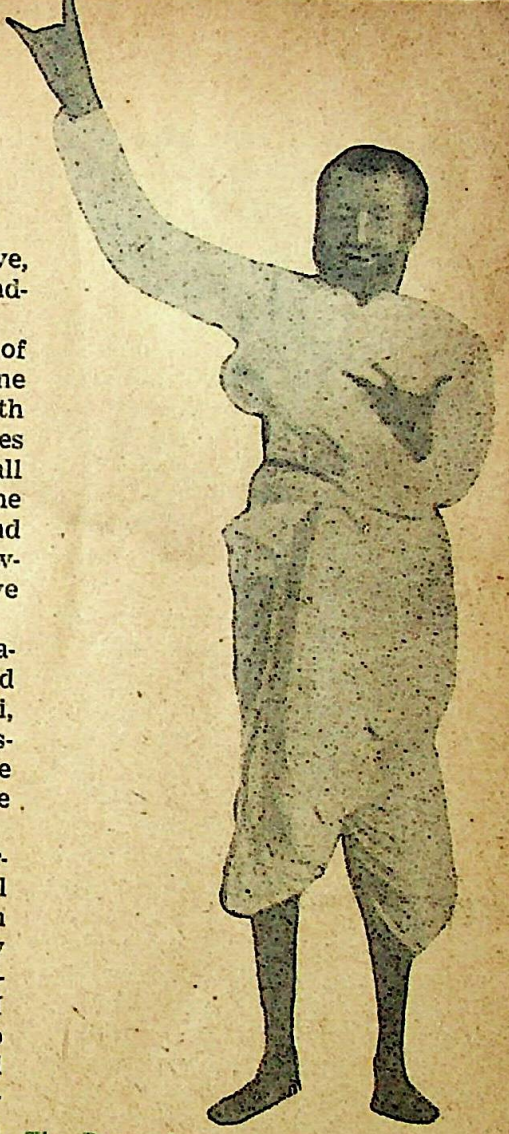
THE GOPIS had ecstatic love, unswerving and single-minded devotion to one ideal.

Do you know the meaning of devotion that is not loyal to one ideal? It is devotion tinged with intellectual knowledge. It makes one feel: "Krishna has become all these. He alone is the Supreme Brahman. He is Rama, Siva and Sakti." But this element of knowledge is not present in ecstatic love of God.

Once Hanuman came to Dwaraka and wanted to see Sita and Rama. Krishna said to Rukmini, His queen, "You had better assume the form of Sita; otherwise there will be no escape from the hands of Hanuman!"

Once the Pandava brothers performed the Rajasuya sacrifice. All the kings placed Yudhisthira on the royal throne and bowed low before him in homage. But Vibhishana the King of Ceylon, said, "I bow down to Narayana and to none else." At these words the Lord Krishna bowed down to Yudhisthira. Only then did Vibhishana prostrate himself, crown and all, before him!

Do you know what devotion to one ideal is like? It is like the attitude of a daughter-in-law in the family. She serves all the members of the family — her brothers-in-law, father-in-law, husband, and so forth — bringing them water to wash their feet, fetching their towels, arranging their seats, and the like; but with her husband she has a special relationship.



The Paramahamsa in an ecstatic state

There are two elements in this ecstatic love: "I-ness" and "my-ness". Yasoda used to think:

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"Who would look after Gopala if *I* did not? He will fall ill if *I* do not serve Him." She did not look on Krishna as God. The other element is "my-ness". It means to look on God as one's own — "*my* Gopala." Uddhava said to Yasoda: "Mother, your Krishna is God Himself. He is the Lord of the Universe and not a common human being." "Oh!" exclaimed Yasoda. "I am not asking you about your Lord of the Universe. I want to know how *my* Gopala fares. Not the Lord of the Universe, by *my* Gopala".

How faithful to Krishna the gopis were! After many entreaties to the door-keeper, the gopis entered the royal court in Mathura, where Krishna was seated as King. The door-keeper took them to Him; but at the sight of King Krishna wearing the Royal turban, the gopis bent down their heads and said among themselves: "Who is this man with a turban on his head? Should we violate our chaste love for Krishna by talking to him? Where is our beloved Krishna with the yellow robe and the bewitching crest with the peacock feather?"

Did you observe the single-minded love of the gopis for Krishna? The ideal of Vrindavan is unique. I am told that the people of Dwaraka worship Krishna, the companion of Arjuna, but reject Radha!

Listen to a story. Once three friends were going through a forest, when a tiger suddenly appeared before them. "Brothers," one of them exclaimed, "we are lost!"

"Why should you say that?" said the second friend. "Why should we be lost? Come, let us pray to God."

The third friend said: "No. Why should we trouble God about it? Come, let us climb this tree."

The friend who said, "We are lost!" did not know that there is a God who is our Protector. The friend who asked the others to pray to God was a *jnani*. He was aware that God is the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the world. The third friend, who did not want to trouble God with prayers and suggested climbing the tree, had ecstatic love of God. It is the very nature of such love that makes a man think himself stronger than his Beloved. He is always alert lest his Beloved should suffer. The one desire of his life is to keep his Beloved from even being pricked in the foot by a thorn.

[From: *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*]

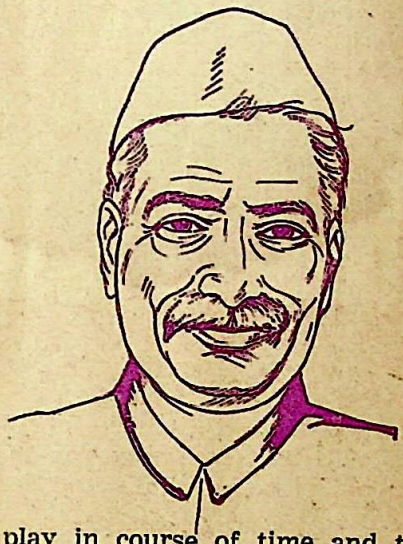
Alone in Vrindavan can pure love be found;
Its secret none but the gopas and gopis know.
For pure love's sake I dwelt in Nanda's house;
Taking him as My father,
I carried his burdens on My head.

—Sri Krishna

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Rajendra Prasad

INDIA'S GENIUS



INDIA has a peculiarity of its own. While the cultures of other nations have succumbed to the ravages of time, Indian culture is surviving and holding its own even today. It has the capacity to remould itself according to the changes of time and environment and it has undergone appreciable changes too. All the same, not only its material elements but many of its external paraphernalia, customs and usages too have continued uninterrupted from time immemorial.

The excavations carried on by the Archaeological Survey of India have unearthed household articles of daily use belonging to the time of Emperor Asoka, as for instance, earthen jars and other vessels, bedsteads, ornaments and so on, which are used in the same form even today; and we are proud to think that India has been able to maintain this state of affairs for thousands of years even in the face of calamities and misfortunes of no small magnitude.

Hence nobody should have the fear or mistrust that India is going to lose her priceless heritage in the shape of her ancient culture, which has withstood the onslaught of time. Now that we are free all our activities will come into full play in course of time and there is no doubt that we shall once more be able to attain a pride of place in the world.

India is no doubt on the cross-roads today. Western scientific research has by its wonderful achievements cast its spell on all. One could not and should not escape its influence. Scientific progress too is a gift from the same God who has bestowed all other things on us. To ignore it would be tantamount to turning our back on the path of progress. In fact our strength lies not in overlooking it but in controlling and harnessing it for the good of mankind.

[From his speech at Gorakhpur.]

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My Unforgettable Moments—2

J. M. Shelat

IN THE COURT-ROOM

In this second article of the series, Shri J. M. Shelat, Principal Judge, City Civil & Sessions Court, Bombay, writes about a Gilbertian trial at Ratlam which he attended in the forties as Shri K. M. Munshi's junior.



AFTER the great political ferment that arose in 1942 and 1943 as a result of the Quit India Movement there followed a comparative lull in 1944-1945. Taking advantage of that lull, the British wanted to show their mailed fist. There was evidence that they instigated the authorities in Ratlam State to stage a conspiracy trial in Ratlam on a par with the famous Meerut Conspiracy trial. The British either did not wish to earn the notoriety or wanted to avoid the expense of such a trial in British India and they, therefore, called upon Ratlam to be the initiator of such a trial. The trial arose like a castle in the air—from nothing.

A Doctor of some repute — both professionally and for social service — was the President of the State Peoples' Congress for Ratlam — and a lawyer with a local sanad was its Secretary. A meeting was being addressed by local workers where the Doctor presided but in that meeting the President had not uttered a single word — either at the beginning as usual or as his summing up at the end.

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The Minister for Defence—a typical Rajput, reminding one of a sixteenth century Minister,—acted suddenly the next day and arrested the Doctor, the lawyer and four more members of the Congress and to crown it all arrested also a Muslim who was a Communist worker —perhaps to make the event appear colourful and cosmopolitan.

At the trial the accused were undefended. Local lawyers were pressed to give evidence at the trial under the threats administered by the Home Minister of the State, either of loss of liberty or loss of their sanads.

The charge was that the accused had entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the lawfully established Government of His Highness the Maharaja of Ratlam and other offences. The trial lasted for a year and ended with a sentence ranging from two years to seven years rigorous imprisonment for all the seven prisoners. The only legal assistance that they had was from the Secretary of the State Praja Mandal — who, as I said, was a local lawyer.

In the State Peoples' Congress circles there was disappointment that no lawyer of repute had come to the assistance of these people and Mahatma Gandhiji who at that time had camped at Bardoli, was approached by the General Secretary of the State Peoples' Congress. Mahatmaji thereupon requisitioned the services of Shri Munshi and Shri Munshi took me with him to Ratlam.

Looking backwards now, the whole episode appears as fantastic as a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera — but the position then appeared to be of utmost gravity — seven citizens had been clapped into Ratlam jail, one of the filthiest in existence.

As usual we heard all sorts of tales of experiences of Counsel from Bombay visiting the States on professional work and their condition had been none too enviable. A possible risk of loss of liberty for ourselves was not to be entirely ruled out.

The Ratlam Administration was presided over by a Diwan — a Retired P.C.S. (Provincial Service man) from Uttar Pradesh — aided by a Home Minister, a Revenue Minister and of course the Defence Minister—the last one being the only Minister who enjoyed the confidence of the Maharaja.

He had accompanied His Highness Sajjansingh to the battlefront in the first World War and of course on many polo fields all over the world and until this Diwan was imposed upon the Maharaja by the Government of India—the State was administered by the Defence Minister alone. The Maharaja was a benevolent dictator treating the Ratlam subjects like a paterfamilias. His only anxiety was that the subjects should behave properly towards him. He left the rest to his Defence Minister.

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But with the Diwan being of the choice of the British and the Defence Minister of the choice of the Maharaja there were of course disputes and intrigues engineered by both the parties. The Maharaja — an old gentleman — could do nothing in the matter, his highest adviser not being of his choice, and the old gentleman consequently spent most of his time sitting at the window of the top floor of his palace watching the visitors coming in and going out of the palace, where the Privy Council of the State held its Court to hear appeals.

The Diwan told us that he would hold the Court only from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. With great effort we could persuade him to hold his Court also in the morning from 8 to 11 but we had to concede to him that he could read his copy of the *Times of India* at 8-30 as was his usual practice—even when our arguments were going on. Needless to say he stuck to his practice throughout the trial.

The Privy Council which sat for hearing our appeal consisted of the Diwan, the Revenue Minister and the Home Minister. Of the three, the Revenue Minister was a non-lawyer and the Home Minister was the authority who had initiated the prosecution. Even before the trial began he had gone about giving threats to sundry witnesses who perjured themselves later on under his direct patronage. It was to this Court that we were to appeal to in the fair name of Justice.

The trial Court judgment was drafted not by the trial judge but by a leading advocate from Indore who was paid a handsome fee for his unusual professional labours under instructions of the Home Minister.

Soon it became known that Bombay Advocates were coming for the hearing of the appeal and the State engaged the services of another Indore lawyer, who informed me later on that his fees were to be adjusted against a debt due to the State by his father!

Two initial problems arose — the first was that in that huge palace with all its royal trappings and huge pieces of furniture there were no workable chairs and tables for Counsel! At the last minute the authorities hired a few wire chairs and tables — usually found in the cheap restaurants of small towns. An attempt was made to preserve the dignity of so august a body, as the Privy Council, by spreading a red cloth over our tables, though without any appreciable pretence to conceal the plebian character of the furniture brought for us. Among the huge sofas and armchairs and velvet curtains around us—this feature of the Court presented a strange contrast.

The second difficulty arose because of the rule that no one was permitted to enter the precincts of the palace without being garbed in the State dress — which includ-

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ed a saffron "safa". As with all rules there was luckily a method to compromise and we applied at a fee of Rs. 3/- each for exemption from this rule. I regret now that we applied for that exemption. It would have been my life's most precious pleasure to see Shri Munshi changing his usual headgear —the khaddar cap — into a saffron "safa" which, I dare say, would have added a little flavour to our arguments in the Appeal.

There was in those days so much terror of the Defence Minister amongst the people that on the day we arrived at Ratlam Station — not even the relations of our clients could venture to come to receive us! A mill-owner of Ratlam, acquainted with us and who was too big a personality even for the Diwan and his colleagues came to receive us and led us to the State hotel which incidentally was owned by the Defence Minister himself. It was impossible to talk about the case in the hotel — for, from the Manager of the hotel to its waiter, every one was spying on us and reporting every word we said. Consultations about the case, therefore, had to be conducted while we went out for our evening walks.

The hearing on the first day went off without any untoward incident except of course the exhibition of open hostility from the Diwan and the Home Minister. The Revenue Minister's part was to smile sweetly at us. The Diwan was exuberant with the tales of his performances as an Officer in the U.P. Counsel have to put up sometimes with the loquacity of the Bench — in the interests of the clients.

On the third day the Ruler came to know that Shri Munshi had come to his Metropolis to argue some appeal. But the Diwan must not know of any move by the Ruler and at night Shri Munshi was led in a curtained car to the presence of the Ruler by a back door of the palace by whom—the Defence Minister himself. Notwithstanding the Diwan—but only because Shri Munshi was an ex-Home Minister—the Maharaja had lent us a state car and with that a change in the attitude of the people was observable — reminding us of the good fortunes of Alice in Wonderland. And then the good people of Ratlam began to stop our car on the way and overwhelm us by sprinkling attar at us—the usual gesture there of welcome.

Coincidentally we discovered that the Home Minister was a nominee of the Defence Minister. The Diwan represented the alien element in the State which was deeply resented by the party led by the Defence Minister.

The Diwan was aware that the prosecution of our clients was initiated and managed by the Home Minister and therefore any remark from us against the prosecution provoked an open glee in

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the Diwan. Finding this crack in our opposition we were bent upon taking full advantage. This opening for us was so welcome that on the third day of our address, Shri Munshi characterised the prosecution as baseless and a waste of public time and State funds. The Diwan under the stress of his undisguised dislike of the Home Minister at once said "Saksena, that is one for you." That was the only remark he made and, as was his practice, he again plunged himself in his reading of the *Times of India*. But that gave us a chance for making more equally pungent remarks.

One of the allegations against the accused was that they had trained a large number of persons in a gymnasium in Ratlam in firearms. A fantastic situation arose when we casually asked what were the weapons used for training. We were told "rifles". We asked for the inspection of the weapons. That was refused by the Home Minister. We were a little suspicious and we persisted the next morning in our application and the Diwan, unaware of what those rifles were — at once granted our application. That had a tremendous effect on the Home Minister for he believed — and rightly — that the gravity of the prosecution was thereby washed out. The Minister got up stiffly from his chair and pointed out to us a weapon taken charge of by the State police — and would you believe that it turned out, to our great mirth, to be a Japanese toy-gun available in the market for children at Rs. 1-8-0!

Encouraged by this, we asked next for the ammunition and the target for this great Military training. The Home Minister showed us burnt match-sticks and a cheap calendar with the map of India where the town of Ratlam was marked as the target. Not a hole was made by the match-sticks in that map. With that, even the Diwan was shocked — not with the tragedy that the accused had gone through — but with the clumsy artfulness of his Police Officers in fabricating a counterpart of the Meerut Conspiracy Case. By now the situation had become so unreal that none of us could take the matter seriously.

In the meantime the Maharaja took the matter in his hand — the case of course proceeded to its fourth and fifth day — but during arguments the Maharaja kept on calling Shri Munshi for consultations in his room on the top floor and during such consultations, I used to continue the arguments.

With the genius that my leader had for evolving a suitable formula — after several hours of anxious negotiations, it was agreed that of the six surviving accused — one of them had died in the jail — some should be acquitted — two were to be sentenced but were to be released after a month or so

(Continued on Page 40)

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Immortal India—23

J. H. Dave

KAMAKHYA OF ASSAM

कामदा कामिनी कामा कान्ता
कामाङ्गदायिनी ।
कामाङ्गनाशिनी तस्मात् कामाख्या
तेन चोच्यते ॥
Kalika Purana 64-2.

"The Goddess is called Kamakhya as she is the yielder of all desires, the young handsome bride of Siva, the giver of both Bhukti and Mukti."

THE celebrated shrine of Goddess Kamakhya is situated about three miles from the present town of Gauhati in Assam. The name of the hillock on which this temple stands is called the Nilachala or the blue mountain. The origin of this Sakti Pitha is thus described in the *Kalika Purana*.

Sati, the consort of Siva, went to the sacrificial session of her father Daksha and on account of the discourtesy shown to her husband Siva, she gave up her life in vexation. Siva, coming to know of this, was very much overcome by grief; and carrying the dead body of Sati on his head, started wandering about. All were frightened at this sight. In order to pacify Siva, Gods approached Vishnu and it was deemed necessary to remove the dead body from Siva's head. With the help of his discus, Vishnu cut that dead body into fifty-one pieces and all of them fell in different parts of India. The genital organ of Sati fell on the Kamagiri i.e. the Nilachala hill near Gauhati. All the fifty-one places where pieces of Sati's body fell became famous as Sakti Pithas and Kamagiri in Kamarupa or Assam became famous as the Pitha sacred to the Goddess who being on Kamagiri came to be known as Kamakhya, the fulfiller of all desires.

The hill represented the body of Siva himself and when Sati's genital organ fell upon it, the hill became blue in colour. The Goddess is called Kamakhya also because she used to come here secretly with Siva to satisfy her *kama* or amour. This hill is therefore described both as the love-resort as well as the grave of Sati. *Kalika Purana* aptly says that she is *Kamangadayini* and *Kamanga-nasini* which terms also mean that she is "the giver of Bhukti or enjoyment and Mukti or liberation".

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Assam's early history is very closely interwoven with the name of this Goddess Kamakhya who represents a composite picture made up of several conceptions of the Goddess at different epochs in the history.

This shrine is held in great veneration all over India and frequented by numerous pilgrims. This Goddess is the specially favourite deity of Assam and Bengal.

Ancient Assam has been frequently mentioned in the Puranik and Tantrik literature as Kamarupa. *Devi-Bhagawata, Kalikapurana* and the *Yogini Tantra,* particularly the last two works, describe the Goddess Kamakhya in great detail.

Kama-rupa's boundaries are thus described in the *Yogini Tantra.* "From the Kanchana mountain of Nepal up to the junction of River Brahmaputra; from Karatoya to Dikkaravasini. In the north there is Kanjagiri, on the west is river Karatoya. Oh Daughter of Himalaya! On the east is river Dikshu, the best of the Tirthas, and on the south is the confluence of Brahmaputra with Laksha. This area is known as Kamarupa according to all Sastras".

This temple of Goddess Kamakhya is peculiar in as much as it contains no image of the Goddess. Within the temple there is a cave and in one corner of it there is a stone on which is sculptured the symbol of the Yoni of the Goddess. There is a natural spring within the cave by the oozing water of which this stone is kept moist. Offerings of flowers and leaves are made on this symbol. In other respects the rites, ceremonies and rituals are similar to those of the Goddess Kali. In animal sacrifices, female animals are exempted.

Through the heart of this state of Assam runs like a big artery the great river Brahmaputra which is also called in Sanskrit literature Sri Lauhitya. *Raghuvamsa* states (in 4-8) that when Raghu crossed Lauhitya or river Brahmaputra, the then Lord of Pragjyotisha i.e. Kamarupa trembled with fear.

चकम्पे तीर्णलौहित्ये तस्मिन् प्राग्ज्योतिषेश्वरः।

Pragjyotisha was the capital of ancient Assam. *Kalikapurana* gives the derivation of the name in this way: "It was at this place that Brahma stood and formerly (Prak) created the various stars and planets (Jyotishas) and therefore this city, which is like Indra's capital, is called Pragjyotisha".

अस्य मध्ये स्थितो ब्रह्मा प्राङ् नक्षत्रं ससर्ज ह।
तेन प्राग्ज्योतिषाख्येयं पुरी शक्रपुरीसमा॥

Gait says that the city may be taken to be a city of Eastern Astrology. To the east of Gauhati there is a temple dedicated to the nine planets.

Assam is racially and linguistically homogeneous. Its language is an Aryan dialect of great anti-

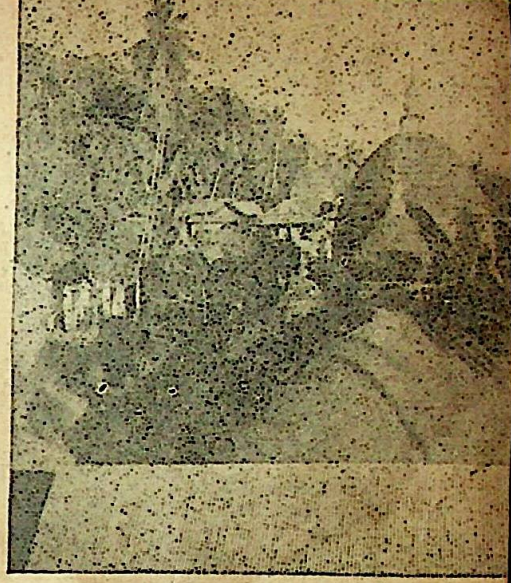
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quity. Hiuen Tsang reports in the 7th Century that it differed a little from the language of Mid-India. Assam's early contacts with Aryan India are copiously referred to in *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*. Modern Assamese as an Aryan speech has developed out of Sanskrit and it is estimated that it is as old as the 10th Century A.D.

The word Assam is variously derived. It is connected with the Shan invaders of the 13th century. It is also derived from the Sanskrit word "Asama" i.e. "peerless" or from the Tai root "cham" i.e. "to be defeated", and Acham or Assam would mean "undefeated".

Kamarupa is so named because legend says that Siva had burned Kama or cupid for having disturbed him in his penance but that Kama eventually regained his original form or Rupa here in this country and therefore this country is known as Kamarupa.

Kalikapurana (10th century) and the *Yogini Tantra* (16th century) are believed to have been composed in or near about Assam. *Kalika Purana* states that Naraka who was brought up by King Janaka of Mithila came over to Ancient Assam and after he became its king and was placed in charge of the Goddess Kamakhya, the name of the country was changed from Pragjyotisha to Kamarupa. It is clear that King Naraka brought a new cult of Sakti and appropriately renamed the country as Kamarupa.



Kamakhya Devika Mandir

In *Mahabharata* and *Harivamsa*, Naraka has been described as the son of the Earth. At the request of his mother he had been given the Vaishnava missile which he in due course transferred to his son Bhagadatta. Subsequently Naraka imprisoned 16000 virgins, and became a tyrant. Krishna killed him on Naraka-Chaturdasi or the 14th day of the black half of Asvin. His son Bhagadatta participated in the great Mahabharata war and sided with Duryodhana. Dronaparva 29-17 says that Bhagadatta actually sent out the Vaishnava Astra or missile in the war and fought with great valour. He was killed by Arjuna. His two sons were Kritaprajna and Yajnadatta. Kritaprajna was killed by Nakula.

A further legend says that Naraka in association with king Bana

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of Sonitapura degraded himself, became indifferent to the worship of Kamakhya, insulted Sage Vasishtha and was cursed by that sage and that this brought about his downfall and death.

Anyway it may be presumed that Naraka brought the Sakta cult in ancient Assam. From the mass of details regarding the life of Naraka he is rightly believed to be a historical person. Dr. Kakati concludes that Naraka was a political adventurer from Mithila who established himself in power somewhere between 200 to 500 A.D. and introduced the Sakti cult and found in the local Goddess Kamakhya a manifestation of the divine energy.

Though certain features in the Sakta cult were due to foreign influences, the Sakti cult in general is the indigenous cult of India. The legend of *Kalikapurana* about the fifty-one pieces of the dead body of Sati falling over various parts of the country all over India is an attempt to define the boundary of the Aryan India where the Sakti cult was prevalent. It is something like Manu's definition which says that wherever the black antelope roams that is the sacred land of Aryavarta. And in the prosperous days of Tantras, the Sakta cult was prevalent throughout the length and breadth of India, from Himalaya which was the birth place of Parvati to Kumari, a place of Sakti worship; from Kamakhya in the east to Dwaramati and Prabhasa in the west.

Kalikapurana gives an amorous interpretation of the origin of this Yoni Goddess Kamakhya, while the *Yogini Tantra* gives a different account, stressing the creative symbolism of the Yoni. Dr. Kakati suggests that these two different views of the two scriptures may perhaps embody views of two different sets of people professing that cult at different periods of time. For the second view the legend is that the supreme creative force of Brahma was successfully challenged by the Goddess. Brahma could thereafter create only through the blessings of the Yoni as the sole creative principle. After penance and purification Brahma brought down a luminous light from the sky and placed it on the Yoni circle. For the good of Brahma and of the world the Yoni-circle was created by the Goddess and placed in Kamarupa.

Kalikapurana says that the Goddess has three different aspects according to her three moods.

In her Kama or amorous mood she holds a yellow garland standing on a white lotus. In her dreadful mood she takes up a sword and stands on a white corpse; in her Kamada or benevolent mood she rides a lion. Further she can have endless forms according to her desire and is therefore known as Kama-rupini.

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The original temple of Kamakhya was destroyed under Muslim invasion early in the sixteenth century. The present temple was re-built in 1665 A.D. by King Nara-Narayana, the Coch King of Coch Bihar who equipped it in the same manner as it was before.

Kamakhya is called Lalita-kantika. "There is no lady in the three worlds who can match her in beauty. Therefore she is called Lalitakantika" (*Kalika Purana*, 83-66) Siva alone cannot grant any boon without the approval of this Parvati.

Kamakhya is further identified with Tripura.

शृण्वतं त्रिपुरामूर्तेः कामाख्यायां प्रपूजनम् ।
—*Kalika Purana* 66-50.

"Please hear! Goddess Tripura is to be worshipped as Kamakhya" Tripura is adored in three aspects of Tripurabala, Tripurasundari and Tripurabhairavi.

One aspect of Tripura was Tripura Bala and she could be worshipped both according to Dakshina Achara and Vama Achara. Kamakhya herself was worshipped according to both these Acharas. Kamarupa is the favourite haunt of this Goddess and here she dwells in every house. "Every woman is a miniature incarnation of the Goddess and every sinless person, of Siva."

Most of the rites which show aberration of doctrine and practices have come from outside. Saharotsava is believed to have come from the Sabaras in the Vindhya Hills. The local religion of the Kiratas who were conquered by Naraka also contributed in influencing the practices among a certain section.

In the north-east frontier of Assam is a small river Dikrang, sanskritised as Dikkaravasini. The dreadful aspect of the Goddess on this side as well as the epithets Ugratara, Ekajata, etc., are believed to be of Buddhist origin. This dreadful aspect in the form of Tamresvari of the Copper Temple dominated in the later history of Assam for a few centuries.

Dr. Kakati writes, "The Goddess of the Copper Temple Tikshnakanta, Ekajata or Ugratara is a Buddhist Goddess and said to be imported into the Buddhist Pantheon from the country of the Bhotas by Nagarjuna (in the 7th century). So was Tara also of Tibetan origin (B. Bhattacharya; *Buddhist Esoterism*, p. 154)."

Tantra represent that literature which spreads knowledge and is derived from the root *Tan* to spread. The word was applied to the sacred literature of Saivas, Saktas, Vaishnavas, Sauras, Ganapatyas, etc. The composition of their special texts is believed to date from the 6th century A.D. Sakti Tantras are believed to be 64 in number, Saiva 18 and Vaishnava 108; but actually many more texts are available in each group.

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The Tantric cult whether of the Saktas, Saivas, Vaishnavas or any other deity has several common features. There are Mantras or prayer formulae, the Bijas or mystic syllables peculiar to each deity, Yantras or diagrams, mudras or special positions of fingers, Nyasas or placing the deity within one's self through the different parts of one's body with the help of finger tips, the Guru or the Preceptor, and Diksha or the initiation. Tantras are open to women and Sudras also. They became popular with every section including the highest castes. These Tantra Acharas were classified into seven sub-divisions — the Vaidika, Vaishnava, Saiva and Dakshina Acharas — all named as Dakshina Achara; the other three being Vama Achara, Siddhanta Achara and Kaula Achara. The first four observe strict social morality. Vama Achara and the other two introduce a new technique to be practised in secrecy. This and the other two were intended to be practised only by the strictly disciplined, self-controlled and qualified few who were in possession of the esoteric knowledge but in the hands of misguided, sensuous and perverse followers this became an instrument of lewd practices. In what is considered as the highest or the Kaula practice, there are counted many eminent Yogins of the Buddhist and the Natha Sampradayas.

Kamakhya is one of the most celebrated places of Sakta worship. Among the five famous and sacred Sakti Pithas are counted Odiyana (identified with Kashgarh, or Swat valley, or Orissa or Western Assam), Jalandhara (in Punjab), Purnagiri (near Poona or in Assam). Matanga (Srisaila) and Kamakhya of Assam. Some texts give prominence to Arubuda also.

By about the tenth century various influences mingled together to bring out a Tantra which was one composite whole and coloured by the Brahmanic, Buddhist and the Nath influences. The Tantra literature grew with some of its said seven Acharas finding favour in certain parts and others in the other parts of the country. Nyasas and Mudras became part of the daily Sandhya of every Brahmin and Dwija.

The Saktas are to be found throughout India and their cult is largely prevalent in Bengal and Assam. "The Saktas are rather allied with the Northern Advaita Saivas than with the others, though in them also there is worship of Sakti. Siva and Sakti are one and he who worships one necessarily worships the other. But whereas the Saiva predominantly worships Siva, the Sakta predominantly worships the Sakti side of the Ardha-Narisvara Murti, which is both Siva and Sakti" (Sir John Woodroffe). A common philosophical basis of Saivas and Saktas is the doctrine of thirty-six tatwas. *Sarada-Tilaka*, the great authority

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among Bengal Saktas is the work of Lakshmanacharya of the Kashmir Saiva School. The Saiva and Sakta doctrines are based on the Vedanta or the Upanishads and they lay down the Advaita principle of the unity of Jivatma and Paramatma.

Regarding Vamachara, Sir John Woodroffe observes that its secret Sadhana is not usually understood; that it has acquired such notoriety that to most of the people the term 'Tantra' connotes this particular worship and its abuses and nothing else. He adds that it is a mistake to believe that aberrations in doctrine and practice are peculiar to India; that Kaula rites are philosophically based on monistic doctrine and that just as charity covers many sins, so "mystic" and "mysticism" are words which cover much ignorance about the Tantra which is contemptuously spoken of in ignorance as a jumble of black magic, erotic mysticism, meaningless mummery etc. Even if some of the rites and practices of a section are to be rightly condemned as debased, the huge tantric literature which has ennobled the entire population of India for centuries by its nobles thoughts, devotion and yoga does not deserve to be wantonly vilified.

Some of the important Tirthas of Assam were Siddhesvari, Apunarbhava, Urvasi, Manikarnikesvara, Pandunatha, Kamakhya, Asvakranta, Hayagriva, etc.

It has been observed that Buddhism underwent radical changes from the latter part of the 7th century A.D. and developed certain mystic cults known as Mantrayana, Vajrayana and Tantrayana. These systems gained some ground in Assam which was noted for its Tantric Saktaism. Some of the monks of the Buddhist Vajrayana were known as Siddhas who are counted as 84 in number. Lulipa known as Minanatha or Matsyendranatha, according to a Tibetan tradition, was from Assam.

Though Sakta cult is not the child of Assam it had its nourishment here. Winterneitz observes that from the 8th century onwards Tantrism proceeded from this territory into veritable triumph to Tibet and China. Most of the customs and practices which are absorbed into the rituals of Sakta and Saiva cults are said to have come from Assam which was a frontier region with all kinds of uncanny beliefs and superstitions (B. K. Barua). Of the four Pithas Kamakhya, Srihatta, Purnagiri and Uddiyana which are also associated with Buddhist Tantric worship, Kamakhya and Srihatta at least belong to Assam. The fusion of Buddhism and Hinduism in Vajrayana and Mantrayana is believed by some scholars to have taken place in Assam and from here it spread to Tibet.

The Dakshina Achara according to which also Kamakhya is wor-

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shipped is strictly in accordance with prescribed rites and rules of the society. The Goddess likes the red colour. In the extreme Achara it may signify the blood of an animal which is sacrificed. In the Dakshina Achara the red colour symbolises love. Shri Sankaracharya writes in his Saundarya-Lahari.

"A devotee who contemplates on the heaven and earth as steeped in your brilliant red light of love issuing from this your luminous body of the Goddess like the light of the rising red sun—of that devotee are enamoured an endless number of heavenly damsels including Urvasi, with eyes like those of frightened forest deer." This *Sadhana* aptly says that if you love the world, the world too is bound to love you and repay your love.

तनुच्छायाभिस्ते तरुणतरणिश्रीसरणिभिः
दिवं सर्वामुर्वीमरुणिमनि मग्नां स्मरति यः।
भवन्त्यस्य त्रस्यद्वनहरिणशालीननयनाः
सहोर्वश्या वश्याः कति कति न
गीर्वाणगणिकाः॥

I am able to love God, because He gives me freedom to deny Him. God loves to see in me not His servant but Himself who serves all.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

Misconduct is a taint in a woman, niggardliness is a taint in a benefactor. All taints are evil indeed, in this world and the next. A worse taint than such as these is ignorance, the greatest taint. Abandoning this taint, be perfect, O Bhikkhus.

—Dhammapada.

Let us realize that in very truth we are knit together in ties of brotherhood, and while it is proper and necessary that we should insist upon our rights, we should yet be patient and considerate in bearing with one another and in trying, so far as in us lies, each to look at the problems that face us from his brother's standpoint as well from his own.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

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N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

Wealth Did Not Corrupt Him

SUDAMA was a destitute brahmin. He was a pious devotee of the Lord, well-versed in the Vedas, clean and pure in thought and conduct, and with a sense of detachment from worldly possessions. He had a large family and was in grinding poverty; he eked out his livelihood by begging for alms. His clothes were all torn and he came to be known as Kuchela — the man of tattered rags.

His wife was a paragon of virtue. The family grew up and the pangs of poverty became keener than ever. Unable to endure so much of suffering, the good lady summoned up courage and asked her husband one day why he should not think of asking his friend Sri Krishna for help.

Krishna was then ruling in Dwaraka and rolling in wealth and affluence. Was he not Sudama's boyhood friend? There was nothing wrong in approaching him for relief; he was so generous and helped everyone who sought him. Sudama was at first reluctant to go but ultimately agreed to the suggestion as it would give him an opportunity to revive his acquaintance with one who was the Lord incarnate himelf.

Within the twinkling of an eye, the Lord can turn a beggar into a prince and reduce a prince to a wastrel. He, who is all-powerful, is however the slave of his devotees. The lowly and the humble and the righteous shall be exalted. The real prizes of life are not for those who hanker after them but only for those who lead lives of piety, peace and contentment.

When seeing kings or men in authority it is customary to take a small present by way of homage. Sudama had nothing to give by way of a token tribute to his great friend. The lady went to a few neighbours and managed to collect four handfuls of parched rice which she put in a dirty rag and gave to her husband to carry to Dwaraka.

Sudama started on his journey to the distant city, thinking all the time of Krishna. He wondered whether it would be possible for him to gain admission into the

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city and secure audience with the king. But the spiritual radiance that shone from his face made it easy.

He entered the main city gate without any question from the sentries, passed through three city walls and approached the royal palace. Even there, no one challenged his advance, though he hesitated in his steps and was looking this side and that, apprehensive of being stopped.

Krishna was in the central apartment rocking in a swing-cot with his consort Rukmini by his side. As soon as he saw Sudama's approach, Krishna jumped out of the cot, went forward and embraced his friend. He made him sit on his cot and himself washed his feet; and he sprinkled a few drops of the water on his own head. Krishna anointed him with sandal and placed garlands on his neck. He went through the other forms of customary worship and then asked him about his welfare. Rukmini played her part by fanning Sudama, who was a mere nest of bones and had not even a decent upper garment over his body.

The attendants round about them were astonished at this unique worship offered to the brahmin.

Krishna plied his friend with many questions about what happened to him after they left the *gurukula* of Sandipani under whom they read together. Did he marry? Even as a boy, he was not much attached to sensory objects; and had he developed on the same lines? Did he remember the nice time they had with their preceptor? A father, the teacher who initiates a boy into the *upanayana* ceremony and the study of the Vedas, and the *acharya* who instructs him in the acquisition of *Brahmagyana* are the three best *gurus* in the world. Did he remember an incident that happened in the *gurukula?*

The guru's wife sent both of them to fetch faggots from a neighbouring forest and as they were returning in the afternoon with the loads, thunderstorm overtook them and they were enveloped in utter darkness. They could not make out their way, and holding each other's arms they groped long and far. Their *guru* Sandipani, afraid of what might happen to the lads in the darkness of the night and the fury of the storm, searched for them all over and came upon them at day-break. He was pleased with their devotion and blessed them wholeheartedly for their adventure on his behalf.

Reminiscing thus about their early days in the *asram,* Krishna suddenly asked Sudama what gift he had brought with him.

Sudama was ashamed of what he had brought and cast down his eyes in silence.

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Krishna espied the small parched-rice bundle, opened it and swallowed a handful saying that he liked it very much. As he was about to take a second handful, Rukmini stopped him saying that what he had taken was enough to secure Sudama happiness and prosperity in both the worlds.

Sudama had an excellent dinner and spent a happy night with Krishna in his palace.

Next morning, Krishna gave him leave to go and accompanied him a short distance expressing joy at the meeting after such a long separation and bidding him reluctant farewell.

Sudama did not open his mouth about the mission on which he came. All his thoughts were on Krishna's greatness and his solicitude and affection. He who had the goddess Lakshmi in his chest embraced him with love! "Where was Krishna, the source of all prosperity, and where am I, a mean beggar? Yet He treated me like an elder brother and literally worshipped me. He probably did not think of giving me anything, lest wealth might wean me away from devotion to Him."

Thus reflecting, Sudama reached his place and found that a luxurious mansion had come into existence in place of his pitiful residence. This surprised him very much and he did not for a moment believe his eyes. Quite quickly, his wife came out of the house to welcome him. She told him all about the transformation from dire poverty to great affluence.

Sudama naturally attributed the change to the blessings of Krishna whose ways were often mysterious. He thanked the Lord for divining his intentions and fulfilling his wishes. But at the same time he made up his mind to remain humble and unattached as he was before.

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Bhabes Chandra Chaudhuri

MOGUL ARTS AND LETTERS

THE Mogul emperors and princes were born-connoisseurs in arts and literature. They not only did appreciate but even appraised the worth of high-class music, poetry, drama and dancing.

Hafez, Omar, Sadi, Rumi, etc., were always held in high esteem by them. Every lover of learning, whether he was a scientist, artist, philosopher or a geophysicist, was freely admitted to the Mogul Court.

The Mogul emperors, Babar, Humayun and Jehangir were poets. Babar wrote excellent verses and prose in Turkish and Persian. He was also an adept in music, and a good caligraphist too. He introduced a novel style of hand-writing called *Khat-I-Babari.*

The poetical works of Humayun called *Diyuan* were kept up in the royal library of Akbar. Humayun was not only a poet, but was versed in various intricate subjects like Astrology, Mathematics and Geophysics. Prince Kamran, his step-brother, was also an artist of high mark. His verse works are preserved in the Khuda Bux Library of Patna.

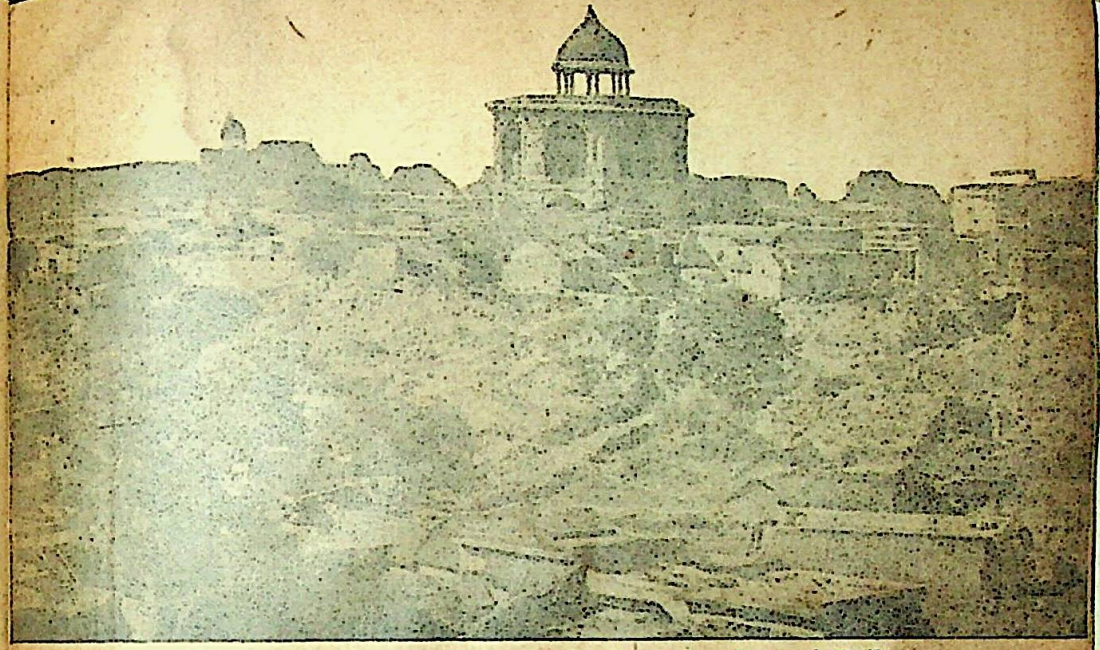
Akbar the Great was a zealous votary of arts and literature. He had a high opinion of *Omar Khaiyam.*

Eminent historio-biographers like Abul Fazl, Nizamuddin and Bedayuni wrote many authentic records of their time in Persian. Faizi, the Poet-Laureate of the Court of Akbar, was known for his inborn flair for poetical lores. Abul Fazl took full seven years' labour to finish his monumental piece of literature, *Ain-I-Akbari.*

Akbar's age might be called the age of rebirth of arts and literature. His Council of Nine — *Nauratan* — is an instance in point, though he, its imperial President himself, could seldom write or read alphabets!

Naturally Emperor Akbar was not ashamed of his ignorance in reading and writing. His wonderful memory coupled with strong lynx-like perception more than counterbalanced his deficiency in the art of reading and writing. His favourite maxim: "The prophets are all illiterates," naturally supports the above view! But though "uneducated" in the ordinary academic sense of the term, Akbar was more learned than the scholastic Ulamas or Pandits of his time and displayed his highly superb aesthetic taste that often

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Humayun's Library (From Stephen's *Archaeology of Delhi.*)

amazed even the most erudite genius of his Court. His love for books was more of the heart than reason, and his bibliomania may be gauged from the fact that he had nearly twenty-four thousand neatly-bound volumes and pictographic manuscripts kept ready for reference in his library.

The Emperor was vastly conversant with music, and admired and patronised musical artistes and professors.

Tansen, the greatest of music professors of that time, was a glory of his Court. In painting too, Akbar was unsurpassed while in the art of military skill and valour, he was the supreme officer-commanding. He was a designer of military uniforms and equipments, too. His artistic taste found explicit expression in numerous architectures like the royal edifices at Fatehpur Sikri.

The arts of Akbar's time typified the ideal of unity with which he always sought to cement the Hindu and Moslem communities.

As a man, Akbar had a high philosophical view of life and it was through his efforts that books in Sanskrit, Arabic, Turkish etc., were faithfully done into Persian, e.g. the *Mahabharata,* the *Ramayana.*

Jehangir was also a good poet, and many exquisite specimens of his poems are seen scattered over his own autobiography. He was an admirer of and expert in music, letters and decorative arts. Some of the mural paintings on the palaces at Agra are due to his own in-

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fallible brush. He was also a reputed architect and said to have made the design of Sikandra — the graveyard of Akbar — himself.

Shahjehan, the son of Jehangir, was a lover of books and learning. Poetry, music, fine arts and literature were his favourite subjects.

In his reign architecture and decorative arts were particularly famous. Taj Mahal is his immortal creation.

Dara, the eldest son of Shahjehan was a versatile scholar. He was proficient in Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit, and was a patron of Sufism — a doctrine of universal love and toleration for all castes and creeds. He was well versed in the Upanishads and translated many of the Upanishadic texts into Persian. He wrote a book called *Majma-ul-Bahrine,* i.e. the mingling of the dual oceans — referring to the Hindus and Moslems; as also the *Bhagavadgita* and other Hindu scriptures.

Aurangzeb, unlike his father, was wholly different in his tastes for arts and literature. In his reign, gaiety, singing and dancing came to an end. The musical artistes were dismissed and it is said, they carried a bier with weeping and wailing under the windows of the palace.

The Emperor looked out and asked whose funeral it was. "Music is dead", they said, "and we are going to bury her"! "Bury her deep", he exclaimed, "so that she may never rise again"!

Yet he was fond of reading and patronising serious literatures. His letters, which are good specimens of literary workmanship, reveal himself as a man of deep introspection and wisdom. After the death of Aurangzeb, his empire broke into pieces and with it also the Mogul arts and literature received a rude set-back.

Of the next nominal emperors, Shah Alam the Second was a great patron of arts and literature. "He was a complete master of the languages of the East, and as a writer attained an eminence seldom acquired by persons in his high station. His correspondences with the different princes of the country, during a very long and chequered reign, exhibit proof of a mind highly cultivated and if we may judge by an elegiac essay composed after the cruel loss of his sight, he "appears to have great merit in pathetic composition".

He who admonishes a man that fancies he has intellect labours in vain.

—Democritus.

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The Bookmobile



The travelling librarian shows rural school-teachers some suitable books to be read to their smallest pupils

WHEN Edna Ritchie drives up to a rural school, the festive moment of the week has arrived. For Miss Ritchie is the "bookmobile lady," and her truck, well-stocked with books, is a source of never-ending delight to the children in remote areas of U.S.

Each week during the school year she readies her travelling library, filling it with new reading material drawn from the community library and starts on her 500-mile round. Fording streams, following rough mountain roads and coping with storms and floods are part of the job of this librarian of the hills.

Her weekly major project is a two-day trip to visit 12 outlying schools. Taking her food, which she eats under the trees, and a tool-kit for any emergency auto repairs she may need to make, Miss Ritchie covers 100 miles each day, and spends the night with a farm family. The remainder of the week she devotes to shorter trips and the ordinary office work of a librarian.

"In the three years that I have driven the book truck I have come into contact with thousands of children, all eager readers and always happy to see me because I bring them fresh books," Miss Ritchie said. Some of the schools she visits are tiny, one-room buildings with only one teacher; most are two-teacher schools and some have a staff of three to ten.

Miss Ritchie's biggest job is to help the children select books appropriate to their age and reading tastes. Stories of far-off, exotic lands are always of interest and biographies are becoming increasingly popular, especially those that tell the early life of great heroes, she notes. She also advises the teachers about suitable stories to read to the young children and carries a few volumes for the adults of the region.

Her books and friendly advice are not the only reasons for Miss Ritchie's popularity. Part of her

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equipment on each trip is the music which she plays and sings with the children. Many of these favourites are old ballads that have lived on in the region since earliest days.

The bookmobile which Miss Ritchie takes is one of two provided by a community centre.

This centre, established 25 years ago and endowed by a philanthropist, contains, in addition to the library, a community meeting room, a woodworking shop that serves the secondary school in the town of 200, and a 24-bed hospital.

The library which started in a small way, has now grown to more than 10,000 volumes. Its bookmobile service, which covers three counties, is said to be the first ever operated. Recently the state government, in co-operation with civic groups and commercial organisations, has inaugurated a comprehensive travelling library service which reaches the remotest regions of every county in the state.

"It would be hard to estimate the value of the bookmobile service in the children's lives or to measure the good it has done teachers and parents, also," Miss Ritchie says. Her chief pleasure in her work comes, she says, "because I like being able to please and delight the children."

IN THE COURT-ROOM—(*Contd.*)

as a matter of grace by the Maharaja on an impending auspicious occasion in his family; one was to be sentenced but the sentence was to be remitted on the next birthday and the last was to be deported from Ratlam.

The State authorities had to take consolation in this formula — for with the sentences continued they felt that there was a justification for the trial. With the acquittal of the three—they felt that the Privy Council in its ultimate jurisdiction had acted fairly and squarely and with the final release of the accused to be detained for a while, the Ruler had the chance to show his sovereign grace.

With that a trial utterly fantastic ended.

[*From his talk on the A.I.R., Bombay.*]

We live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts.

—George Herbert.

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Our Vedic Seers—7 — *T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SAGE JAMADAGNI

SAGE Jamadagni is yet another illustrious member of the group of seven Rishis. Numerous references to him are found in the *Rig Veda* which associate him with such celebrities as Mitra Varuna, Aswin and Soma. He was possessed of rare mystic and occult powers.

He came to the aid of sage Vishwamitra, who, at the sacrifice performed by one Sudasa, was defeated by Sakti, son of Vasishtha, in consequence of which the sage was dispossessed of his priesthood. It was then that Jamadagni imparted to the crest-fallen Vishwamitra the great Vidya or Secret Knowledge called "Sampari" which he had obtained from Sun God. This knowledge stood Vishwamitra well and he became with his race wealthy and prosperous.

The word Sampari means the gift of speech. Possibly for this reason the *Taittiriya Samhita* speaks of him as Vishwamitra's friend and Vasishtha's enemy. But the *Aitareya Brahmana* narrates the incident of a sacrifice performed by Harischandra in which Vishwamitra was the Hota (priest), Vasishtha the Brahma and Jamadagni the Adhvaryu. This indicates that every one of these three sages loved and respected the learning and wisdom of the other.

The *Taittiriya Samhita* comes out with a description of the great sacrifice performed by him by name "Chaturatra" in order that he might flourish in affluent circumstances. It deduces the lesson that for this reason alone, no one of the race is ever to be found in want, that in case any one of them should be poor, the blame for his poverty must squarely rest on him as due to his own negligence and that his poverty would not in any way bind his successor to a like fate. तस्मात्पलितौ जामदग्नियौ न संजानाते ।

The *Rig Veda* calls him an old man and speaks of him in the plural number. Obviously the latter reference is not so much to the sage as to his descendants.

It is not the *Rig Veda* alone that refers to him often. The *Atharva Veda* is no less prolific in the account it gives of him. In fact, it makes him rub shoulders with Asita, Atri and Kanwa. To him is ascribed the origination of the Akshara Brahman. It is said that Lord Indra charged him with the express mission of propagating the

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Vedas and concentration of the Akshara Brahman. Also the authorship of several verses of the *Atharva Veda* is attributed to him. The word Jamadagni means the "eye".

We have it on the authority of the *Mahabharata*, the *Bhagavata, Harivamsa, Brahma* and *Skanda Puranas* that the sage was born to Satyavati, the daughter of King Gadhi by Richeka, one of the descendants of Brighu.

The *Padma Purana* tells us that his father's name was Brighu, that he obtained the name of Archika through his father. That his wife's name was Renuka and that five sons were born to them with names Rumanwan, Sushena, Vasuman, Viswavasu and Parasurama.

Jamadagni's extreme shortness of temper is proverbial. Once he was practising archery. Wanting an arrow to his bow, he commanded his wife who was seeking shelter from the scorching heat of the sun under the cool shades of a tree, to fetch him one. Being tired from the extreme rigour of the sun, his wife could not immediately carry out his behest. That was enough to infuriate the sage against the Sun at whom he showered his arrows. Poor Sun God was so frightened that he came down on his bent knees and presented the sage with an umbrella and a pair of shoes. He even went to the extent of assuring him that he would be born to him as his son. And sure enough he became his son and he was no other than Parasurama. But though the sage was quick to become angry, he was as quick to cool down.

We are told that once Chitrartha, a very handsome young Gandharva came in the company of his wife and other attendants to a forest near the sage's hermitage and there was sporting merrily. At that time, Renuka, the sage's wife who happened to pass that way was so struck by the beauty and glamour of the Gandharva, that she over-stayed there and could return home only very late. The sage coming to know of it became very angry with her and ordered his sons to cut off her neck. To this order so cruel and grotesque, none of his elder sons would agree, but Parasurama instantly obeyed his father and severed his mother's head from the body. The sage was pleased with Parasurama's implicit obedience to his command but was angry with his other sons for their gross violation of his dictates. Thereupon he proceeded to kill his older sons but granted a boon to Parasurama who was free to ask for any reward he wanted. Immediately Parasurama prayed that his mother be restored to life and this boon was granted.

This Renuka Devi is being worshipped as the presiding Deity of the villages almost everywhere in South India.

Yet another story recorded in the *Mahabharata, Bhagavata* and

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other *Puranas* tells us that once Anger itself in order to test the sage, approached him in the guise of a serpent on the occasion of the sage's father's annual ceremony and deposited his poison in the milky preparation, got ready for the occasion. The sage coming to know of all this, never lost his temper but remained calm and cool. Highly gratified, Anger prayed to the sage that he might be left severely alone. The sage thus got rid of anger, realising that it was anger that was responsible for the death of his wife and sons.

Jamadagni performed severe penances on the banks of the Ganges for a 1000 years. Indra, pleased with his austere *tapasya*, gave him as a reward and token of regard, the great Kamadhenu, the Divine Cow. He also assured him that a son equal in valour and might to the Lord himself would be born to him.

The *Padma Purana* tells us that it was sage Kasyapa who taught him the meaning and efficacy of the *Shadakshara Mantra*.

The performance of Sraddha — the observance of annual ceremony in honour of the dead — was instituted by this sage. He belongs to Brighu race. But the *Bhavishya Purana* tells us that sage Kanwa had ten sons and that each one of them became the father of sixteen sons and that Jamadagni was the sixteenth of such sons.

From the *Valmiki Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* we learn that one Karthaviryarjuna came to the sage's hermitage with his huge army. Helped by Kamadhenu, the sage fed them with a very nice dinner. Naturally, Karthaviryarjuna's covetous eyes fell on the Divine cow and he begged of the sage to give her to him. On the sage refusing to part with it, a battle royal ensued between them. Meantime, Kamadhenu created a host of armies of Yavanas from out of her womb with the aid of whom a great many of Karthaviryarjuna's army were killed. But he managed somehow to escape, carrying away the coveted prize, the Divine cow. Seeing this, Parasurama pursued him, killed him and retook the cow. When Karthaviryarjuna's sons came to know that Parasurama had killed their father they marched against Jamadagni and killed him, he being the cause of their misery.

But the *Padma Purana* has a different account of this incident. While agreeing substantially with the above version it differs from it only in this particular that the person who had killed the sage was Karthaviryarjuna himself but not his sons.

The *Pravara* of the Gotra runs thus:

भार्गव—च्यवन आप्नवान—और्व जामदग्न्याः

But the name of the Gotra is Shrivatsa.

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Our Fortnightly Profile—25

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, the U.S. Secretary, is a man of contradictions. He is tall, big and burly but against all common notions, least gullible. His rugged countenance and yeoman appearance conceal a complex personality. The obtuse mouth-line cuts across phrenology and covers grimness rather than defeatism. The slouch of his shoulders does not deter him from looking at his opponents from beneath. Although born to a Presbyterian minister and wedded to the principle of world-peace, he is war-monger to many nations.

Next only to President Eisenhower in authority, this sexagenarian plenipotentiary was born and bred in diplomacy. He learnt his protocol at his mother's knee and started lisping in ciphers, for, the strain of diplomacy runs in his blood. His grand-father was a Secretary of State and an uncle too. For the last four decades Dulles has been batting in the field, passing from one diplomatic post to another and has advised at least four Secretaries of State. Indeed from the point of view qualifications and experience, Dulles easily gets the palm for the post he occupies. Whether he has taken his country much along the path of peace, his pet subject, is a moot point.

Dulles was born on Feb. 25, 1888 in Washington as the son of a Presbyterian minister of the church. At 19 he accompanied his grandfather John W. Foster, then Secretary of State, to the second Hague Peace Conference. He graduated from Princeton in 1908 and took up International Law, first in Paris and later in Washington. He began practice in Law in 1911 when he joined Sullivan and Cromwell, a famous firm of Corporation Lawyers, of which he become the chief. It has been said that he earned the highest fee in the whole of America.

After holding a number of minor Governmental appointments during World War I, he attended the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 and played a prominent role in the drafting of the war-guilt clause. He was briefed by the U.S. Government in the context of the Polish financial stabilization Plan and the Dawes Plan for Germany. In 1933 we find him in the Berlin Debt Conference, and in 1938 travelling through the Far East

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Prime Minister Nehru and the U. S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, caught in a happy mood during the latter's visit to New Delhi.

studying economic and political conditions. We find him backing the Lend-Lease in 1941 and in the American Delegation at the inauguration of the UNO in which he has participated on several occasions.

We meet him again at the Foreign Ministers' conferences in London in 1945 and 1947, in Moscow in 1947 and in Paris in 1949. *Ad infinitum,* till Ike appointed him as the Secretary of State for U.S. in 1953.

We know him best in connection with the Japanese Peace Treaty, as architect of the NATO and SEATO the goal-keeper of the EDC and the Indo-Chinese Armistice, and as the chief prosecution counsel against communist nations with the omnipresent yellow memo-pad. He passed through India last year.

Dulles has no doubt been entrusted with an incredibly difficult job of putting over American hegemony to the world in the most

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palatable base, democracy. To this job he has brought his giant brain and legal acumen to bear and his indomitable energy and crusading spirit have proved the dry powder.

While speech-making is not his long suit, Dulles does not mince matters or leave his mind unclear on his hearers. In fact he is very anxious that his audience be posted with very exact versions of his ideas. He has a tremendous capacity for concentration and work even at this age, and all his waking hours are his working hours. During journeys a whole army of aides and state papers fly with him.

To us in India his position will become clear if we liken him in some respects to Rajaji and the late Sir Stafford Cripps in the matter of esteem, intelligence, incorruptibility, scepticism and dry humour. The most characteristic feature of his policy as U.S. Secretary has been his advocacy of the superiority in armaments for his country as a means of establishing permanent peace. Emotion has little place in his scheme of things and charity of thought still less. "America as topper in all things in the world" is something axiomatic with him and he proceeds in every talk on that premise with little consideration for the susceptibilities of other countries, with the result, that while he can intimidate smaller frys with power and pelf into accepting his proposals, he cannot voluntarily earn their goodwill.

The history of his administration has been one of doubtful alliances. He is sceptical of India's *Pancha Sheela* or co-existence principle which in his opinion are born of the fear-complex and an abject surrender to communist tactics. In short he gives one the impression of a typical dichard American.

The newest trends in the International atmosphere will be hardly to his liking; in a sense they look like the bowling from the east in reply to his batting. Judging from the way the co-existence idea is easing tension, there is little likelihood of the Dulles line having any more pull with the world, not even in his own country.

And looking at Ike's embarrassment on Kruschev's dramatic eve-of-Geneva behaviour and the persistent reports of the skeleton in the U.S. cupboard, one may not be far wrong in hazarding that Dulles will change his front very soon if he doesn't want to miss the bus.

Dulles is married and has three children, one son and two daughters. His wife usually follows him in his official trips. His hobbies are sailing, fishing, bird-watching and duck-shooting. He maintains two homes, one in the New York city and the other in the Long Island.

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Vetala Pachchisi—22 Serial

TRANSMIGRATION

CONTINUED the ghoul:

Your majesty! There is a city named Biswapur, the king of which was named Bidagdha. A Brahman, named Narayan, dwelt in that city. He one day began thinking to himself, "My body has become old, and I am acquainted with the science which enables one to enter another's body; it is therefore better that I quit this old body, and enter the body of some young man and enjoy life."

When he had determined on this in his mind, he set about entering a youthful body; but first he wept, and then he laughed, and after that he entered it and came home.

All his kinsfolk, however, were aware of what he had done, and thereupon he said to them, " I have now become an ascetic."

Having said this, he began to recite as follows: "He who dries up the fountain of hope with the fire of austere devotion, and placing his soul therein, deadens his senses — he may be termed a wise devotee. But the way of the people of this world is such, that the body may waste away, the head shake, the teeth drop out, and they walk about with a stick in their old age, yet, even then, desire is not quenched. And thus it is that time passes away — day comes, night arrives, a month is over, a year is completed; one is a child, then an old man, while nothing is known as to who one is and who others are, and why one grieves for another.

"One comes, another goes, and ultimately all life must depart — not one of these will remain. Many and various bodies are there, and many and various minds, and many and various affections, and various kinds of delusions has Brahma created; but the wise escape these, and quenching hope and desire, shaving their heads, taking a staff and water-pot in their hands, subduing the passions of love and anger, become ascetics, and wander barefooted from one place of pilgrimage to another; these same find eternal salvation.

"This world, moreover, is as a dream; to whom can you impart pleasure in it, to whom pain? It is even like the new leaf shooting from the centre of the plantain

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tree, wherein is no pith whatever. And those who pride themselves on riches, youth, or knowledge, are unwise. Again, they who turn devotees, and, taking a water-pot in hand, beg alms from door to door, and nourishing their bodies with milk, clarified butter, and sugar, become lustful, and thereby immoral, they nullify their religious meditations."

After repeating so much, he proceeded, saying, "I will now go on a pilgrimage."

On hearing these words, his relations were much pleased.

Having told so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Your majesty! Why did he weep, and why did he laugh?"

Then the king replied, "Calling to mind his mother's love in his infancy, and the happiness of his youth, and from a feeling of affection in having remained so many days in that body, he wept; and having succeeded in his art, and entered a new body, he laughed with pleasure."

On hearing these words, the ghoul went and hung on to the same tree; and again did the king bind him as before, place him on his shoulder, and carry him away.

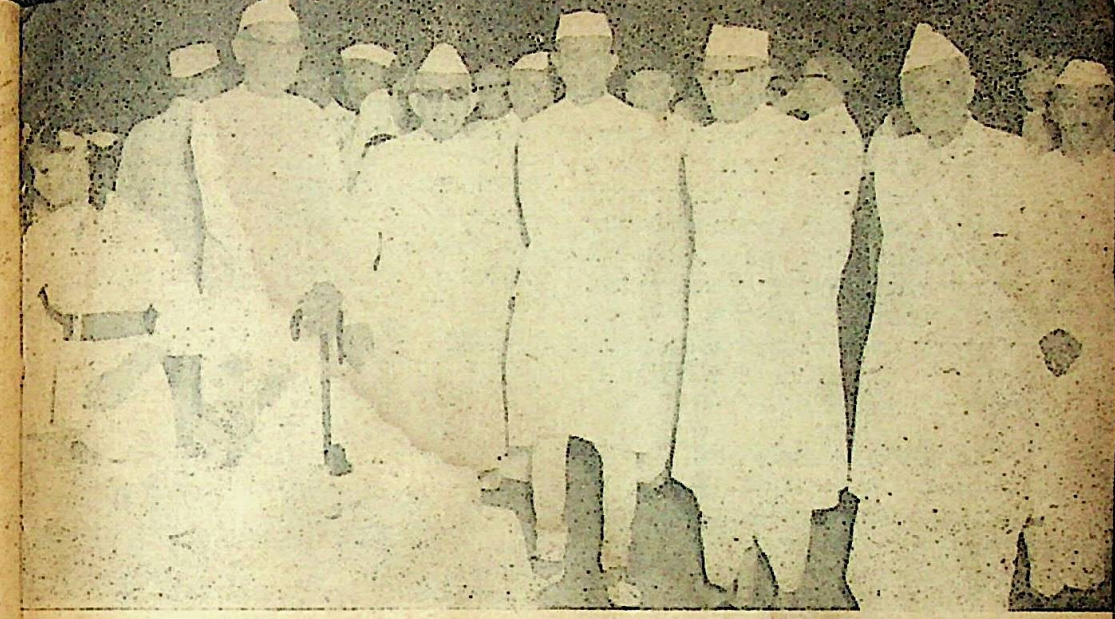
[*To be continued.*]

ALL RELIGIONS AGREE ON:

The Unity of all life.
The interdependence and brotherhood of all men.
Love and service to fellowmen, not domination and power over them.
Non-violence. No more war or killing.
Help, not exploitation of the weak and backward.
Purity and personal disinterestedness.
That true riches and happiness are within.
The worth of the individual.
The immortality of the soul.
The Union of man with God.

—*Joy Elmer Morgan.*

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Prominent citizens of Bombay, including Shri Morarji Desai, Shri Dinkarrao Desai, Dr. Jivraj Mehta and Shri B. G. Kher, attended the at-home given by Shri K. M. Munshi, President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at the Gita Mandir on Friday the 8th

NOTES & NEWS

BHAVAN'S NEWS

THERE was a string of functions and public meetings in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan during the last fortnight. On the 8th, at 6 P.M. Shri K. M. Munshi, President of the Bhavan, was at home to prominent citizens of Bombay in the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. Among the distinguished guests present were Shri Morarji Desai, Chief Minister, Shri Dinkarrao Desai, Education Minister, Shri Jivraj Mehta, Finance Minister, and Shri B. G. Kher, former High Commissioner for India in London.

At 6-45 P.M., Nartan Shikshapith, the dance-wing of Bhavan's Kala Kendra, was declared open by Shri Dinkarrao Desai, Education Minister. Shri K. M. Munshi presiding over the function informed the audience of the munificent donation of Rupees five lakhs by Shri Girdharilal Mehta of Calcutta for the establishment of a Branch of the Bhavan in Delhi where the activities of the Bhavan will be extended. Land for the

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building has already been acquired in Delhi and the present donation will be utilised for constructing the building. The donor who was present, spoke on the good work being carried on by the Bhavan. Shri Pranlal Devkaran Nanjee, proposing the vote of thanks, praised Shri Girdharilal for his princely donation.

On Saturday the 9th, Shri. K. M. Munshi inaugurated the new building of the M. M. College of Arts of the Bhavan at Chowpatty. He exhorted the students to master the English language as it was the language of the world. Hindi was the national language and Sanskrit formed the basis of National Unity, while the mother-tongue was equally necessary and all of them had to be studied. He asked the students not to be disheartened by the prospect of having to study four languages at a time; people in the West studied many more languages in the course of their regular studies. In the evening Shri K. M. Munshi inaugurated the *vanmahotsava* in the college campus at Andheri.

TELUGU NOVEL CONTEST

"Sadhana Samithi," the pioneer literary association of Hyderabad, will hold a competition in novel writing in Telugu. Entries must reach the Samithi before 31st of December, 1955. There is no admission fee for the competition. Three judges will be nominated to decide the best works. Their decisions will be final.

The novel should be in clear writing and not exceed 250 pages foolscap size. The theme should cover the burning topics of the day. The writer's name should not be indicated on the manuscript. His or her name and address must be sent separately. One competitor cannot send more than one entry. The prizes will be of the value of Rs. 200 and Rs. 100 in order of merit. The Samithi reserves the right of publishing the selected prize winning works for the first time. Further details can be had from Venugopal Rao Chakravarti, General Secretary, Sadhana Samithi, 30-B-8, Jambagh, Hyderabad-Deccan—(1).

The animal is a living laboratory in which Nature, it is said, worked out man. Man himself may well be a thinking and living laboratory in whom and with whose conscious cooperation she wills to work out the superman, the god. Or shall we say, rather, to manifest God?

—Sri Aurobindo.

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Foreword by

DR. K. M. MUNSHI

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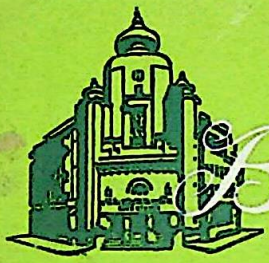


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Bhavan's

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Vol. I (Fortnightly) No. 26

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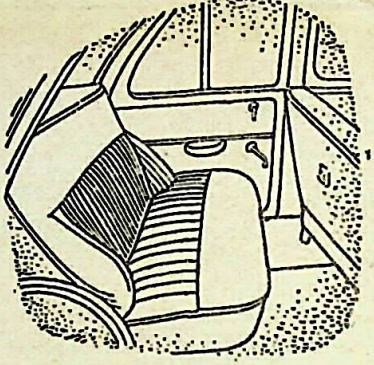
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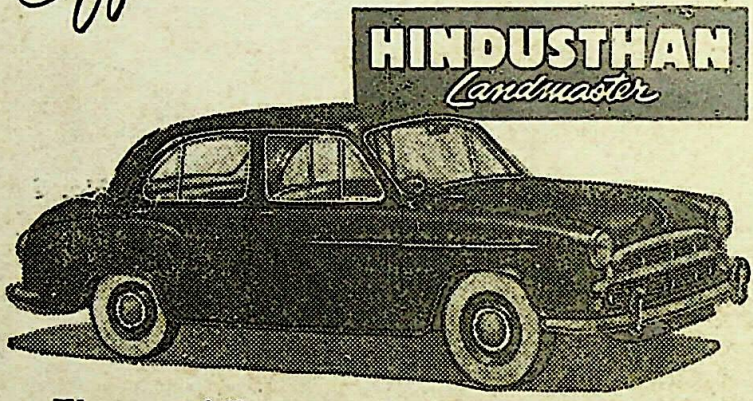
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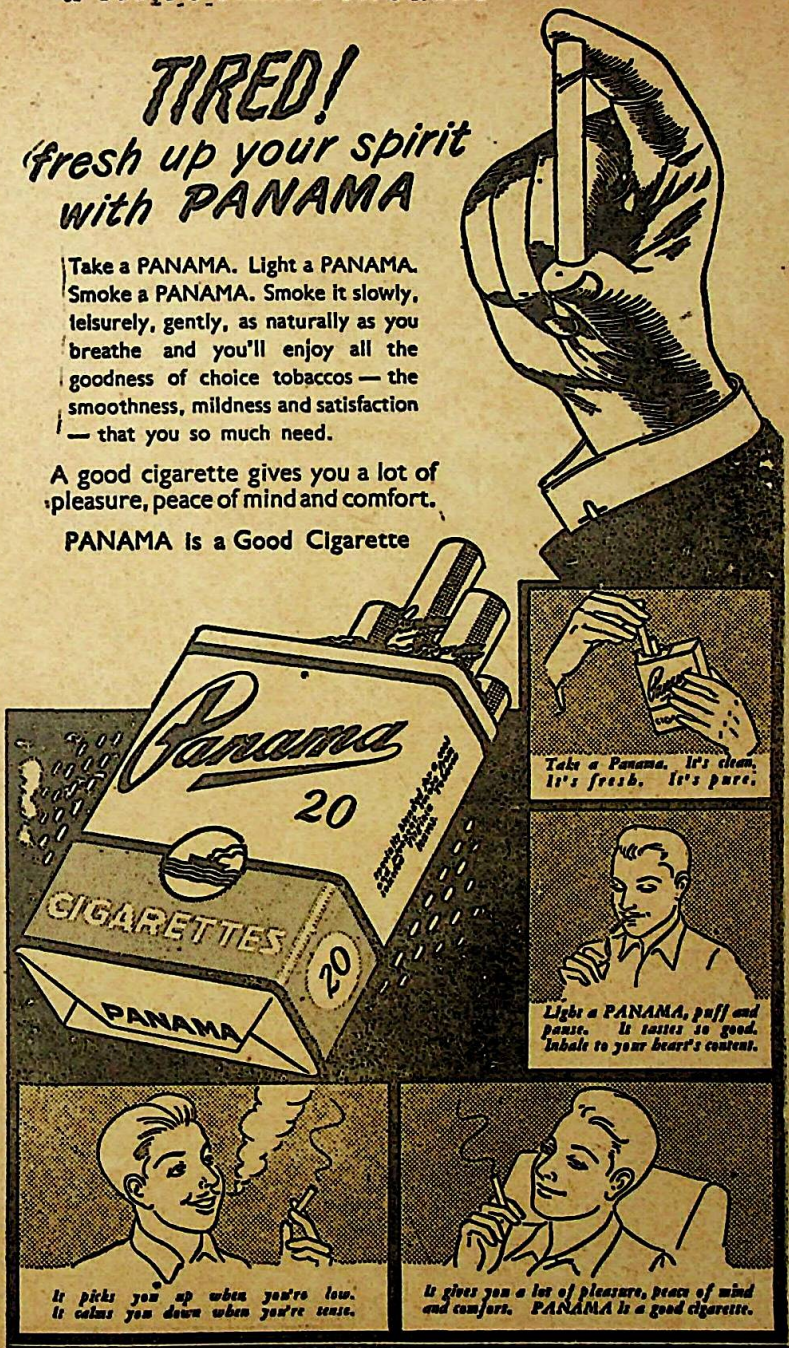
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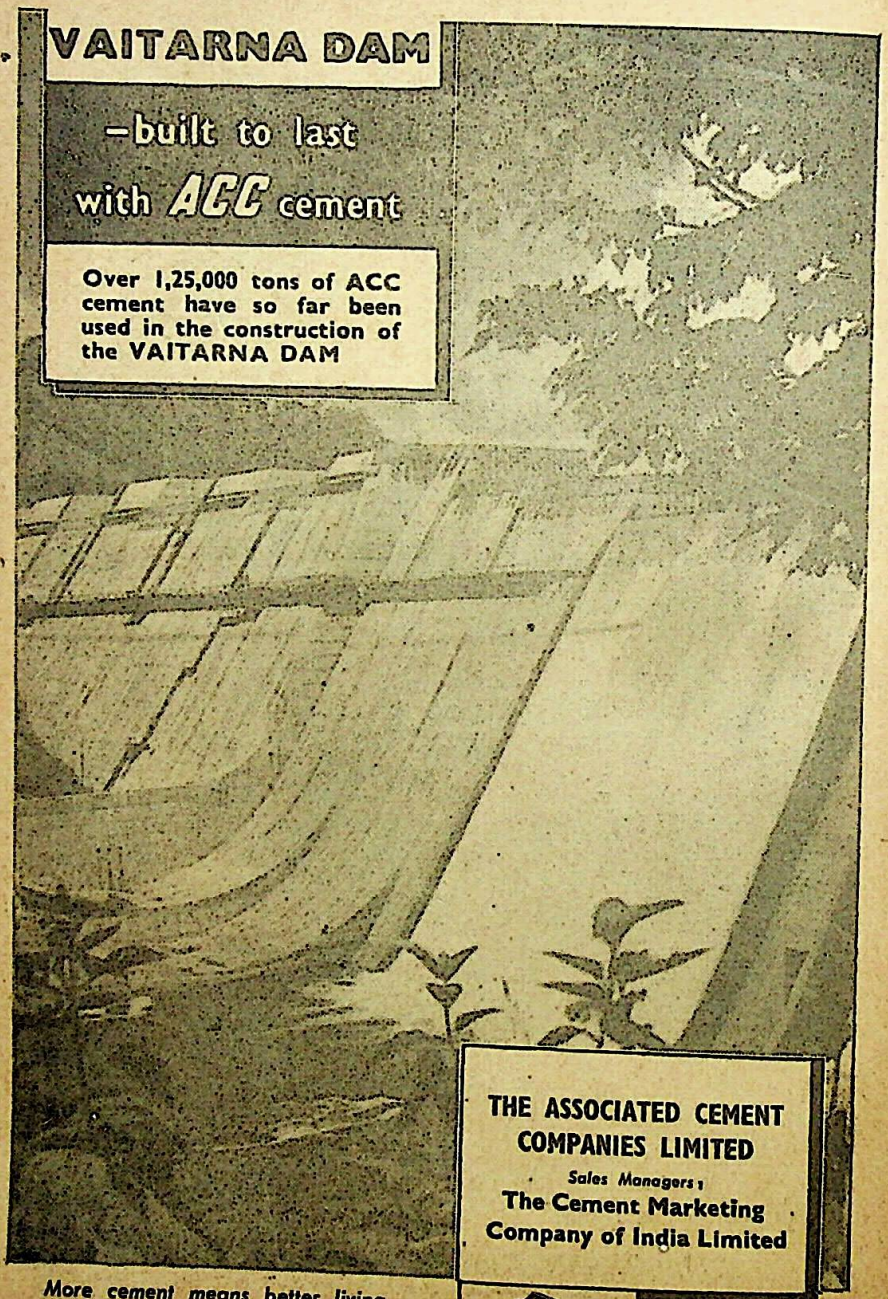
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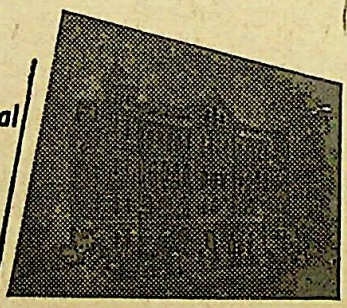
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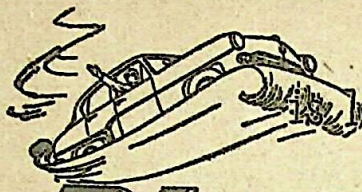
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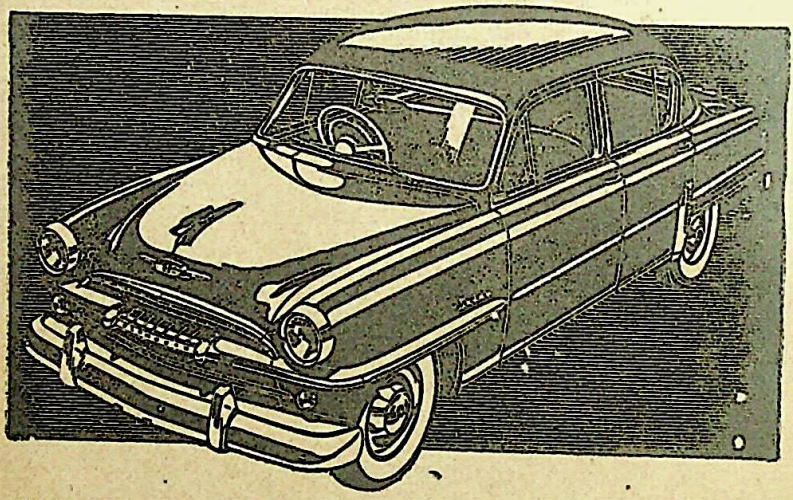
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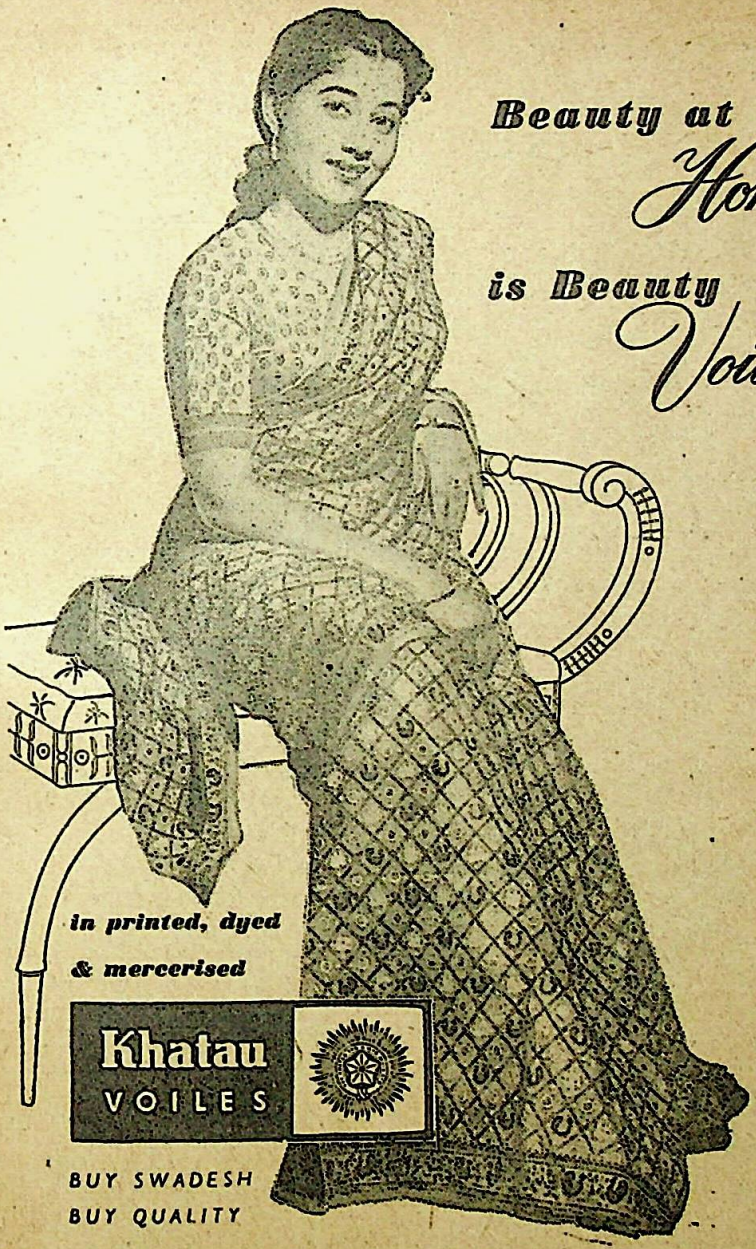
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 26] [JULY 31, 1955

TWIN BIRDS

द्वा सुपर्णा सयुजा सखाया समानं वृक्षं परिषस्वजाते।
तयोरन्यः पिप्पलं स्वाद्वत्त्यनश्नन्नन्यो अभिचाकशीति ॥ १

समाने वृक्षे पुरुषो निमग्नोऽनीशया शोचति मुह्यमानः।
जुष्टं यदा पश्यत्यन्यमीशमस्य महिमानमिति वीतशोकः ॥ २

यदा पश्यः पश्यते रुक्मवर्णं कर्तारमीशं पुरुषं ब्रह्मयोनिम्।
तदा विद्वान्पुण्यपापे विधूय निरञ्जनः परमं साम्यमुपैति ॥ ३

Two birds, inseparable companions, dwell upon one and the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

Being seated on the same tree, the Jiva immersed (in ignorance) and deluded, grieves on account of helplessness. But when he sees the other, Lord who is adored by all and His glory then he becomes free from grief.

When the seer beholds the golden-coloured (self-effulgent) creator (of the world), the Lord, the Purusha, the source of Brahma, then that wise one shaking off good and evil becomes stainless and attains supreme equality.

—Mundakopanishad

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 80

★ Looking Back ★ Three Years in Uttar Pradesh
★ Literary Labours

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
JULY 31, 1955

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON June 2, 1955, I completed three years in Uttar Pradesh. When I took up office, I thought I would be bored. Curiously enough, I feel as interested in the life I lead here, as ever.

I have made up for all my sins committed during a stay-at-home life for over sixty years. Apart from the duties of my office, during this period, I have visited thirty districts; seen canals and power-houses; community and N.E.S. projects; inspected *shramdan* work in many villages.

A visit to Uttar Pradesh for an Indian is what a visit to Italy and Greece was to Goethe and Byron. At any rate it was so for me, for I lived once again in the living memories of Aryavarta, the homeland of India's immortal spirit.

I have seen several places of historical interest: Kalanjar, Fatehpur Sikri, the Taj, Rani Lakshmibai's Palace and others; lived in the midst of the majestic Himalayas and on the crowded banks of the sacred Ganga; worshipped at the shrines of Badrinath and Kashi Vishwanath. I have paid homage to Lord Buddha at Lumbini, Sarnath and Kushinagar. I have invoked the memories of the divine Cowherd at Gokul, Mathura and Brindaban and of Radha, His eternal bride, at Barsana, her home. I have even planted trees at Giri Govardhan, the Lord of the Mountains.

Finally, I went on pilgrimages to several spots associated with Veda Vyas; to Kalpi where the Master was born; to Hastinapur

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where he inspired and guided the Pandavas; to Mana where he composed the *Mahabharata;* to the Naimisha forest where he heard his immortal work recited when Shaunaka's Sacrifice was held.

In my early days I tried my best to avoid ceremonial functions as I thought they were a waste of time. I now know better; I have expiated for that sin, too. I have attended an almost endless series of functions. I have seen countless institutions, delivered innumerable addresses, formal, solemn and gay. I have met people in thousands and admit I like the people of Uttar Pradesh. They are not parochial nor exclusive. They are a good natured people unless you happen to dispute the fact—absolutely uncontroversial to them—that Hindi is the most perfect of languages. The people of U.P., however, have two things in common; they are highly Tulsidas-minded and they have a tendency to be very good to me.

I have met some extraordinarily able professors and hundreds of fine students. I am vain enough to think that most of them do not dislike me. A few do; but they add zest to my life.



My Ministers—a happy team—are very kind and considerate. The more you know Dr. Sampurnanand who leads them, the more you regard him with affection; incidentally, he is a great scholar; I wish I knew a tithe of his knowledge of Sanskrit.

I confess I felt a little uneasy when Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant left the Chief Ministership of U.P. to go to the Centre. Apart from my long and affectionate association with him, it was for some time difficult for me to envisage U.P. without Pantji.

In 1949 when some of us, members of the Constituent Assembly, met to give new names to the newly constituted States, some members from U.P. made the suggestion that the United Provinces should be called Aryavarta; we turned it down; we were not prepared to place our States in a foreign belt. Ultimately they brought the suggestion that United Provinces should be termed Uttar Pradesh. Some one said that this would save the expenses of changing monograms, boards and letterheads. A wag commented: "Yes it will be 'U.P.'—'Under Pant' it is, and 'Under Pant' it will remain!" Without Pantji, Uttar Pradesh may be as good; it may even be better; but it will never be the same.

When I was asked to take up the office of Governor of U.P., I consulted a very dear friend of mine —who alas! is no more. He advised me not to take up the Governorship of this State. He said: "Pant is there; I know him well; I know you well too. The two of you will soon come into conflict with each other."

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"I am going there because Pantji is there", I replied. "He knows me well; I know him well; never could I conceive of a conflict between us". So I accepted this office.

After thirty months of close association with Pantji, I remained convinced that I have taken the right decision. Of such rich associations, is life made.

★

As I look back on the achievements of U.P. during the last three years, I discover four significant achievements, of which the first thing that strikes me is the success of the *shramdan* movement.

What a change has come over the country in four years! In 1951 I invited the President to inaugurate the movement for a Land Army by digging up a silted-up channel near Delhi. A few villagers joined in the ceremony more as a matter of curiosity. A few students in their white creaseless trousers and tennis shoes contributed to it a touch of superior condescension. Now in four years, the Land Army idea has blossomed forth into a typically Indian mass movement, not only of economic but social and moral significance.

In Uttar Pradesh, 35,400 Gaon Sabhas established by law are carrying on the *shramdan* movement. They have constructed public works; provided medical relief and sanitation; regulated fairs and markets; established and maintained primary schools; developed agriculture, cottage industry and even inter-village commerce.

During the last three years the creed of *shramdan*—voluntary labour freely given—has swept the countryside in U.P. with the vigorous fervour of a new-found faith. Voluntary labour of nearly three crores of man-hours has gone into it. Its value in terms of money would also be of the order of as many rupees.

This vast effort has been achieved at comparatively little cost to the State, as most of the monies needed for these works have come from the villagers themselves.

Herein lies an unexpected source of power, generated with inconceivable spontaneity. It has given to economic planning a momentum which was scarcely thought possible and proved, if need be, that India has its own way of doing things on a grand scale.

★

On every July 1st during the last three years, I have inaugurated the Vanamahotsava at the Naini Tal Flats. During the last five years—this is the sixth Vanamahotsava—the country has taken great pride in tree-planting. Between the public and the forest department in U.P., no less than three crores of trees have been planted. In terms of area which these trees cover, or would have covered if planted forestwise, approximately 100,000 acres were planted.

In spite of this proud record, we have yet very far to go. Few peo-

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ple have an idea how U.P. has been robbed of its forest wealth.

For a country to be self-sufficient in food, timber and pasturage would require 33% of its areas in forest. Against this the average area in India in 1948-49 was only 21% of the total area, the percentage of U.P. being only 19% out of its 1,31,000 square miles. With freedom, and the threats of integration and zamindari abolition, began the massacre of the innocents—the trees. Now the average of our forest area is reduced to 11.3%

But the Gangetic Plains, where there is a ceaseless demand for agricultural tracts by a fast-increasing population, are in a hopeless plight. The total area under forests is only 2%, the average of the State being made up by large forest areas in the Himalayas and the Vindhyas.

The results of this lack of trees are apparent in every district. The Yamuna does not flow as plentifully as before; nor does the Gomati. Many of our rivers are in floods. Why? Because there is no adequate afforestation on their banks. Their catchment areas have not sufficient cover and the fuel reserves are diminishing. And there is already an increasing scarcity of fuel and pastures.

When will we realise that the climate, the trees, the land and those who live on it form but a single, inseparable, collective organism? When will we realise that if we cut down trees, we deprive ourselves of the primary sources which directly or indirectly provide food, clothing and shelter?

★

The next significant achievement has been the new spirit that has been growing up among the officers of the State. Many of them have entered into the spirit of constructive work. Quite a few have been inspired by an enthusiasm to develop the country. There are exceptions no doubt to these, but their numbers are dwindling now.

Even the Police Force has entered into this spirit of constructive work, by undertaking the very difficult task of organising village defence. U.P., as you know, covers a vast area and takes in one-sixth of the population of the country. Naturally, the far-flung villages cannot be defended without popular co-operation.

During the last three years the Force has organized defence societies in 99,058 out of 99,965 villages; the rest are hamlets which are tacked on to adjoining villages for defence purposes. It has done a good job of work, too. It has been training villagers in the art of self-defence: of facing dacoits; of trapping them wherever possible in the village itself; of arranging for help from the neighbouring villages. Periodically, rallies are held by the Police and the villagers in co-operation with each

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other. Rifle clubs are also being promoted for those who hold licences for guns.

Talking about the activities of the Police Force, I inaugurated two spectacular tattoos, one at Lucknow and the other at Naini Tal, by firing a revolver-shot on each occasion into the air. I had not handled a fire-arm for thirty-two years and I was glad to find that I stood the test without losing my hand.

The object of the Police Force in holding such tattoos all over the State is to establish contact with the public. They will also help us to overcome our prejudice against the Police which we acquired in pre-independence days.

People in huge crowds turned out to witness the tattoos both in Lucknow and in Naini Tal. In Naini Tal, particularly, three out of four persons turned out on the flats, though the air was biting cold.

From a sort of red fort, constructed some distance away, emerged the two Police Bands, and later, hundreds of policemen, who displayed extraordinary skill in P.T. drill. Some of the exercises would have amazed even self-confident circus experts. A few hundred men, uniformly dressed and moving their limbs simultaneously with mechanical and rhythmic precision, has a wonderful attraction for me. The collective vigour and grace instil you with a sense of power as you watch their activity.

There were also side-shows, more in the nature of open-air theatricals, music and dances. They showed how villages behaved when they were attacked by dacoits; how out of sheer lack of civic duty, people refused to assist the police in detecting crime. Few realise what skill, patience and courage the Police have to expend in tracking down criminals.

In Lucknow, however, we saw an uncanny performance; a car ran forward and backward, slowed down and stopped, but without a driver. It had the mysterious look of a ghost car when it shot forward unassisted by a human hand. The U.P. Police had a radar-driven car! The following day, some people complimented the police on being possessors of such a wonderful mechanism.

I, too, was beginning to feel proud at this honour when I learnt that a driver lay concealed in the frame of the car all the time!



The fourth significant event in U.P. during the last three years has been the reorganisation of Education. In U.P., thousands of schools have now been provided with a ten-acre farm each, so that the students may learn the Gospel of the Dirty Hands. Several land schools have come into existence. The Land School which I helped

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to found for the ex-Servicemen's sons near Lucknow is flourishing.

The Universities of the State, not in too happy a state three years ago, have been reorganised: the Roorkee University, by a mere change in the Vice-Chancellor, while the Universities of Agra, Allahabad and Lucknow, by their Acts being modified. The most revolutionary, and I am sure, the most beneficial, change has been to do away with the election of the Vice-Chancellor by the Senate as a whole. Nothing ruins a university more than keeping open such floodgates of electioneering, patronage and intrigue. In educational institutions, the age, experience, learning and academic achievements, the last two particularly, not the skill for winning elections, should be the significant factors.

There is also a growing awareness among the academicians and the public as to the need of greater discipline among the students and of a less specialised education at the pre-graduation stage. The Lucknow University has blazed the trail by introducing Marathi and Tamil among the modern Indian languages; by making provision for lectures on Indian Culture to all the students; by prescribing in the course elementary knowledge of the Humanities for the Science students and of General Science for the Arts students; and by making an elementary knowledge of Sanskrit compulsory for Arts students.

Of course, we have had our setbacks. For instance, the Allahabad Convocation over which I presided, has made ignoble history. But I will tell you of all this in detail later.



But you would like to know something about my personal activities during these three years. Far distant as I am, I have kept in touch with the Somnath Trust, the Anand Institute, the Hansraj Morarji Public School, and above all, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

But more than anything, I have found time for study, as well as for literary labours. For years and years I never had such time at my disposal. I have revised several of my works; I have written a few new ones. I have maintained the fortnightly flow of 'Kulapati's Letters, which have become a part of my life. And every fortnight, I have felt happy to receive from some people whom I had never known before some comment or the other on these letters.

Such were the tasks which I cheerfully undertook and patiently fulfilled. Nothing makes me happier than settling down with paper before me and pen in hand, ready to pour out my heart. As days slip by and sunlight brings its daily freshness, nothing brings me such tender-hearted or joyful

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company as when, from out of the written page, arises a man or a woman of vivid charm or stands resurrected some unforgotten experience or a historic incident.

I am 68. I do not know how long it will be the Will of God to let me live in this company. Left to myself, I would like to do so eternally. But when the day comes, as it must, for this ever-youthful effort to come to an end—as I look forward to the day—I hope to see the old visionary casting a wistful, loving look at the past, bidding good-bye to the world of hope, beauty and charm, which his imagination conjured up and his words created for himself. Even in that forgotten hour, I see him writing diligently, till the weary failing hand lays down the pen and lies in the dust.

But before that hour comes, I have to live in the fulness of the moment, for that has been the humble mission to which I have been called.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

ANNOUNCEMENT

At the suggestion of several readers, we are changing the name of this Journal to BHAVAN'S JOURNAL from the issue dated August 14, 1955. The policy, contents, size, get-up and price will, of course, remain unchanged.

Patrons are requested to make out cheques, Postal Orders etc. in the name of BHAVAN'S JOURNAL from August 14, 1955.

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Art in Religion

Swami Vivekananda

THE secret of Greek Art is its imitation of Nature even to the minutest details; whereas the secret of Indian Art is to represent the ideal. The energy of the Greek painter is spent in perhaps painting a piece of flesh, and he is so successful that a dog is deluded into taking it to be a real bit of meat and so goes to bite it.

Now, what glory is there in merely imitating Nature? Why not place an actual bit of flesh before the dog?

The Indian tendency, on the other hand, to represent the ideal, the super-sensual, has become degraded into painting grotesque images.

Now, true Art can be compared to a lily which springs from the ground, takes its nourishment from the ground, is in touch with the ground, and yet is quite high above it. So Art must be in touch with Nature—and wherever that touch is gone, Art degenerates—yet it must be above Nature.

Art is—representing the beautiful. There must be art in every thing.

The difference between architecture and building is that the former expresses an idea, while the latter is merely a structure built on economical principles. The value of matter depends solely on its capacities of expressing *ideas*.



The artistic faculty was highly developed in our Lord Sri Ramakrishna and he used to say that without this faculty none can be truly spiritual!

[*Courtesy:* Advaita Ashrama]

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S. Radhakrishnan

TRUE EDUCATION

DIFFERENT countries have set before themselves different ideals of education. In our own country, the purpose of *Upanayana*, which is the initiation into education, is to lift the *Vidyarthi* into a different world from that in which he was born, to lift him from the world of nature and necessity into the world of spirit and freedom. Spiritual directions in education shine through the traditions of our country.



The Egyptian Prime Minister was recently in Delhi, and we were talking about the Sphinx which poses the supreme problem for civilization by combining the human head with a lion's body. We all represent duality, combining in ourselves animal nature with lofty human qualities. The problem of civilization is to integrate the different sides of man's nature.

Our animal passions run so high that the unfortunate world is in the state in which it is today wrecked by brutality, anger and passion and the desire to establish superiority by such passions. The great need for reconciling the different elements of our nature and to be renewed or reborn has been asserted repeatedly to be the ideal of our country.

Our traditions have stressed the principle that the Divine is in our innermost hearts, and those who are renewed or reborn with the Divine as the manifestation of their lives are the only truly educated. The *Upanishads* have poin-

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ted this out, the great Buddha stressed this, Jains have enunciated this in stressing the principle of the Atma, the Jews' "candle of law as the spirit of life" is a recognition of the same principle; Jesus Christ said, "The Kingdom of God is within you. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"; Prophet Mohammad referred to God being nearer than the artery of our neck.

All prophets of religion have thus stressed the divine possibilities of human nature. Man is a meeting-point of two worlds, the worlds of spirit and of nature. He can either pass from death to death *(Mrityu)* through his passions, or he can pass into eternal life *(Amrita)* by Truth. This condition of reborn-ness into our real enlightened heritage is the only answer to the problem which civilization has set before us. Jesus Christ pointed to the way of repentance or change of heart as the starting-point. Amidst the different sides of our nature, the divine soul is seeking for expression and manifestation.

How, then, will the imprisoned splendour (Divine *Prakriti*) come out and overcome the darkness in us? The method advocated by all sages is meditation and self-conquest. At Mohenjadaro, there is a relic of Siva doing *tapas*. We all know the picture of Buddha whose illumination eliminated darkness. Mahavira the great founder of Jainism, represents conquest — conquest over the animal nature (over *Narapasu)*. We are often betrayed by the animal in us, by love of power and by fanaticism.



Our Constitution has given us a Secular State, but this does not mean non-recognition of the religious foundations of our society; it only means that we should not be victims of intolerance, it only means that Rishis and Mlechhas (i.e., barbarians) alike have the inherent power to grow into the Divine stature, which is not the monopoly of any one sect or creed. Our Secular State does not imply that we are atheists or pagans; it only means that we should be wedded to non-dogmatic, non-sectarian religion in our realization of the Supreme and not quarrel about the ways and means of attaining it.

Our Vedas, our philosophy and our culture have all been hospitable to different ways of attaining the goal.

Discipline does not mean docility, ...does not mean passive abandonment of ideas or ideals. It implies obedience and respect to authority. If teachers are not respected, a country will perish. Talmud, the Jewish philosopher, stated that Jerusalem was destroyed because teachers were not respected, and this calls for respect to teachers who cherish and nourish great ideals.

The concept *Dharma* means just the discipline of holding together.

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If *Satya* is universal, *Dharma* is also universal, and means that we do not divide into sects, creeds, countries and communities. *Dharma* means gathering in or holding together, and not scattering or falling away. The great touchstone of *Dharma* is to ask ourselves: "Does this make for human solidarity or will it mean social disintegration *(Adharma)?*" If we deviate from *Dharma* and from all the vitality of the great principles embodied whether in Sri Krishna or in Buddha or in Gorakhnath or in other seers and prophets, we are unworthy of the traditions we profess. This *Adharma* is what led to our falling a prey to invaders and spoilers.

One of the Protestant thinkers stated that "if cutting trees, killing cattle, making blood flow and such other things are the way to Heaven, how do we reach Hell?" We need a drastic and ruthless cutting out of everything which divides and corrupts us. We have survived only because of our inherent culture; but we are still lethargic because dead elements have crept into our *Dharma*. There is a call to each one of us to build up on sure foundations. Asvaghosha, in proclaiming the principles of Buddha, said, "Hoist the flag of *Dharma*, beat the drum of *Dharma* and blow the conch of *Dharma*." We should stand for making one undivided human family.

The *Bhagavadgita* illustrates the relationship between teachers and pupils. Krishna emphasized to Arjuna the dignity of the individual and the sanctity of human conscience. It was left to Arjuna to find out the truth and to follow what appealed to him. Our culture is neither totalitarian nor is it the pure materialism of equating human beings to so much animal or chemical composition.

Real poise and dignity of the soul comes not from company, but in solitude. The great leaders have always been those who, having had a glimpse of the vision of truth and beauty in moments of solitude, clothe it and translate it into various forms of expression. Those who have no solitariness about them never achieve anything.

[*Condensed from his recent Convocation Address at the Maharana Pratap College, Gorakhpur.*]

Reason is frequently more precious than gold itself.

—Democritus.

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Sri Aurobindo

Lokamanya Tilak

On August 1, 1955 the Nation will celebrate the 35th death anniversary of the Lokamanya, "the Father of Indian Unrest."

TWO facts of Shri Tilak's life and character have to be insisted on as of special importance to the country because they give a great example of two things in which its political life was long deficient.

First, the inflexible will of the patriot and man of sincere heart and thorough action which had been the very grain of his character; for, aspirations, emotion, enthusiasm are nothing without this; will alone creates and prevails. And wish and will are not the same thing, but divided by a great gulf: the one, which almost all of us get to, is a puny, tepid and inefficient thing, and, even when most enthusiastic, easily discouraged and turned from its object; the other can be a giant to accomplish and endure.

Secondly, the readiness to sacrifice and face suffering, not needlessly or with a useless bravado, but with a firm courage when it comes, to bear it and to outlive, returning to work with one's scars as if nothing had happened.

No prominent man in India has suffered more for his country; none has taken his sacrifices and sufferings more quietly and as a matter of course.

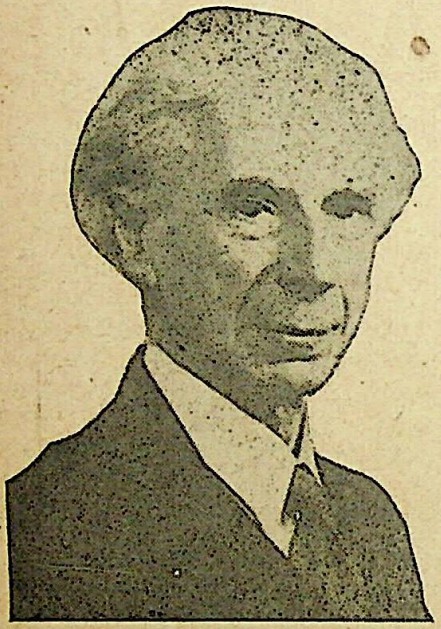


Tilak's name stands already for history as a nation-builder, one of the half-dozen greatest political personalities, memorable figures, representative men of the nation in the most critical period of India's destinies, a name to be remembered gratefully so long as the country has pride in its past and hope for its future.

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RENOUNCE WAR

Lord Russell and nine internationally known scientists, including six Nobel Prize winners, have issued the following statement calling for the renunciation of war.



Lord Russell

IN the tragic situation which confronts humanity, we feel that scientists should assemble in conference to appraise the perils that have arisen as a result of the development of weapons of mass destruction, and to discuss a resolution in the spirit of the appended draft.

Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues: But we want you, if you can, to set aside such feeling and consider yourselves only as members of a biological species which has had a remarkable history, and whose disappearance none of us can desire.

We shall try to say no single word which should appeal to one group rather than to another.

All, equally, are in peril, and, if the peril is understood, there is hope that they may collectively aver it.

We are speaking on this occasion, not as members of this or that nation, continent or creed, but as human beings, members of the species man, whose continued existence is in doubt.

The world is full of conflicts: and, overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between communism and anti-communism.

We have to learn to think in a new way. We have to learn to ask ourselves, not what steps can be taken to give military victory to whatever group we prefer, for there no longer are such steps: the question we have to ask ourselves is what steps can be taken to prevent a military contest of what the issue must be disastrous to all parties?

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The general public, and even many men in position of authority, have not realized what would be involved in a war with nuclear bombs.

The general public still thinks in terms of the obliteration of cities. It is understood that the new bombs are more powerful than the old, and that, while one atom bomb could obliterate Hiroshima, one H-Bomb could obliterate the largest cities, such as London, New York and Moscow.

No doubt in an H-bomb war great cities would be obliterated, but this is one of the minor disasters that would have to be faced.

If everybody in London, New the ground or under water, nated the world might, in the course of a few centuries, recover from the blow.

But we now know, especially since the Bikini test, that nuclear bombs can gradually spread destruction over a very much wider area than had been supposed.

It is stated on very good authority that A-bomb can now be manufactured which will be 2,000 times as powerful as that which destroyed Hiroshima.

Such a bomb, if exploded near the ground or under water, sends radio-active particles into the upper air. They sink gradually and reach the surface of the earth in the form of a deadly dust or rain. It was this dust which infected the Japanese fishermen and their catch of fish.

No one knows how widely such lethal radio-active particles might be diffused, but the best authorities are unanimous in saying that a war with H-bombs might quite possibly put an end to the human race.

It is feared that if many H-bombs are used there would be universal death — sudden only for a minority, but for the majority a slow torture of disease and disintegration.

Many warnings have been uttered by eminent men of science and by the authorities in military strategy. None of them will say that the worst results are certain. What they do say, is that these results are possible and no one can be sure that they will not be realized.

We have not yet found that the views of experts on this question depend in any degree upon their politics or prejudices. They depend only, so far as our researches have revealed, upon the extent of the particular expert's knowledge.

We have found that the men who know most are the most gloomy.

Here then is the problem which we present to you, stark and dreadful, and inescapable: Shall we put an end to the human race; or shall mankind renounce war? People will not face this alternative because it is so difficult to abolish war.

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The abolition of war will demand distasteful limitations of national sovereignty. But what perhaps impedes understanding of the situation more than anything else is that the term "mankind" feels vague and abstract.

People scarcely realize in imagination that the danger is to themselves and their children and their grandchildren, and not only to a dimly apprehended humanity.

They can scarcely bring themselves to grasp that they, individually and those whom they love, are in imminent danger of perishing agonizingly.

And so they hope that perhaps war may be allowed to continue, provided modern weapons are prohibited.

This hope is illusory. Whatever agreements not to use the H-bombs had been reached in time of peace, they would no longer be considered binding in time of war, and both sides would set to work to manufacture H-bombs as soon as war broke out, for, if one side manufactured the bombs and the other did not, the side that manufactured them would inevitably be victorious.

Although an agreement to renounce nuclear weapons as part of a general reduction of armaments would not afford an ultimate solution, it would serve certain important purposes.

First, any agreement between East and West is to the good in so far as it tends to diminish tension.

Second, the abolition of thermonuclear weapons, if each side believed that the other had carried it out sincerely, would lessen the fear of a sudden attack in the style of Pearl Harbour, which at present keeps both sides in a state of nervous apprehension. We should, therefore, welcome such an agreement though only as a first step.

Most of us are not neutral in feeling, but, as human beings, we have to remember that, if the issues between East and West are to be decided in any manner that can give any possible satisfaction to anybody, whether communists or anti-communists, whether Asian or European or American, whether White or Black, then these issues must not be decided by war.

We should wish this to be understood, both in the East and in the West.

There lies before us, if we choose, continual progress in happiness, knowledge and wisdom. Shall we instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels?

We appeal, as human beings, to human beings: Remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new paradise: If you cannot, there lies, before you the risk of universal death.

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Immortal India—24 **J. H. Dave**

CHIDAMBARAM

धराधरेन्द्रनन्दिनीविलासबन्धुबन्धुर—
स्फुरद्दृगन्तसन्ततिप्रमोदमानमानसे ।
कृपाकटाक्षधोरणीनिरुद्धदुर्धरापदि
क्वचिच् चिदम्बरे मनो विनोदमेतु वस्तुनि ।।

"May I find happiness in your Being, located in Chidambaram i.e. Tillai (or the ether of inner consciousness)—you whose mind is gladdened by the loving side-glances of the daughter of Himalaya and you whose merciful eyes dispel our insufferable miseries."

—Ravana Krita Tandava Stotra

CHIDAMBARAM is the headquarters of the Taluka of the same name in South Arcot District, Madras, and is famous for its great Siva Temple. For some time it was the capital of the Cholas. It is situated on the Coleroon river, 21 miles from Cuddalore and 151 miles from Madras. The Chidambaram Saiva temple is one of the most venerated, reputed and one of the oldest temples of South India. Chidambaram is also known as Tillai, Perumpattapuliyur, Pundarikapuram, Vyaghrapuram, Srirrambalam and Chitrakuta. This temple is held in great veneration throughout South India and Ceylon and annual festivals held in December and January are very largely attended. Devotees from all parts of India come here for the Yatra all the year round. Tradition says that in the South there are five Sivalingas corresponding to the five elements of earth, water, fire, wind and ether. The Prithvi or earth linga is located at Kanchi. The Ap or Water linga is at Jambukesvara. The Tejas or fire linga is at Tiruvannamalai. The Vayu or wind linga is at Kalahasti. The Akasa or ether linga is situated at Chidambaram.

The temple buildings at Chidambaram cover an area of 39 acres. There are five principal Sabhas or halls and two principal temples. Besides there are shrines to Vishnu and Ganesa. It is said that the image of Ganesa in the Ganesa temple is the largest image of that Deity in India. The Chidambaram temple buildings are considered wonderful structures as an architectural feat also. They stand in an alluvial plain between two rivers where there is no trace of building stone in a locality of 40 miles; while practically the whole area of the temple including the

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1,000 pillars, gateways, water-tanks with numerous steps etc., is constructed of stone. This is enough to give an idea of the labour involved and more particularly of the devotion of those who participated in its construction.

The main temple contains the idol of Siva as Nataraja i.e., in his dancing aspect and behind this idol and separated from it by a veil there is that great Akasa or the air lingam which is the real secret of Chidambaram. In fact there is no linga or we can say there is an invisible linga of Akasa. The veil is removed on special occasions when Puja is to be performed. Tradition is that Nataraja has emerged from this sacred space which is the invisible Akasa Linga. There is also a Chakra or Rahasya on the wall behind the image of Siva Nataraja. The Lord is said to have danced in the presence of his two devotees—Vyaghrapada and Patanjali in the Chit Sabha.

Legend says that sage Vyaghrapada was collecting flowers for Lord Siva at Chidambaram, running from place to place. Human legs had their own limitations and the sage was not feeling happy. The Lord blessed him by granting him the feet of the tiger so that the sage could roam and run about swiftly from place to place without fatigue and could daily collect flowers for the Lord to his heart's content.

Sage Pantanjali is taken to be an incarnation of Adisesha.

It is stated by Kongadesa Rajakal that Vira Chola Rayar one day saw Siva, the Sabhapati of Chidambaram, along with Parvati, dancing and beating the Damaruka. He therefore built the Kanaka or the Golden Sabha for the Lord; and that his grandson Arivarideva (985 A.D.) built Gopurams, enclosures, image-houses and sabhas and also donated jewels for the deity.

Inscriptions say that the Chola King Parantaka I (907 to 953 A.D.) provided the Nataraja Shrine at Chidambaram with a golden roof. Uttama Chola (953 to 957 A.D.) is considered the author of a single hymn to Chidambaram Temple. Fergusson believes that the inner original temple existed at least in the 10th Century A.D. He assigns the Parvati Temple, the great Gopurams and the second enclosure to the 14th century. The north gopuram is ascribed to Krishna Deva Raya about 1520 A.D. and the east gopuram has inscriptions of Sundara Pandya of about 1250 A.D. The hall of 1000 pillars (the real number is 984) is believed to have been constructed between 1595 and 1685 A.D.

Tradition says that the principal temple of Siva was rebuilt or enlarged by Hiranya Varma Chakravarti who was originally called Swetavarma because he was suffering from leprosy. He is said to have come down to the South on a pilgrimage from Kashmir about

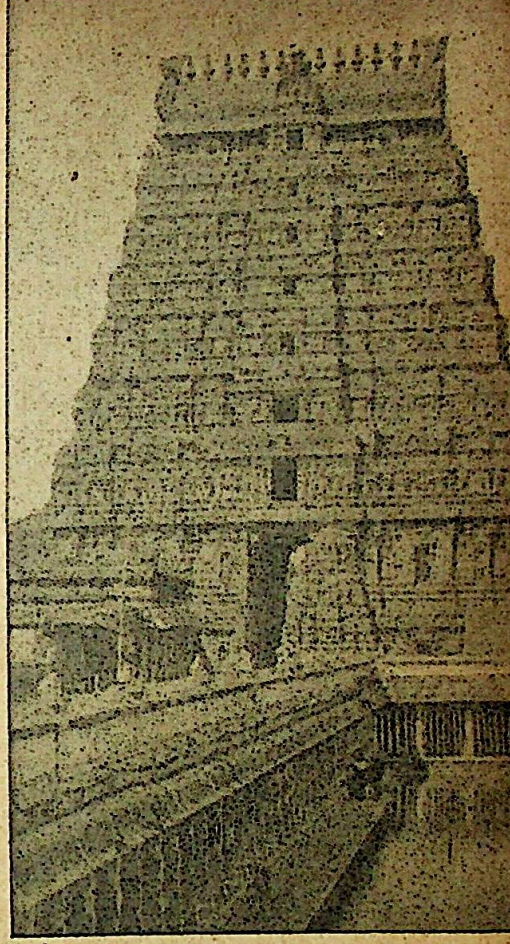
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500 A.D. and was cured of his leprosy after he took a bath in the Sivaganga tank at Chidambaram Temple.

In the Carnatic wars, Chidambaram had become a place of strategic importance. In 1753, the French had occupied it. Hyder Ali improved its defences and had placed a garrison of 3,000 men in this temple. In 1781 Sir Eyre Coote attacked the temple but was driven off. Coote wore out a brass 18-pounder gun in trying to break the walls.

Regarding this temple Fergusson says "Although this temple has been aggregated at different ages and grown by accident rather than design, like those at Tiruvalur and Srirangam just described, it avoids the great defects of these temples, for though like them it has no tall central object to give dignity to the whole from outside, internally the centre of its great court is occupied by a tank round which the various objects are grouped without at all interfering with each other". Portions of the architecture in the Chidambaram temple are considered as gems of Dravidian Art.

South of the Sivaganga tank is the Hall of 1000 pillars 340 x 190 feet. The Nritta Sabha is ornamented with elegant and graceful dancing figures. The Kanaka Sabha which is the dancing hall of Lord Nataraja is covered with golden roof. There are four big gopurams in the four directions the north and the south ones being



Siva Temple, Chidambaram

160 feet high. The Sivaganga tank is 175 x 100 feet with a nice colonnade around it. The Temple of Parvati or Sivakami Amman has a remarkably excellent porch. Near the Parvati temple is a temple of Subrahmanya. There is also a Ganesha temple. In the inner Prakara there is the temple of Govindaraja Perumal i.e. of Vishnu who is said to have witnessed the dance of Siva Nataraja.

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The towers on the east and west have the carvings of the 108 dances corresponding with the 108 modes of dance as described in the Natya Sastra of Bharata. Below each of these dances is engraved its description as given in the Bharata Natya Sastra.

Lord Siva is represented here in his great and celebrated aspect as Nataraja, the King of Dancers. This dance of Siva is said to represent "the primal rhythmic energy". The world itself is a theatre or stage.

जगत्त्रयं शाम्भवनर्तनस्थली
नटाधिराजोऽत्र परः शिवः स्वयम् ।
सभा नटो रङ्ग इति व्यवस्थितिः
स्वरूपतः शक्तियुतात् प्रपञ्चिता ॥

"The three worlds are but the dancing hall of God Siva. The king of dancers is the Supreme Siva Himself. The audience, actors and the stage are all evolved and elaborated by the Lord from His own self in association with His consort Sakti or Uma."

—*Soma Stavaraja*, Verse 40.

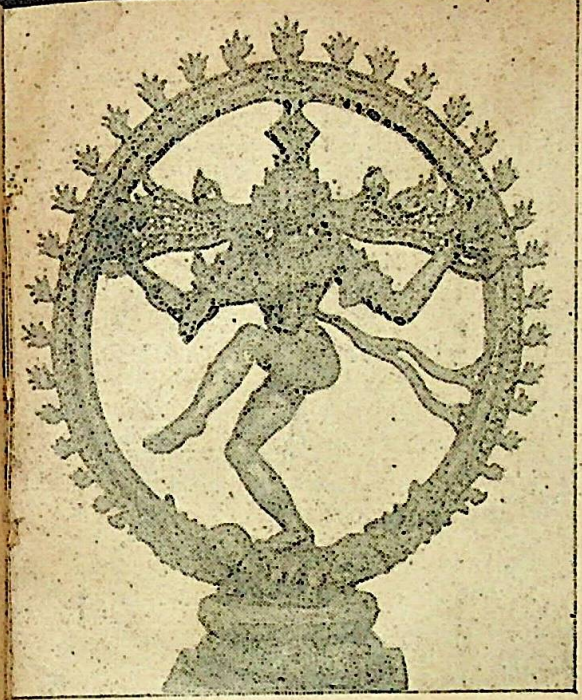
Dance represents energy, rhythm, harmony and orderliness. The harmonised rhythm of the Universe is best indicated by the symbol of a dance. In this sense we can imagine the Sun, Stars and all other deities too as dancing along with this King of Dancers, Lord Siva.

The *Amsumad-Bheda-Agama* says:—

"There are 108 varieties of the dance of Siva of which only the nine varieties are being described". Of these principal nine varieties, the one at Chidambaram and several other Siva temples is very common.

Shri Gopinatha Rao summarises the Agmic description of this pose on p. 224 of Vol. 2 Pt. I of *Elements of Hindu Iconography*.. The image is prepared according to the *"Uttama Dasa Tala"* measurement. It has four hands and two legs. The front left hand is in the *danda-hasta* or *Gaja-hasta* pose across the body and the back left hand carries *Agni* in the palm. The front right arm is in the *Abhaya* pose. On the front arm of this hand is the Sarpa-Valaya. The back right hand holds a Damaru. The right leg is slightly bent and placed on the back of the *Apasmara-purusha*. The left leg is lifted up, somewhat turned towards the right leg and kept across it. On the head of the Lord is the *Jata-mukuta* with flowers, snake, jewels, skull and the crescent moon—with several jatas whirling in the dance. The Lord must have a Yajnopavita and an Uras-Sutra. The face should be smiling. Saffron paste is applied on the chest and the rest of the body is milky white with ashes. The garment of the Lord is the tiger's skin. The *Apasmara-purusha* has his head on the right side of the Lord. He is black in colour and plays with a snake.

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Nataraja

The Agamas say that on the left of Nataraja there should be his consort Parvati and on his right there should be either Sage Bhringi or Bhadrakali.

This variety of dance is known as the *Bhujanga-Trasa* pose. Shri Gopinatha Rao quotes Abhinavagupta's commentary on Bharata's Natya-Sastra which says: "This kind of dance is called *Bhujanga-Trasa* because in it the dancer suddenly lifts up his leg as though he discovered a snake very near him and appears to be of unsteady gait."

Around the figure of this dancing Siva there should be a *prabhamandala* resembling the orb of a sun. The eyes of Siva should be of the shape of the *Kurari* bird. In the right ear there should be *Nakra-Kundala* and in the left ear there should be *Patra-kundala.*

This mystic dance of Siva is given a very profound interpretation. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy in his excellent book "The Dance of Siva" and in the article of the same title has given several interpretations. This dance represents the five activities or the Panchakriyas (1) *Srishti,* creation (2) *Sthiti,* preservation (3) *Samhara,* destruction (4) *Tirobhava,* veiling or illusion and (5) *Anugraha,* grace. The learned Doctor quotes *Unmai Vilakkam* verse 36. "Creation arises from the drum; protection proceeds from the hand of hope; from fire proceeds destruction; the foot held aloft gives release", and adds that the fourth hand points to the lifted foot, the refuge of the soul. Tirumular's *Tirumandiram* is then quoted. "Chidambaram is everywhere, everywhere His Dance." This dance of the Lord takes place in the heart and the Self of every individual. Siva is the destroyer and He destroys the Pasas or fetters which bind each individual soul like a Pasu. The burning-ground or the Smasana where the Lord dances is the heart and what is burnt is the ego, illusion and Karma.

This dance of Siva is meant to keep up the life of the Cosmos and help seekers of liberation in achieving it. This dance is also identified with the Panchakshara mantra of Lord Siva "Namah Sivaya". Both this mantra and

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the dance are identified with the Pranava Mantra "Aum".

The *Prabha-mandala* or the Tiruvasi is the dance of the Prakriti; Siva dancing within and touching it is the Purusha. Between this Purusha and Prakriti stands the individual soul just as "Ya" stands between "Siva" and "Namah".

"The grandeur of this conception is a synthesis of science, religion and art....its appeal is universal to the philosopher, lover and the artist....This is poetry but none the less science." (Dr. Anand Coomarswamy).

☆

The Lord at Chidambaram was the family deity of the Cholas. At Madhura the Pandyas had the Rajata-Sabha. To out-do them, the Cholas had the Kanaka-Sabha for the Lord. The Nattukottai Chetties have again covered the temple with gold and restored the temple buildings at considerable cost. The temple is being managed by a sect of Brahmins called Dikshitars who perform the puja by turns.

This temple has been held as very sacred by the Saivites from ancient times. Even in the 7th century in the times of the Saivite Saint Sambandhar, the temple was famous.

The four great Saiva Samaya Acharyas or saints who represent the four main paths of Saivism are all connected or associated with Chidambaram. The paths of Charya, Kriya, Yoga and Jnana are represented respectively by saints Appar (600-681 A.D.) Sambandhar (644-660 A.D.) Sundarar (between 710-735 A.D.) and Manikkavachakar (660-692 A.D.). These paths are also known as Dasa, Satputra, Saha and Sanmarga paths respectively.

Appar and his younger contemporary Jnana Sambandha flourished in the 7th century. Appar was born in a rich Vellala family in the South Arcot District. He was first converted to Jainism but when he got rid of an acute colic pain on praying Siva, he became a firm devotee of the Lord. His old Jain friends wanted to claim him back and it is said that numerous attempts were made on his life but with the Lord's grace he escaped every time. At Chidambaram he met Sambandhar. Appar lived for 81 years according to tradition. Out of 49,000 hymns which he is said to have composed, only 311 are extant. His hymns are full of ripe wisdom. A loin cloth was his only dress and he used to remove rubbish from the temple doors.

Sambandhar lived for only 16 years. His extant hymns are 384. Once as a child he accompanied his parents to a temple tank. While they were immersed for bath in water, the boy cried out for his parents looking at the sky, and the legend says that Siva and Parvati heard his prayer as universal parents and Parvati gave him milk.

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This gave him the necessary Jnana and he came to be known as Jnana Sambandhar. Even though much younger, he became a friend and associate of Appar whom he met at Chidambaram.

Manikkavachakar was born of Brahmin parents and became the Prime Minister of the Pandya king. After meeting his Guru at Tirupperundurai, he spent away the treasures of the king in his charge for his guru for which act he was punished and dismissed. He felt very happy at this. He composed numerous hymns which were so touching that they were considered words of Manikya or gem. He preached the doctrine of Love to the Lord. At Chidambaram he had his penance and and here he also defeated a group of Buddhists. Legend says that when he was asked to explain the meaning of his hymns he only pointed to Lord Nataraja and then disappeared in a blaze of light. He is the author of *Tiruvachakam* and it is said that if a man's heart cannot melt on reading it, it will melt with nothing else and it is veritably a stone.

Sundarar lived for only 18 years. Only a hundred of his songs are extant. He came from a family of temple priests but was brought up by the king of the land. When he was about to be married, a Brahmin came on the scene, claimed him and took him away. Legend says that this was Siva Himself. He renounced the world and came to Chidambaram, where he had a divine message to go to Tiruvarur. Here he married a great Saiva devotee, one non-brahmin lady Paravai. He had become blind for having broken his promise not to cross the limits of a village where he had again got married. He prayed the Lord intensely and in due course both his eyes and mental peace came back to him.

Out of the 63 saints whose account is given in the *Periapuranam* Sage Nanda and Tiru-Nilakanda-nayanar are closely associated with Chidambaram. Nanda was a Pariah. He very much respected the caste rules and yet desired to have the Darshana of the Lord. The Lord is said to have asked the Nandi, whose image came in the way, to move aside so that Nanda may have the Darsana and even now the Bull at Tiruppangur temple is not at its proper place. He then came to Chidambaram and purified himself by passing through fire. The other sage while he was once passing by the house of a dancing girl created suspicion in the mind of his wife. This led to a domestic quarrel. Ultimately Lord Nataraja intervened, they were asked to bathe in a tank, and the misunderstanding was thereafter removed.

★

The nine kinds of Dances described are in Agamas, of which the Nataraja at Chidambaram is the *Bhujanga-Trasa* variety. Besides

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these Shri Gopinatha Rao has mentioned and illustrated the Katisama dance, the Lalita dance and the Tala Samsphotita dance. The famous Siva-Pradosha stotra from the *Skanda Purana* refers to the daily evening dance of Siva at Kailasa in which all Gods participate. It is said that for the removal of poverty Siva in this aspect should be resorted to. Ravana's Stotra refers to the Tandava dance of Siva.

Mahimna Stotra, verse 16, describes the Dance of Siva which envelopes the entire Universe. The Lord dances to delude the wicked as also to protect and benefit the worlds and the virtuous.

महीं पादाघाताद् व्रजति सहसा संशयपदं
पदं विष्णो भ्राम्यद्भुजपरिघरुग्णग्रहगणम्।
मुहुर्द्यौर्दौस्थ्यं यात्यनिभृतजटाताडिततटा
जगद्रक्षायै त्वं नटसि ननु वामैव विभुता॥

"By the pressure of your feet when you dance, the earth begins to shake. By the impact of your encircling long hands moving like iron beams, the firmament with its stars and planets is overtaken with fear. The heavenly region is struck by the whirling locks of your matted hair. And yet you are dancing for the protection of the Universe! How apparently strange and extraordinary are the ways of this supreme Sovereign!"

—*Pushpadanta's Mahimna Stotra,* 16.

Iniquity committed in this world produces not fruit immediately but, like the earth, in due season; and advancing little by little it eradicates the man who committed it. Yes, iniquity once committed fails not of producing fruit in him who wrought it; if not in his own person, then in his son's; or if not in his son's, then in his grandson's. He grows rich for a while through unrighteousness; then he beholds good things; but he perishes at length from his whole root upward.

—Manu.

Does the ornament exist apart from the gold of which it is made? Where is the body apart from the Self? He who considers the body as himself is an ignorant man. One who considers oneself as the Self is the Enlightened One who has realized the Self.

—Sri Ramana Maharishi.

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NAG-PANCHAMI

A BRAHMIN had seven sons and all of them were married. They lived together in a village. It so happened that the youngest daughter-inlaw was an orphan and so while her sisters-in-law went out to live with their parents or relatives during festivals she had none whatsoever to go to. Consequently when others taunted her, she cursed herself saying out of ennui, she had the serpents alone to go to and wept.

As she did so several times in the year, Sesha, the king of serpents, was moved to pity and out of commisseration for the poor girl, took the form of an aged uncle returned from a *tirth yatra* and approached the brahmin paterfamilias asking permission to take his niece away for a few days to his home. The old brahmin wondered where in God's name had the prodigal been hiding all these days.

The girl on hearing this cock-and-bull story was frankly suspicious at first, but finally opted for going with the old man, being disgusted by the ridicule of her mother- and sisters-in-law.

The fake uncle took the girl to his abode, the entrance for which was a rat-hole and there he assumed his true form. Asking her to sit on his hood, Sesha took her to Nag Loka to his glittering palace where he entrusted her to the care of his wife whom he asked to bestow all affection and comforts. Sesha further decreed that none of his denizens should harm the girl.

She lived in the Nag Loka for some time when Sesha's wife became pregnant and, in due course, delivered a new brood of snakes. The girl was given a heavy brass lamp to hold in her hands while she walked lest she should trample on the young crawling things.

By an accident, however, the girl dropped the lamp which fell on some young ones severing their tails. But the mother-snake took no offence. After a few days of this incident, the brahmin girl was restored to her husband.

One day the young serpents who had lost their tails became self-conscious and approached their mother and asked her why they were maimed while their brothers were not. The lady told them of the incident of the brahmin girl, little suspecting that it would become a hot issue. The young ones became very angry and at once decided to avenge on the girl. So all of them rushed to the girl's village and hid themselves outside her house waiting for her to come out.

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It was the fifth day of *Shravan* (July-August) and the brahmin girl, as was her wont, drew the figures of serpents on the decorated ground and was loudly offering prayers to God for protecting her maimed snake-brothers, as she fondly called them. When the hiding snakes heard these words they were ashamed of their intention to kill her and absolved of their qualms, showed themselves before her. The girl was mightily pleased and offered them all milk and *powa*. They partook of the sisterly meal and presented her with a costly jewel made of their *manikya*.

Since that day the fifth day of *Shravan* is observed as a sacred day for serpents, the underlying idea being that they, besides not harming those who worship them, will bestow on them happiness and well-being not merely in riches, but in children too, of which they are very potent.

Whatever the truth of the story, the *Nag-panchami* is a forceful reminder of the inalienable law of Hinduism, of compassion — or, shall we say, *ahimsa*? — to the meanest or most lothful of God's creation. Or is it a pointer to the snake's functional utility in Nature?

SHRAVAN

This annual function which is performed in the month of Shravan (July-August) is related to the study of the Vedas. Particular dates are prescribed for those professing the *Rig, Yajur* and *Sama* Vedas. On this day new Brahmacharins start studying the Vedas. Others observe it by way of purification for the inaccuracies and lapses in the study of the Vedas. Even Sannyasis observe it in the shape of Vyasapuja. Sri Rama and Sri Krishna regularly observed it. Although most Hindus do not study the Vedas these days, they have fortunately not given up Gayatri, the essence of the Vedas. Hence Shravan becomes a compulsory function. What is important to remember is that Shravan does not stop with renovating the sacred thread; it is an auspicious occasion when we rededicate ourselves to the pursuit of the highest form of knowledge. The *Gayatri Japa* performed on the next day is expiatory in effect.

He who does an injury is more unhappy than he who receives one.

—Democritus.

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T. A. V. Dikshitar

ARUNDHATI

ANY account of the lives and doings of the seven great Rishis would be incomplete without treating of Arundhati, sage Vasishtha's wife. She is an epitome of chastity, a paragon of virtue. She stands for the highest ideals of Indian womanhood, with its emphasis on constancy, devotion and loyalty to the husband.

Naturally innumerable stories have grown up round this epic figure, seeking to tell us about her birth, early life and the admirably happy married life she had enjoyed with Vasishtha. Also that no two such accounts should agree with each other is also understandable seeing that they deal not so much with an individual as with the product of a perfectly developed ideal.

The *Mahabharata* and the *Matsyapurana* record that she was the daughter of Kardama Prajapati and Devahuti, that she belonged to the Swayambhuva Manvantara and that she was brought up in her father's house till she was married to Vasishtha.

But the *Vayu, Brahmanda, Linga* and *Kurma Puranas,* as also the *Vishnu Dharma,* make Arundhati, the daughter of Kasyapa. She had two brothers by name Narada and Parvata. They also say that in order to get the hand of Vasishtha in marriage, she had to perform the Gowri Vrata. She is said to have had a very happy and pleasant married life.

But the *Kalika Purana* would have us believe that she was the daughter of one Medhatithi. He performed a great sacrifice called Jyotishtoma. While this *yagna* was in progress, out of the sacrificial fire emerged Arundhati. By her previous birth, she was the daughter of Lord Brahma. This Medhatithi brought her up in a hermitage in the forest of the hermits. Thus were spent the first five years of her life in this forest abode. Then one day, she went to the river Chandrabhaga for a bath. Lord Brahma was there at the time, in his aerial car. The moment he beheld her, he recognised her and taking her back to her foster-father suggested to him that she be brought up in the company of virtuous women, noted for their exemplary and chaste lives. Acting on this advice, Medhatithi betook himself to Savitri the chaste,

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and begged of her to initiate the girl in the traditional ways of a life of virtue. Savitri was only too glad to take Arundhati as her ward. Here Arundhati spent seven years of careful and devoted training.

It was here that she attained her twelfth year. One day, in the company of Savitri and Bahula, she reached the park situated on the top of the mountain called Meru Parvata. It was the same spot at which sage Vasishtha had been doing penance for a long while. No sooner did Arundhati see the sage than the latter too returned her glance. The rest of the story need not be told. It was a case of love at first sight. Although they fell in violent love, yet each had the strength of mind to keep it in proper bounds and under restraint. They returned to their respective hermitages. And it was not difficult for Savitri to realise the extent of their love and she therefore arranged for their marriage.

The *Mahabharata* tells us a great deal about Arundhati. She is the wife of Mitravaruna Vasishtha of the present Vivaswata Manvantara. Akshamala is the other name by which she is known. She is never known to have lived elsewhere than in the closest proximity to Vasishtha. Never was she known to have opposed her husband whether in word, thought or deed. As proof of her virtuous and honest life, it tells us a story.

Once Arundhati, along with some other companions of hers repaired to a lake, abounding in lotus flowers of indescribable beauty. Every one of her companions became possessed of a burning desire to steal them. Arundhati persuaded her friends to desist from such a dishonest course.

The same *Mahabharata* tells us that Acharya Bhishma narrated to Yudhishthira the gist of a conversation that the hermits had with Arundhati and how she answered their question on what constituted the core of Dharma.

The secret of Dharma, according to her, lay in three things. श्रद्धा faith, आथित्य hospitality to guests and गोश्रृङ्गस्नान to have a holy bath through the horns of a bull.

She never swerved from her loyalty to Vasishtha, her lord. At the same time, she found time for her *tapasya* and *vrata*. The intensity of her *tapasya* was so great that it could even humble Swaha the wife of Agni, the Fire God, when the latter attempted to impersonate Arundhati, though as a matter of fact, she was successful in disguising herself as one or the other of the wives of the other sages of the Septenary Group.

Yet another anecdote is related which throws in bold relief the power and might of her penances. Once a great famine arose in the land of the Rishis. It continued for twelve years. Even the Seven Rishis were compelled to repair to

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the Himalayas in search of food, leaving behind Arundhati at the sacred place called Badara Pachana.

Here she lived along with some sages and their wives. She braved the famine and was absorbed in deep meditation and *tapasya*. Shiva now felt the urge to put the power of her penances to test. So, disguising himself as a mendicant brahmin, he approached her and begged for alms. But Arundhati could find nothing in that blighted land to give him. She gave him berries made of iron as alms. The brahmin promptly asked her to give them to him fully cooked. Nothing daunted, Arundhati put them in a pot and placed it on fire. In no time, was every one of the balls become fully cooked and eatable!

It is said that after this, she held converse with the brahmin and the range of topics discussed was so great and varied that they went on talking for a period of twelve years when the Seven Rishis returned from the Himalayas, laden with fruits and roots. Shiva then revealed his true form before them. He spoke of Arundhati in terms of the highest praise, making it clear that the place, purified by her penances would go down to posterity as a very holy one.

सप्तर्षिमण्डल is the name applied to the place in the heavens taken up by the seven rishis as stars. Arundhati is discernible there as a star in close proximity to that of Vasishtha. The *Brahmandapurana* tells us that she had a very happy domestic life and in due time begot one son Shakti.

Arundhati has come to symbolise steadfast and single-minded devotion in the wife for her husband. Even to-day, in the Hindu marriages, performed according to Vedic rites, the bridegroom is made to point to a planet and a star in the sky to the bride. They are Dhruva and Arundhati. The implication is that the wife should stick to him through life in the same way that Arundhati did to Vasishtha. The Dhruva planet signifies permanence of married life and Arundhati, of course represents chastity on the part of the bride. The *Grihya Sutras* run thus: 'ध्रुवमरुन्धतीं च दर्शयति'— The bridegroom should show the bride Dhruva planet and the Arundhati star. No wonder therefore, that Arundhati has come to be worshipped as the finished product of virtue and chastity.

The *Shiva Purana* goes so far as to say that Lord Shiva had so much regard and respect for Arundhati that he commissioned the Seven Rishis to go especially in the company of Arundhati, to the king of the Himalayas and arrange for the consummation of his own marriage with Parvati. Arundhati has pride of place among the Pativratas held as exemplars of Virtue.

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B. B. Yodh

DIABETES MELLITUS

ON a healthy person food is digested in the intestines and absorbed into blood somewhat as follows: Whatever be the nature of the average diet, vegetarian or partly non-vegetarian, the three main kinds of food stuffs are proteins, carbohydrates and fats. The secretions of some of the cells in the mouth, stomach and the small intestines contain digestive emzymes that convert these into simpler easily absorbable substances. The most important of these from our point of view are the starches, sweets and cereals. All of the carbohydrates of these is converted into sugar in the intestinal canal and the sugar is absorbed through the blood vessels into the blood and is present in the blood in a quantity which is remarkably constant for the average person.

This sugar in the blood or blood-sugar as it is called, is the residue of what is not utilised by the cells of the body for carrying out their work, i.e. for energy purposes and what is not deposited as glycogen in the liver and in the muscles of the body. Remember therefore that out of about 8 ozs. of sugar that is consumed daily as starches, sweets and cereals, and absorbed all but 1/6th of an ounce or 5 gms. or a little over a teaspoonfull is found in the blood in all of us. The whole of the rest of the 8 ozs. is partly utilised straightaway for energy purposes and partly deposited as glycogen in the liver and in the muscles.

In the maintenance of this level of the sugar in the blood, out of many factors, the presence of insulin, a secretion from the pancreas, in the blood is the most important. It has been proved beyond doubt that insulin, which is secreted by certain cells of the pancreas as required, and continuously so for twenty-four hours of the day, promotes the utilisation of the sugar by the tissues and the deposition of glycogen in the liver and in the muscles and conversion of the glycogen that is deposited in the liver into sugar when required.

It is also proved beyond doubt that destruction of certain cells in the pancreas by certain drugs or poisons does stop the formation of insulin by these cells and lead to a classical picture of diabetes-mellitus in experimental animals and this is controlled satisfactorily by injecting insulin into these diabetic animals. It is also known that in the human being as long as insulin is properly administered, diabetes is controlled in the majority of cases.

I am making these rather emphatic statements because in the

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mind of many persons the idea about the disease is vague and often quite wrong.

Although medical science is not clear about the ultimate causes that lead to an insufficiency of insulin in the body, it is perfectly clear that there is insufficiency of insulin in the body in diabetes-mellitus and therefore the restoration of the required amount of insulin by whatever means that are possible is the goal to be achieved in the management of this disease.

In many instances diabetes is such a slowly progressive condition that unless the urine is carefully and repeatedly examined, sometimes after a heavy meal and sugar discovered in it, the disease will be entirely missed. That this happens frequently, is proved by the fact that sugar is discovered accidently in the urine of any apparently healthy people when they go for a medical check-up either for service or for life insurance. It is only when the progress of the disease has reached such a level that the tissue cells look for other sources of sugar such as the fat and the muscles of the body that wasting, weakness and other symptoms appear. In some persons as a large amount of water is removed with the sugar excreted, increased thirst may be apparent, and as the tissue cells are starved, increased hunger may also be present. Such persons eat a lot and yet are losing weight and feeling weak. Remember, however, that these symptoms do not occur in many diabetics and hence the necessity for a detection drive.

Diabetes is a common disorder in the obese, in those with a family history of the disease and at just after the middle age. Such persons even if they feel well should have a routine six-month check up. If sugar is found in the urine, get it determined whether the cause is lack of insulin and not any other. This is done by the estimation of the amount of sugar in the blood. If this is more than average then it is necessary to control this condition as soon as possible and throughout one's life by appropriate changes in the diet, by use of insulin where changes in the diet do not control the excess of sugar in the blood, reduction of overweight to the average for the individual, an outdoor life wherever possible, with appropriate exercise and the immediate care for any infections that may be caught incidentally. By doing this, it has been proved again beyond doubt, that most of the complications of diabetes such as blood vessel disease, nerve disease and collapse and coma can be successfully prevented.

The price paid for such care is not great. The benefits outweigh by far the little inconveniences that the individual may have to put up with in early detection and proper control of Diabetes Mellitus.

[Condensed from a Talk on AIR, Bombay.]

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My Unforgettable Moments—3

S. S. Nadkarni

IN THE COCKPIT OF A PLANE

ABOUT four years ago I was flying a Viking from Karachi to Bombay. After levelling off at 11,500 feet I went back to the passenger cabin. A passenger who was sitting in the front row called me and told me in Hindi that he was feeling very cold and pointing to the right-hand Engine propeller suggested I should switch off that fan.

Now knowing the mental "make-up" of the passenger I realised that it was futile to explain to him the aerodynamical theory of flight. So I promptly went back to the cockpit and came out within a couple of minutes. I told him that there was something wrong with the switch and that the fan could not be switched off! I therefore suggested to him that he should move further back from the fan so that he could avoid the blast. Whilst he was occupying one of the rear-seats I closed the cold air duct above his seat. He felt much better in his new position.

Whilst thanking me profusely he told me that he ran a shop of electrical goods in Bombay and that if I had any difficulty in obtaining a good switch for that fan I should contact him at the given address.

*

My First Officer had a tremendous sense of humour and always indulged in practical jokes. We had taken off from Madras for Colombo. The crew-baggage was in the cockpit. After take off, the First Officer went back to the toilet, brought the cleaning brush and kept it in the suitcase of the Hostess without her knowledge.

At Colombo when the Hostess opened her suitcase, right on top of everything was this big brush! The Hostess was completely stumped and equally amazed. The Customs Officer asked her, "What's this for?" The First Officer promptly snapped back, "That's her new tooth-brush, officer. After listening to the Radio she has decided to go in for this tooth-brush in a big way".

This little incident is still remembered by all those who were present at the Ratnalana Airport.

*

And finally it was a flight from Cairo to London. The Prime Mi-

(Continued on page 43)

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Our Fortnightly Profile—26

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

"THE people who know war, those that experienced it .....I believe we are most earnest advocates of peace in the world. I believe those people that talk about peace academically but who never have had to dive into a ditch when Messerschmidt 109 came over to strafe—they really don't know what it is."

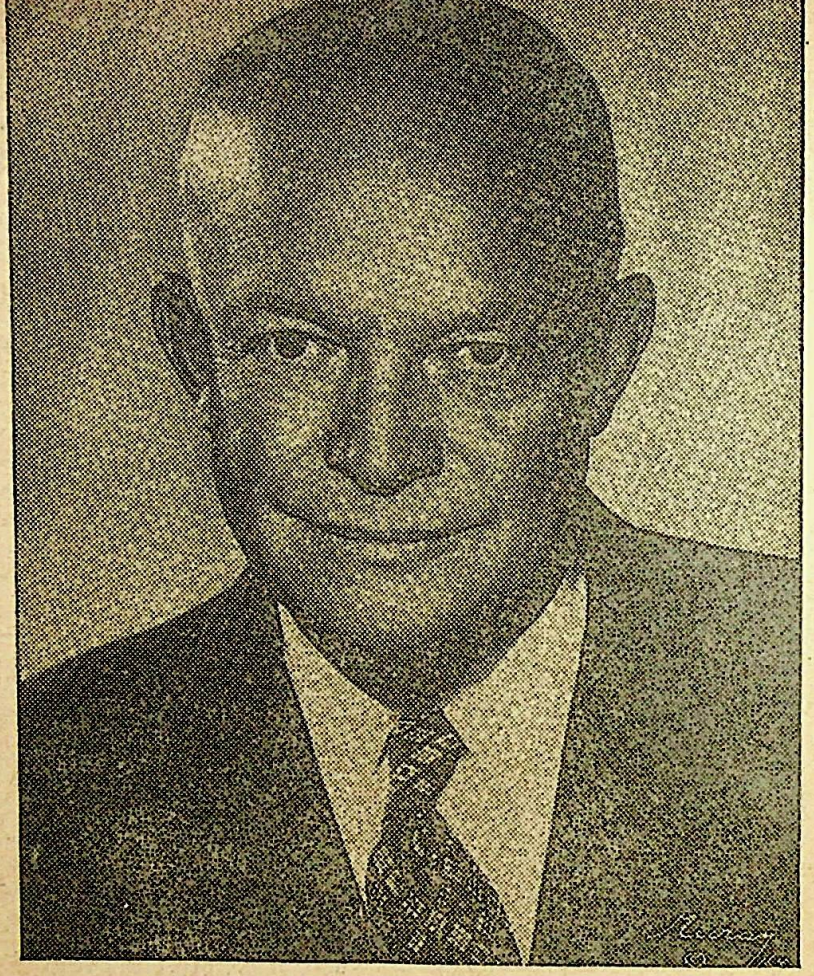
That is what the American President told a correspondent early in June last year in connection with the D-Day anniversary. That he meant what he said is amply borne out by the deliberations of the recent Summit Conference at Geneva. It goes to the eternal credit of this distinguished warrior-statesman that he completely upset the calculations of friends and foes alike when he made the dramatic offer of exchanging blue-prints with Russia, which is little short of heresy in military history. By doing that he has acted in the highest traditions of statesmanship.

Dwight D. Eisenhower was born in the small town of Dension, Texas, on October 14, 1890. He spent his boyhood and school years in another small town, Abilene, Kansas. He was the third of seven sons, five of them now living. Their father and mother were justly proud of the achievements of their educator, lawyer, engineer, banker and army-officer sons.

In the top of his class, Eisenhower was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, in 1915. He chose an Army career although there had been no military tradition in his family. World War I found young Lieut. Eisenhower serving as a tank instructor. He saw duty in the Panama Canal Zone and in continental United States until 1935, when he went to the Philippines. From then until 1939, as Lieut. Colonel he was a member of the American Mission to the Philippines where, among other accomplishments, he organised the Philippine Air Force.

Eisenhower was an almost unknown, hardworking Colonel as late as the Autumn of 1941. The Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, recommended him to President Roosevelt for an important assignment because Eisenhower had demonstrated unusual planning and leadership abilities.

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President Eisenhower

He was then made full General, equivalent to the rank of Field Marshal. As Supreme Allied Commander, in World War II, using foresight and great executive ability, he kept more than a dozen nationalities serving under him harmoniously.

Eisenhower returned home in 1948, became President of Columbia University, when President Truman called him back to active duty to become the First Supreme Allied Commander of the European Defence Forces under the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). He relinquished this assignment in June 1952, and returned to the United States as the Republican candidate for the Presidentship of the United States. On November 4, 1952, he was elec-

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ted President of the United States of America, defeating the Democratic candidate, Adlai Stevenson.

After 29 months of office, Eisenhower looks a peach of health. He weighs just under 178 lbs. A heavy eater, he has few exotic tastes. His sandy hair however has turned white and his face acquired a few more lines since entering White House, but he still looks younger by at least ten years. He has a friendly, unassuming manner. But with it, he combines a firmness of purpose and an unswerving belief in peace and freedom—national and personal.

According to reports, the American people repose enormous confidence in him and what is more significant, he has greater confidence in his people! At Geneva, he gave a new initiative to American Foreign Policy which appears to be a quick fruit-bearer.

The story is sometimes told of the first domestic quarrel between him and Mamie, whom he married in 1916. Mamie went for a honeymoon-visit to Eisenhower's parents in Abilene. There one day he flatly refused to come home until he had broken even in an all-night poker game which provoked her to occupy a two-room flat in a huff!

The President and his wife, Mamie Geneva Doud, lead a close-knit family. Their son, Major John Eisenhower, was ordered to the United Nations front in Korea in July 1952. John's three children are greatly attached to their grandparents.

IN THE COCKPIT OF A PLANE—*(Contd.)*

nister Jawaharlal Nehru was flying to London. When we were flying over the snowy Alps he came into the cockpit to have a better view. As I was getting up from my seat in order to offer it to him he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Young man, that seat belongs to you and no one can deprive you of it." He continued, "To me, that seat represents the spirit of adventure, the spirit of Young India that is trying to rise above the dark clouds that are hanging around us. Once you come above those clouds, there lies an entirely new horizon before us which is so colourful and bright. Through such seats of adventure I want my Young India to fly the country's flag higher and to distant lands. Remember, when all of you work as a crew of one ship, and with a purpose and determination, sky's the limit."

Those inspiring words still ring in my ears and that certainly was the most unforgettable moment in the Cockpit of the plane.

[*Courtesy: AIR, Bombay*]

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Vetala Pachchisi—23 **Serial**

CONNOISSEUR *PAR EXCELLENCE*

THE ghoul said:
Your majesty! There was a city named Dharmpur, where a king named Dharmraj ruled. In his city was a Brahman named Govind, versed in all the four Vedas and all the six learned sastras, and a careful observer of all his religious duties; and Haridatt, Somdatt, Yagyadatt and Brahmadatt were his four sons. They were very learned, very clever, and at all times obedient to their father.

After some time his eldest son died, and he, too, was at the point of death through grief for him.

★

At that time, Vishnusharma, the king's family priest, came and began reasoning with him, saying, "When this being, man, enters the mother's womb, he first suffers pain there; secondly, falling under the influence of love in youth, he endures the anguish of separation from his beloved; thirdly, becoming old, he is involved in suffering through his body being feeble. In brief, many are the sorrows attendant on being born in the world, and few are the joys; for, the world is the source of sorrow.

"If a man were to climb to the top of a tree, or go and sit on the summit of a mountain, or remain hiding in water, or sneak into an iron cage and remain therein, or go and conceal himself in the infernal regions—even then death would not let him escape. Moreover, whatever one may be—whether learned or a fool, rich or poor, wise or unwise, strong or weak—still, this all-devouring death lets no one escape.

"The full duration of a man's life is a hundred years; of this, half passes away in night, and half of the half in childhood and old age; the remainder is spent in contention, the separation from those we love, and affliction. Further, the soul that is, is as restless as a watery wave; how, then, can it yield man any peace?

"And now, in this Iron Age, to meet with truthful men is a difficult matter; while countries are daily laid waste, kings are avaricious, the earth yields little fruit, thieves and evil doers commit violence on the earth, and but little of religion, devotion, and truth remain in the world; kings are tyrannical, Brahmans covetous, men have fallen under the influence of

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women, wives have become wanton, sons have begun reviling their fathers, and friends have begun to display enmity.

"Observe, further, that death did not even spare the great Chimanyu, whose maternal uncle was Kanhaiya, and father Arjun. And when Yama carries off a man, wealth remains behind in his house, and father, mother, wife, son, brothers and kindred—no one proves of any avail; his good and evil deeds, his vices and his virtues alone accompany him; while those same kinsfolk take him to the burning-ground and burn him.

"And see how the night comes to an end on one side, while day dawns on the other; here the moon sets, there the sun rises. In the same way youth departs, old age comes on; thus, also, time goes on passing away, and yet, even while perceiving this, man does not learn wisdom.

"Observe, again, in the First, or Golden Age, Mandhata, a great king, who filled the whole earth with the fame of his virtue; and in the Second, or Silver Age, the glorious monarch Ramchandra, who, bridging the sea, destroyed such a fortress as Lanka, and slew Ravan; and in the Third Age, Yudhishthir reigned in such a manner that people sing of his renown to this day—yet death did not spare even these.

"Moreover, the birds which fly in the air, and the animals which dwell in the sea, when the hour arrives, even these fall into trouble. No one has escaped sorrow on coming into this world. To grieve on this account is folly. It is best, therefore, to practise religious duties."



When Vishnusharma had reasoned with him in this manner, it came into the Brahman's mind that he would thenceforth perform meritorious and pious acts. Having thought this over in his mind, he said to his sons, "I am about to sit down to a sacrifice; you go and bring me a turtle from the sea."

On receiving their father's command, they went to a fisherman, and said, "Take a rupee, and catch a turtle for us."

He took it, and caught one, and gave it to them. Then the eldest of the brothers said to the second, "Do thou take it up."

He said to the youngest, "Brother! Do thou take it up."

He replied, "I will not touch it; a bad smell will cling to my hands, and I am very delicate in my eating."

The second said, "I am very particular in my social contacts with women."

The eldest said, "I am particular in sound sleeping."

Thus did the three of them begin wrangling; and leaving the turtle where it was, they proceeded, seeking justice, to the king and said to the gatekeeper, "Three Brahmans have come seeking jus-

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tice; go thou and tell this to the king."

On hearing this, the doorkeeper went and informed the king.

The king summoned them, and asked, "Why are you quarrelling one with another?"

Then the youngest of them said, "Your majesty! I am very particular of my food."

The second said, "Lord of the earth! I want to be presentable before women."

The eldest said, "Incarnation of justice! I am particular in the matter of beds."

When the monarch heard these, he said, "Each of you submit to a trial."

They replied, "Very well."



The king sent for his cook, and ordered, "Prepare various kinds of condiments and meats, and give this Brahman a thoroughly good repast."

On hearing this, the cook went and prepared food, and taking with him the one who was nice in the matter of food, seated him in front of the dishes. He was on the point of taking up a mouthful and putting it into his mouth, when an offensive smell came from it. He let it go, washed his hands, and came to the king.

The king asked, "Didst thou enjoy thy repast?"

Then he replied, "Your majesty! I perceived a disagreeable smell in the food, and did not eat."

The king asked again, "State the cause of the offensive smell."

He replied, "Your Majesty! It was rice which had been grown on a burning-ground; the smell of corpses proceeded from it, and hence I did not eat it."

On hearing this, the king summoned his steward and asked, "Sirrah! From what village does this rice come?"

He replied, "From Shibpur, your majesty!"

The king asked, "Summon the landholder of that village."

Thereupon the steward had the landholder brought before the monarch. The king asked him, "On what land was this rice grown?"

He replied, "On a burning-ground, your majesty!"

When the king heard this, he said to that Brahman, "Thou art indeed a connoisseur in the matter of food."



After this, he had the one who was nice in the matter of women sent for, and having a bed laid out in an apartment, and all the requisites for enjoyment placed therein, had a beautiful woman brought and placed near him, and the two while lying down began conversing with each other.

The king was secretly looking on through a lattice.

Now, the Brahman was about to give her a kiss, when smelling her

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breath, he turned his face away, and went to sleep.

The king having witnessed this conduct, entered his palace and sought repose.

Rising early in the morning, he came into the court, and summoned that Brahman, and asked, "O Brahman! Didst thou pass the night pleasantly?"

He replied, "Your majesty! I found no pleasure."

"Why?" asked the king again.

The Brahman replied, "The smell of a goat proceeded from her mouth, and my mind was much distressed in consequence."

When the king heard this, he summoned the attendant and inquired, "Whence didst thou bring this woman? and who is she?"

She said, "She is my sister's daughter; her mother died when she was three months old, and I brought her up on goat's milk."

On hearing this, the monarch said, "Thou art indeed a connoisseur in respect of women."

★

After that, the king had a very fine bed prepared, and caused the Brahman who was a nice judge of beds to sleep thereon.

On its becoming morning, the king sent for him, and asked, "Didst thou sleep comfortably through the night?"

He replied, "Your majesty! I had no sleep the whole night long."

"Why?" asked the king.

He replied, "Your majesty! In the seventh fold of the bedding there was a hair, which was pricking my back, and I had no sleep in consequence."

On hearing this, the king looked into the seventh fold of the bedding, and lo! a hair was found. Thereupon he said to him, "Thou art indeed a nice judge of beds."

★

After relating so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "Who was the greatest connoisseur of those three?"

King Vikramaditya replied, "He who was the connoisseur in the matter of beds."

When the ghoul heard this, he went again and hung on to that tree; and the king also went there on the instant, and bound him, placed him on his shoulder, and carried him away.

[*To be continued.*]

Of all the duties, the principal one is to acquire the knowledge of the supreme soul (the spirit); it is the first of all sciences, for it alone confers on man immortality.

—Manu.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS



Sri Munshiji, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri Dinkarrao Desai, Sri Pranlal D. Nanji, and others witnessing "Piroja Bhavan" with obvious mirth

PIROJA BHAVAN

Three hours of glorious laughter are provided by *Piroja Bhavan,* the latest play put on board by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Kala Kendra, on the 16th, 17th and 24th of this month. It is a comedy in three acts written and produced by Adi Marzban dealing with the trials and tribulations of a husband who, tired of the artificial life of the city, decides to spend the rest of his life in the country. He buys a historical house for the purpose. But all this arrangement upsets his rather sophisticated wife and consequently sets in motion a series of incidents which provide the grist for this hilarious comedy. The cast uniformly acquit themselves well. Decor, lighting, and make-up are excellent. The show will be repeated on 14th August at 6-15 p.m. at the Bhavan's theatre. Plans are already open.

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Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

Shri K. M. Munshi, Chairman of Sanskrit Vishva Parishad has addressed the following letter to all educational institutions in the country:

Dear Friend,

I am sure you will agree with me that if we fail to give appropriate attention to Sanskrit, there will be moral and cultural deterioration in the country. It is therefore necessary that all our Colleges must pull their full weight to give our rising generation at least a familiarity with Sanskrit by encouraging its study.

Sanskrit, and what it stands for, are rooted in the Collective Unconscious of our race. It is the parent of our cultural inspiration. The admiration which India enjoys in the world is largely the result of the heritage of Sanskrit culture. It is with this conviction that the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad and several other bodies are working in this country for restoring Sanskrit to its original high place.

It is the responsibility of the teachers and the students in our Schools and Colleges to be in the vanguard of this movement. They must develop a conscious response to this movement by associating themselves with the Vishva Parishad.

In every School and College, a Sanskrit Mandal can easily be organised which can effectively become a branch of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. These Mandals can carry on a nationwide effort to encourage the use of Sanskrit as a spoken language, to cement the bond of brotherhood between the lovers of Sanskrit all over India.

In order to carry out this programme the Mandal can with advantage:

(a) arrange public lectures in Sanskrit on auspicious days;

(b) organise Sanskrit dramas on other occasions;

(c) help the *pathashalas* in their locality in every way and provide career-facilities to its students;

(d) encourage the general public to take easy examinations in Sanskrit privately;

(e) learn to speak easy Sanskrit and hold debates.

I would earnestly request the Schools and College authorities—professors, teachers and students of Sanskrit in particular—to consider this suggestion. If your institution has already a Sanskrit Mandal, perhaps you would like to have it

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affiliated to the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad as early as possible.

I shall be glad to be of any further assistance to you in the above effort.

GITA ESSAY CONTEST

Results of the Gita Essay Contest which was held by the Punjab Branch last December:

(1) Miss Sindhu Page, R. R. College, Bombay 19. First among college students; (2) Miss Vimala Vachaspati, No. 400, Naya Bans, Delhi. First among Sanskrit Patha Shalas; (3) Shri Anant Padma Nabha Shastri, S.M.S. Sanskrit H/S., Kovvur (W.G.Dt.) First among General; (4) Vijaya Ranchi, X Class, H.B.H. School, Simla. First among School Students; (5) Miss Chandramani Rukmani, R. R. College, Bombay 19. First among college students.

(1) B. L. Avinash, St. Teresa's Girls H/S, Bangalore. Second among School Students; (2) N. S. Karandikar, R. R. College, Bombay 19. Second among College Students. (3) Lal Chand Gaur, Birla Art College, Pilani. Second among College Students. (4) Om Prakash Sharma, V. R. Hindi Sanskrit Vidyalaya, Duladdi Gate (Nabha). Second among Sanskrit Pathashalas; (5) Bhola Nath Mishra, Thans-Minapur, P. O. Turkikhararu (Dt. Muzzaffarpur). Second among general.

Following are honourably mentioned and they will be awarded merit certificates.

(1) Mulay, Vishva Natha Keshav, Senior B.A., R. R. College, Bombay 19. (2) N. S. Karandikar, R. R. College, Bombay 19. (3) Shrin Pophley Vammaya, VI year, R. R. College, Bombay 19. (4) T. Gopal Krishnan, V. O. Chidambaram College, Tuticorin. (5) C. M. Mehta, 38, Kapol Nivas, Tulsi Pipe Road, Mahim, Bombay 16. (6) S. Apparao, M. R. Sanskrit College, Vizianagaram. (7) Vasumati Krishnaswami, Shrimati Kamala Bai Girls H/S., Tasker Town, Bangalore.

Fourth session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad will be held at Tirupati (Andhra State) on November 11 and 12, Dr. Rajendra Prasad presiding.



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BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

ANNUAL 1955

With the current issue, our Journal completes the first year. From 3,000, its circulation has increased today to 12,000, copies, thanks to your encouragement and patronage. It is our intention to make the issues more lively and more useful in the second year.

The issue of our Journal dated August 14th 1955 will be the 1955 Annual Number and will contain over 100 pages. There will be four four-colour art plates of great value, besides many black-and-white illustrations. Original, scholarly articles on vital topics by leading writers some of which are mentioned below, in addition to the usual features, make this issue extremely interesting and important. The Annual will be priced eight annas (postage one anna extra for each copy).

Readers who wish to buy the Annual are advised to place their order with local news-agents well in advance or to fill in the order-form and post it to us along with postal stamps of 9 annas per copy.

SOME OF THE CHIEF CONTENTS :—

- ★ **Kulapati's Letter: The Crucial Year 1946—Constituent Assembly —The Hour of Freedom** by Shri K. M. Munshi
- ★ **The Check-mate of War** by Shri C. Rajagopalachari
- ★ **Study of Sanskrit** by Shri R. R. Diwakar
- ★ **A Balance-Sheet of Post-Freedom India** by Dr. Harekrushna Mahatab
- ★ **Shri Satyamurti** by Shri K. Santanam
- ★ **Ramayana and Sane Living** by Shri N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar
- ★ **Symbolism in Hindu Religion** by Swami Sadananda Saraswati
- ★ **Rabeya. (Poem)** by Shri Dilip Kumar Roy
- ★ **The Vedic Sage** by Dr. A. C. Bose
- ★ **Existentialism and After** by Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar
- ★ **History: A New Perspective** by Lynn White, Jr.
- ★ **Music in Sanskrit Theatre** by Dr. V. Raghavan
- ★ **Somnath** by J. H. Dave

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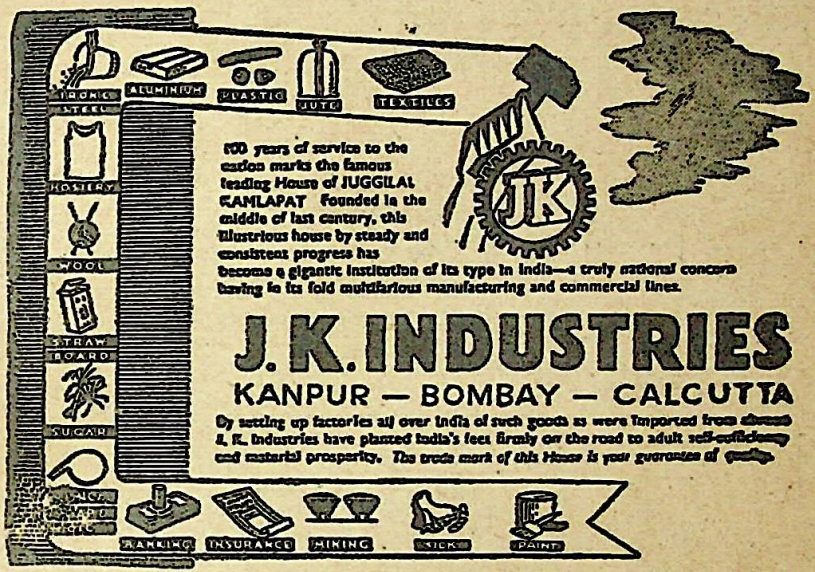
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